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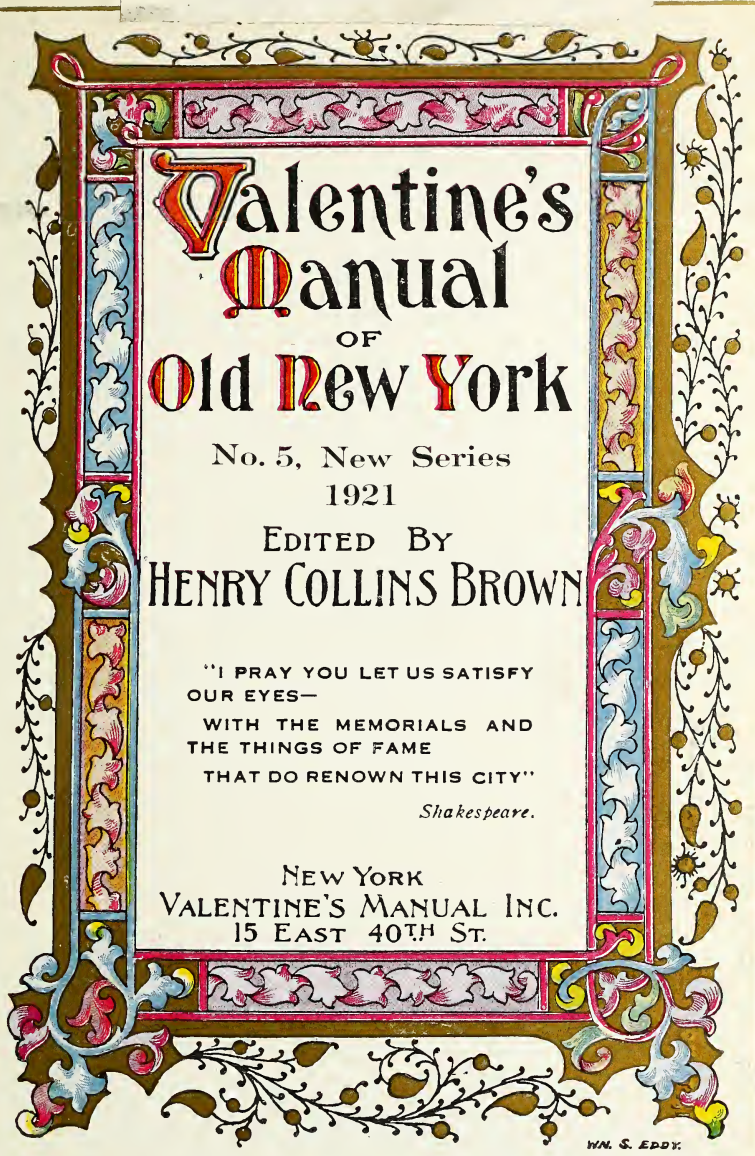
Valentine's Manual of
Old New York



PRINTED FOR VALENTINE'S MANUAL, NEW YORK, NO. 5 OF NEW SERIES 1921

The City Hall in 1825

COLLECTION MR. SIMEON FORD



Valentine's Manual OF Old New York

No. 5, New Series
1921

EDITED BY
HENRY COLLINS BROWN

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY
OUR EYES—

WITH THE MEMORIALS AND
THE THINGS OF FAME

THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"

Shakespeare.

NEW YORK
VALENTINE'S MANUAL INC.
15 EAST 40TH ST.

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by
Henry Collins Brown.

Press of
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New York City

301064

To the Restoration of
City Hall Park
and the Erection of the
New Liberty Pole

JUL 17 1936

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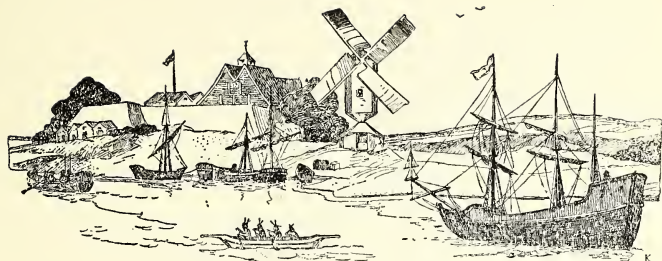
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VALENTINE'S MANUAL *of* OLD NEW YORK

No. 5

FOR 1921

New Series

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY OUR EYES
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"

Shakespeare

THE spell of an older and quieter city that is recalled by these pages has an undeniable fascination. It seems incredible that travelers once wrote of the "grateful shade afforded by the beautiful trees" on Broadway. One conjures up the scene around the City Hall Park on an old-time Sunday morning—the bells of the old Brick Presbyterian Church, the chimes of Trinity, the orderly procession moving down Beekman Street to St. George's, along Broadway to St. Paul's; to the Dutch churches on Fulton and Nassau streets, and west to Dr. Mason's on Murray Street. It is an idyllic scene, and the

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

quaint costumes of the women with the poke bonnets, diminutive parasols and bell-shaped hoopskirts, were in harmony with the tall beaver hats, the swallow-tailed coats with huge brass buttons, and the variegated waistcoats that rivalled the rainbow in the brilliancy of their colors. Although our grandfather and grandmother stumbled occasionally for want of good glasses, they were able to cross the street without risking their lives, and the good old doctrine of hell-fire and brimstone served to give them an appetite for the generous fare which followed the sermon, and prohibition was not even in the dictionary.

* * * * *

Nevertheless, the age in which we live is beyond question the most marvellous that has yet been known to man. The whole world is being born again. Nothing is as it used to be. Life is real and life is earnest. The day of the proletariat is at hand. Many of us for the first time are doing work that never before came within our reckoning. Domestic economy has gone a-glimmering. The old faithful household retainers have disappeared from practical spheres and exist only in fiction. Fluffy Ruffles has transferred the scene of her former triumphs from the ballroom to the office. And the latest modes are no longer seen at the Junior Assembly, but are found in the huge buildings that have replaced the ancestral home where our forbears kept shop on the street floor, and reared their families above. Dear me, what a topsy-turvy world it is, to be sure!

* * * * *

Half a century from now, if one were to read of New York in 1920, the year that saw the final close of

the Great World War; if we could see its streets, note its architecture, its costumes, its ways of living and to have spread before one's eyes all the intimate details of its material existence—with what absorbing interest would we devour the pages! What exclamations of surprise and, no doubt, of hilarity would greet many of our most commonplace characteristics! The automobile will, no doubt, be as much of a relic as the stage coach is to us. Bridges, perhaps, may be used, but doubtless only as recreation spots from which to view the scenery and inhale the fresh air. Tubes have already made them all but useless. Shall we come to business from the Catskills and the Adirondacks by air-line in less time than we now come from Jersey and Westchester? What shall we wear, what shall we eat, how will we amuse ourselves in 1975? Will the New Yorker of that day say piously, "In 1920 New York found her soul; the demon rum was abolished"? Will his children cry, "What do you mean, father, by the Demon Rum? Tell us all about it." Will pictures of old hotels like the Hoffman House, the Astor House and all the rest in which the bar is portrayed, have an asterisk placed alongside the word "bar," and a footnote at the bottom explaining what it was?

All these and countless other curious thoughts surge through the mind as we contemplate the New Yorker of 1975 running through the pages of a book on New York in 1920 wherein a hundred pictures or more set forth the glories and the beauties of our beloved city as it was in his father's boyhood.

* * * * *

In the original Manuals it was just such valuable service as this which Valentine performed for the City

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

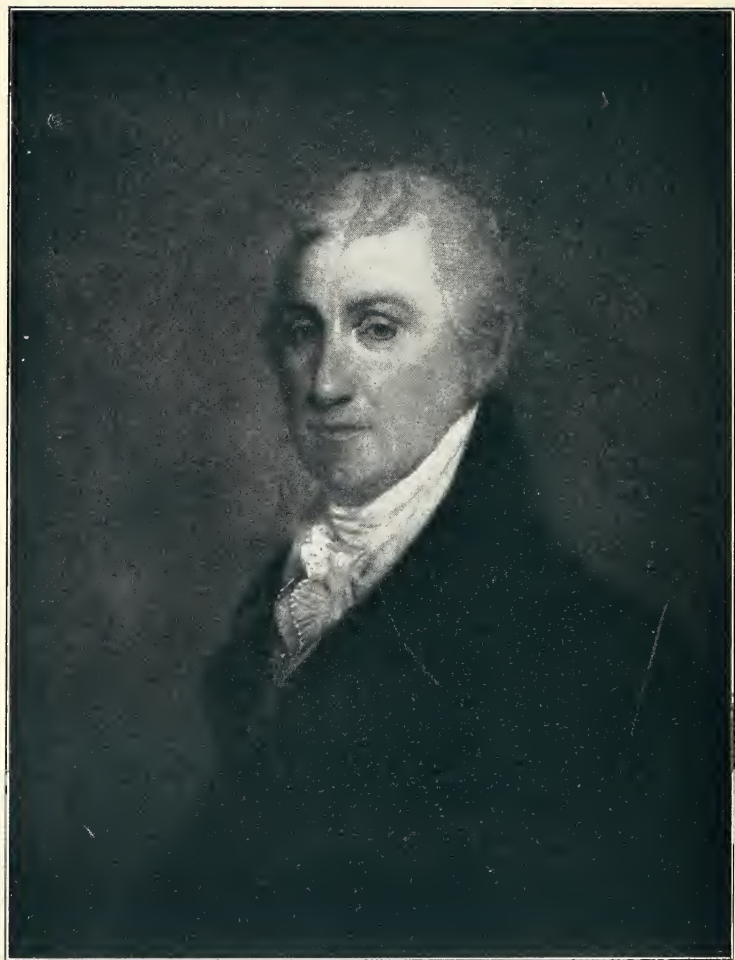
of New York. Many of his street scenes prior to 1860, are the only records we have of how our city looked in those days. At that time, any kind of an illustration was very expensive; but, with the opulent City of New York behind him, much was possible in this direction for Valentine that would have been out of the question for a private enterprise. We now know the value of this work, and the further we recede from the period depicted by Valentine the greater the historic interest becomes in these old scenes, and the keener the regret that not more of them were preserved.

That this interest is continually expanding, our own experience is the best evidence. We have endeavored to fill the gap between 1866, the year in which Valentine discontinued his work, and 1916 when we commenced, and our enterprise is meeting with almost sufficient patronage to warrant its continuance. Its great cost prohibits any huge circulation, but it seems to attract each year a larger number of subscribers. So we consider the "Manual" practically established.

* * * * *

With this responsibility happily disposed of, we feel now ready to consider the publication of a modern book which will be a contemporary record of our city from year to year. As we have outlined in the preceding paragraphs, the value of such a book to posterity is undeniable. Yet the competition from post cards, railroad literature, view books and guides is a serious factor from an economic standpoint. To meet this condition enormous editions must be printed and the contents of the work made of such a general character as to attract a wide audi-





PRESIDENT MONROE

AUTHOR OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE. SEE ILLUSTRATION OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH
HE DIED IN NEW YORK, 1831

ence. That seems a difficult problem, yet the necessity for a book that will adequately portray the city from year to year is bound to be of the greatest historical value in the future. It should be possible for the researcher or the student to have one book in which all, or very nearly all, the leading traits of the city could be found, and especially should it be so arranged pictorially that all the multitudinous and rapid changes could be recorded and permanently preserved. It is said that our city has been practically rebuilt in the past fifty years. It is quite apparent that another half century will witness developments equally startling with the skyscraper, electric light, telephone and subway.

Subscribers to the "Manual" have already received circulars of a book which we have prepared along the lines we have just described. In order to seize a market already existing, we have followed the form of a Guide Book. The guide books with which New York is today supplied still prate about the attractions of the Oriental and Manhattan Beach hotels, although these caravansaries went to join their fathers a dozen years ago. We are also solemnly informed that the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamships are our greatest transatlantic liners. Other thrilling chapters enumerate all the stations on the elevated roads. Most of the other information is of the vintage of the Centennial. Why New York, the most interesting and romantic city in the world, should be selected as the particular one to be inflicted with such drivel, is beyond comprehension. Approached in the proper spirit, a guide book can be and should be of extraordinary interest. In a city where many of

its own residents know little or nothing about the town in which they live, there is likewise an excellent opportunity for some much needed missionary work along this line. So in our little book we have sought to provide the stranger with an acceptable description of the city and at the same time tell a few of the half dozen millions who live here a little about the origin and development of the town which they call home.

We have been prodigal of pictures—nearly a hundred and sixty are given, and they are all of current date. To be sure, our first attempt is not all we ultimately hope to realize, but it is a beginning. If we happen to hit the popular taste we shall carry out the plan of a yearly book as we have briefly considered it here; but that is not yet definitely decided upon. Much will depend upon the interest displayed in the present venture.

We have many ambitious ideas in embryo for this project and see no reason why we should not ultimately have such a book that no desk in town can afford to be without it. The current number is now on sale in all bookshops. It is called "Valentine's City of New York," and is issued in flexible covers at a popular price (\$1.50) so as to reach the masses.

* * * * *

The very charming "Diary of a Little Girl in Old New York," which we commenced last year and which is continued in the present number, is the work of the daughter of one of New York's old merchants, well known in the beginning of the last century. "As early as 1804," Walter Barrett tells us, in his delightful reminiscences, "the firm of Jenkins & Havens, at

189 Front Street, was one of our largest shipping agents."

Catherine Elizabeth Havens, our talented author, is the daughter of Rensselaer Havens of this firm. Rensselaer had a brother Jonathan, who was a member of Congress in Jefferson's administration.

The most astonishing thing about Miss Havens and the "Diary" is the fact that her father was born before the Revolution and her grandfather's life covered the greater part of our early Colonial history. Miss Havens herself is living today in Stamford, and the span of years embraced in three generations of her family history extends back for more than two centuries, the paternal grandfather having been born in 1714. Catherine's recollections, therefore, including the tales of her mother and grandmother, would be first-hand information of a period when New York City was a very small village indeed—not much over 5,000 population. This we think a most extraordinary record, and we are trying to prevail upon Miss Havens to set forth some of those tales of her mother of which she has quite a store.

Rensselaer Havens, her father, was one of the subscribers to the loan of the War of 1812, taking \$20,000 worth of the Liberty Bonds of that day.

During this war his firm fitted out the famous privateer "General Armstrong." Her spectacular fight with the British at Fayal, which had, as its natural corollary, the winning of the Battle of New Orleans by Jackson, is one of the brilliant pages in American history. This privateer took sixteen prizes during the war, some of which were of great value. Our Government, with that charming spirit of honesty and chiv-

alry which has ever been its most striking characteristic, has never compensated the heirs of the "Armstrong" for its loss in a neutral port. It is one of these perennial claims that Congress has had before it these many years and that it ignores regularly every session.

After the war Mr. Havens withdrew from active commercial life and devoted himself mainly to works of philanthropy. He assisted in the foundation and became a trustee of the then newly formed Public School Society, from which has developed our present magnificent public school system, which cost last year the not insignificant sum of eighty-seven million dollars. Yet the Free School Society was started with subscriptions of \$25 and upwards, and not many of them at that. In a previous number of the "Manual" we reprinted the names of the original subscribers.

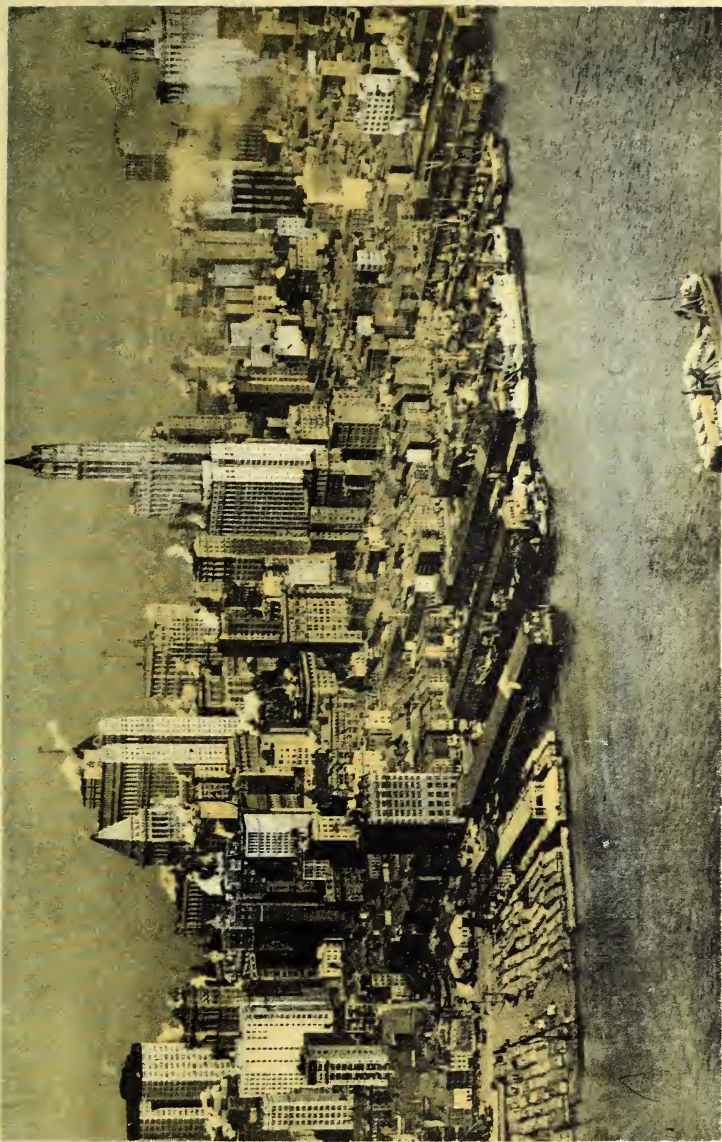
So in Miss Haven's "Diary" we have the actual record of a real, genuine old New Yorker. The splendid interest manifested in the installment printed last year has encouraged us to add a little more from the same pages, and our only regret is that like all diaries it was soon abandoned. To the great disappointment of the present-day reader, therefore, the supply is now exhausted. We have, however, reprinted Miss Haven's contribution in a dainty little separate book, copies of which may be had by our readers at any bookstore. It was much in demand last year as a Christmas gift.

* * * * *

Brander Matthews recently commented favorably upon the substantial increase in the number of books that now appear each season having as the object of their affection some aspect of our bewildering city.

THE WATER GATE, FOOT OF WALL STREET, IN 1679. SHOWING THE ORIGINAL "WALL" ACROSS THE CITY. ANOTHER
GATE AT BROADWAY AND THE ABOVE WERE THE ONLY MEANS OF ENTERING OR LEAVING THE CITY





THE SAME VIEW AS IT APPEARS TODAY

He is kind enough also to ascribe a prominent position in this renaissance of public interest in old New York to the influence of the "Manual," and says other kind things of our work which we fear is far beyond our deserts.

Although the "Manual" is now five years old, it seems but yesterday that the first number appeared. We, ourselves, have lately been conscious of the greatly increased interest of which Mr. Matthews speaks, and look forward with confidence to a larger and constantly growing field of usefulness. In the face of mounting costs, we have succeeded so far in making each number, we think, better than its predecessor. There is material in abundance. It is possible to make of this work something quite remarkable—something notable even in the line of books. Each year adds to our efficiency, and the splendid support which we are now receiving warrants us in planning more ambitious projects for the future.

This number is largely given over to a series of contrasting views, which we think will be found of absorbing interest. Great care has been exercised in the selection of the different localities, so that nearly every section of the city is represented. For the benefit of some of our younger readers to whom the old scenes may not be personally familiar, we shall indulge in some retrospective comment on the picture entitled

**"Fifth Avenue, around 58th Street
and Central Park, in 1858"**

This view is of particular interest as it shows Fifth Avenue looking south, from about 65th Street to 59th in 1858. This picture appeared originally in "Valen-

tine's Manual" for 1859, but the caption there given is so incomplete as to be wholly misleading. It is called "View in Central Park, 1858." No attempt has been made to define the exact locality portrayed nor to give the names of the buildings shown in the picture, which would have served the same purpose. Consequently, one of the most valuable views in the entire series of New York's iconography has thus been practically overlooked. At all events it has never received that measure of breathless interest with which we are sure it will henceforth be regarded when our description of it is read, and it becomes generally known that the little dirt road, running catty-cornered through the picture and half hidden by scrub pines and bushes, is no less a personage than our own ravishingly beautiful heroine—M'lle Fifth Avenue—the Pride of Manhattan. She looks somewhat bedraggled and forlorn in this picture, but that was before Prince Charming claimed the beautiful Princess. In the second scene she is arrayed in all the splendor of her present queenly state, and superbly well does she disport her royal raiment.

If we follow the little dirt road in the first picture to where it disappears from view in the lower left hand corner, we shall have traversed Fifth Avenue from about 59th Street to 65th along the Eastern wall of Central Park. If we reverse our steps and proceed toward the large building almost in the centre, we come first to a small wooden structure, probably an abandoned "shanty," common in these regions at this time, at the edge of a pond. This afterward became

the clubhouse of the famous New York Skating Club, so charmingly described in our last number by Mr. Irving Brokaw. It was a very swagger affair in those days. This site is now where the Cornelius Vanderbilt house and the Plaza hotel stand.

The avenue is still a dirt road and so continues for several blocks further down, but we now have the location more definitely fixed in our mind and we have no difficulty in recognizing the large, ornate building on the right as that of St. Luke's Hospital. The dome to the right is the cupola of the Crystal Palace at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue. Beyond 54th to about 45th Street there are no houses, most of the vacant land being the old Elgin Botanical Gardens, extending almost to Sixth Avenue and now forming the source of the wealth of Columbia College. The building of the latter is plainly seen on the left. This was formerly the old Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The University had only recently moved there from Murray Street and College Place. The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum is the imposing building between the College and St. Luke's and is in quite a wooded section, being almost hidden by trees. The present sites of the Union Club and of St. Patrick's Cathedral are on the south.

At about 45th Street we see an indication of a half forgotten hostelry—Allerton's Hotel, recalled to mind by the beautiful edifice of the same name now standing on 39th Street just beyond Lexington Avenue. East of this hotel were the cattle yards. Later on, Tyson's market stood at the corner of 44th Street

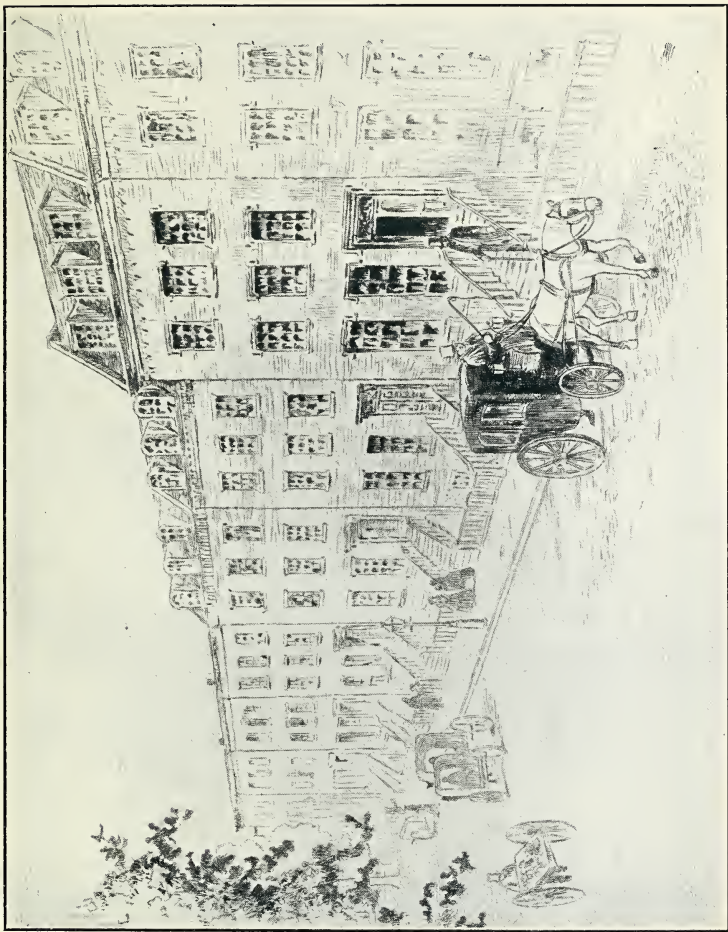
until the erection of the Harriman Bank building, and next to it was the old Willow Tree Inn. Allerton's was the resort of the drivers and butchers, whose business brought them to this neighborhood. The Fifth Avenue bank commenced business in the house which afterward occupied the site of Allerton's. It now occupies the old Langdon house directly opposite.

Private residences in this section, as can be seen from our picture, were not numerous nor closely built together. Drupp's Map of 1860, however, mentions a few names as residents in the new neighborhood of "the 4th milestone" and mentions T. Ackerman, R. Cosine, J. Ward, J. Emmett, J. Kemp, C. McEvers, S. Hopper, D. Hertin, J. Wright and others. On another page we print a picture of a house on 45th Street which is a "close up" of a type of building common to the neighborhood. It is an interesting study in evolution when one compares the magnificent structures now occupying the same sites today.

Altogether this old view of Fifth Avenue is well worth while and will doubtless receive the closest attention of our readers. The magnificent private dwellings and clubhouses which now occupy the same section from 59th to 66th streets make a dramatic contrast to the open lots and the fenced-in corners of seventy years ago. No other city in the world can show such startling changes.

* * * * *

The final disappearance of the old house in which President Monroe passed the closing years of his life in New York is another reminder of the



AN HISTORIC DWELLING NOW TO BE PRESERVED. BIRTHPLACE OF THE
GREAT AMERICAN, THEODORE ROOSEVELT
No. 28 EAST TWENTIETH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY—DRAWN AND ETCHED BY CARL BOOG—
PUBLISHED BY VALENTINE'S MANUAL

apathy displayed by the city toward such buildings of an historic nature as it still possesses. In the present instance the loss is not so keenly felt as would have been the case had the house been more of a personal possession of the author of the Monroe Doctrine. As a matter of fact, he came here after his terms of office were over—he was twice elected President—to share the hospitality of his daughter and his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Gouverneur. So the building is somewhat bereft of the intimate personal association that would have been inseparable from a genuine home in which the statesman had played a more important role than that of a guest during a temporary sojourn.

Doubtless many New Yorkers gasped with astonishment to learn that so distinguished a citizen was at one time a resident of our city. It may induce some of them even to go so far as to find out what the Monroe Doctrine is all about, anyway.

The President died in this old house and was at first interred in the Marble Cemetery. Quite a number of years afterwards his body was removed with appropriate ceremonies to his birthplace in Virginia, where it now rests.

We present our readers with a view of the block of which it formed a part. At the time the President lived there the house was in the centre of the row, but the widening of the street caused the disappearance of the adjoining houses, leaving the Monroe house on the corner. The block retains its original aspect, however, and our sketch, though of recent date, is fortunate in preserving the building practically as it was in

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

Monroe's day. The following tablet was placed on the building in 1905 :

In this house died
James Monroe
Fifth President of the United States,
who proclaimed
The Monroe Doctrine.
Upon which depends the freedom of
the American republics and
the safety of the United States against
foreign aggression

Born April 28, 1758. Died July 4, 1831
Soldier in the Continental Army,
Member of the Continental Congress,
American Envoy to Great Britain,
France and Spain,
Negotiator of the Louisiana Purchase,
Secretary of State,
Secretary of War.
Twice Governor of Virginia,
Twice President of the United States.

The birthplace of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, also twice President of the United States, on 20th Street, as it looked when he was born (1858) forms another interesting item. Plans for restoring the site to its original condition are now proceeding rapidly and will soon be an accomplished fact.

* * * * * * * *

Another view we are sure will interest our readers is that of old "Steamship Row," now the site of the Custom House. In a sense, this location is the most important historically we possess in the city. It stands on the ground originally occupied by Fort Amsterdam, the seat of Government during the Dutch occupation and of the first official building erected on the Island. For years, the entire social, political and commercial life of our city rose and eddied around the buildings erected on this site. From the days of Peter Minuit to the pres-

ent only four changes have occurred here—the last being the most important of all. From 1625 to 1815 it remained the property of the Government, changing after the Revolution from Federal to city control. In 1815 the authorities disposed of this land to private persons. And we notice among the purchasers the names of John Hone, who paid \$10,250 for lot No. 1 (this lot and the building thereon was cut in half to permit the extension of Whitehall Street in 1853), James T. Leonard and Peter Remsen bought the next for \$9,500, James Byers No. 3 for \$9,750, Elbert Anderson No. 4 for \$11,000, Abijah Weston \$10,000 for No. 5, Dominick Lynch \$11,500 for No. 6, Noah Brown the shipbuilder \$16,600 for No. 7, A. Weston \$8,150 for No. 8, Thomas R. Mercein \$8,250 for No. 9, Robert Lenox \$8,250 for No. 10, Joseph Blackwell \$8,000 for No. 11, John Swartwout \$20,000 for No. 12, A. Weston \$5,000 for No. 13, Ferdinand Suydam \$5,000 for No. 14, Edmund Smith \$5,200 for No. 15, John Sharp \$5,700 for No. 16 and the same for No. 17, \$6,100.

The plot was bounded by Bowling Green, State Street, Bridge Street. The city received a total for all its holdings, including the old Custom House, of \$164,783. It paid all but \$80,000 to the Federal and State Governments for their interest in the plot; and this result was considered a magnificent fiscal achievement on the part of the Controller of the City, Mr. Mercein, who received wide acclaim for his successful management of the transaction.

In view of the fact that the city bought back the same identical site in 1907 from private interests, who then owned it, for the rather goodly sum of three million dollars, we are inclined to think that perhaps

the applause bestowed upon the worthy Controller was somewhat premature, to say the least.

Nevertheless, the city today owns the land which it owned at the very beginning of things, and, no matter what the cost, it is a good thing to have the original ownership restored. It will impart a permanency to this section of our city which of itself is a decided novelty in this town, and which is bound to be of value to the city as a whole.

* * * * *

The old Fort remained here for almost two centuries, but after the departure of the English at the end of the Revolution it was plainly seen that the use of this site as a fort had been outgrown. New York was then the capital of the United States and there was no reason to suppose that it would not so remain. Plans were immediately set on foot for the creation of a group of administrative buildings that would be commensurate with the importance and dignity of the newest of nations. And we must admit that the site chosen was one that even today dazzles the imagination with the architectural triumphs which might have been achieved with so noble, so inspiring a location. There was still time to have reserved all the island south of Bowling Green from river to river for Government purposes.

New York as the capital of the United States is an alluring picture. What might not have been done with the administrative buildings grouped behind the elms, the sycamores and the velvety lawns of Battery Park and the sparkling blue waters of the bay just beyond!

But it was not to be. One of the buildings—the

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET IN 1859.
PRESENT SITE OF PUTNAM'S



Government House—was actually planned and erected. It never was occupied by President Washington, the House and Senate, as was originally intended. The capital was grabbed by Philadelphia within a year and the new building was turned over to the State. It was demolished about 1816 and never rebuilt. The land, as we have just related, was then sold to private parties.

* * * * *

We have chosen, therefore, to present as one of our supplements this year the four changes that have marked this site since its inception, and the first view shows it in its Dutch period.

This little sketch hung for many years in the room which served Director Stuyvesant and his nine men as an office. It was drawn by Kryn Fredericks, the engineer who accompanied Peter Minuit, and who superintended the erection of the Fort and the little houses of the settlers just outside the walls. We read in one of the day's transactions in the Minutes of the Council that Stuyvesant suggested that it would be a nice thing to send over this little sketch of New Amsterdam, so that the Directors of the Company could see what a brave little settlement it was. And so it found its way to Holland, there to remain in obscurity until published some years later by Joost Hartgers, a printer in Amsterdam, who used the picture as an illustration to an eight-page pamphlet describing the little settlement which is now the great City of New York. So you are looking not only at a very interesting picture of Manhattan, but also at the first view of New York ever shown to the world.

The second picture shows the Government House. It is taken from a lithograph published at the time. This building seems to have been of quite substantial character for its time and quite imposing. It failed of its original purpose, however, and seems never to have had a very warm place in the affections of the city. A fire destroyed its usefulness and shortly after the War of 1812 it disappeared completely, to be succeeded by a row of private residences which for gorgeousness and luxury were without a rival in the city.

This short block became known as Bowling Green and was conceded to be the most exclusive and prominently social street in town. Yet for several years after their erection they were sans heat, sans bath, sans practically everything we now deem absolutely indispensable. There was no running water, the pump on the corner supplying their needs in this direction. Yet the houses themselves were of the finest construction and were furnished on a scale that would be called elaborate even today. Yet there was no gas; light was supplied by candle or by wicks sticking in a dish of whale oil. And wood burning stoves were all that could be had to supply heat. Yet they were the highest type of private residence known to the city at that day and were occupied only by families of the largest means. Stephen Whitney was considered the richest man in the country at that time and the Hones, Lenoxes and other families were already among the very wealthy.

The old Row, therefore, came by its high social prestige quite legitimately. The first intimation of its coming fall from grace was when the Cunard Line seized upon one of the houses for an office. This thor-

oughly alarmed the remaining occupants, who were already sorely distressed at the continued influx of business immediately around them and the increasing distance between Bowling Green and the new fashionable districts—St. John's Park, Second Avenue and Union Square. So the complete surrender to commerce was not long delayed. Curiously enough, the steamship men all seemed to be of the Cunard mind regarding the desirability of this location, and soon all the transatlantic lines were domiciled here.

As "Steamship Row" this old block is best remembered by old New Yorkers. So, as No. 3 in this series of changes, we are fortunate in being able to present this group as it looked in the heyday of its second period of popularity. Our view is from a sketch by Mr. Leo Hunter made in 1880, and we have no doubt it will be as greatly enjoyed by those who know it only by tradition as by those to whom it is a living pertinent memory.

* * * * *

Our last view brings us back to New York of today. The Custom House is a building of which the city is justly proud. It is of comparatively recent construction and is suitably inscribed with bronze tablets setting forth its history as the site of Fort Amsterdam, etc., as we have just recited.

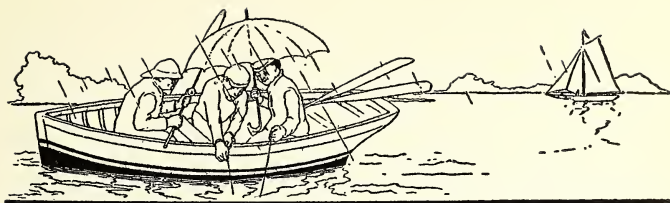
We feel sure that our readers will enjoy these changing scenes of the site famous in our earliest annals, and once more restored to the ownership of its original proprietors.

SPLENDORS OF THE BATTERY IN 1835

The Battery is now decidedly the most beautiful metropolitan promenade in the world. All our readers may not be informed that this spacious park was by no means originally of its present size, but, from a paltry enclosure, planted with a few scattered trees, has, by the gradual exercise of municipal enterprise, and the improvements of successive generations, grown, century by century, larger and larger, until it has at length acquired its present ample dimensions. We will not venture to calculate the expense frequently incurred in accomplishing these repeated enlargements. Suffice it to say that the twenty-four "twenty-fifths" is entirely artificial ground. The gigantic oaks and elms, now so thickly planted along its shadowy walks, must, with the other changes, throw over the whole scene a wonderful transformation, and we shrewdly suspect that one of the original New Yorkers of the year eighteen hundred would scarcely recognize the pretty little unimportant spot in the present extended park, with its venerable groves and its black shadows, its exquisite winding walks and close, low bowers, its broad carriage drives, its beautiful statues and all the splendours which now so charm the stranger.—"New York Mirror," Nov. 28, 1835.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MRS. CLEVELAND AND COMMODORE E. C. BENEDICT



“FRIENDSHIP GROVE,” AND ITS MEMORIES

Recollections of Commodore E. C. Benedict

LOOKING out from my study window, there comes into view a little group of trees. They nod their branches in friendly salutation the live-long day.

When November comes and the last leaf is blown from their branches, I know that in a few months they will bedeck themselves anew, and in thus reappearing in life after death, as it were, I seem to feel that the friends whose memories they enshrine, like the trees themselves, will again greet me and know me as they have in the past, and we shall rejoice to be together again with exceeding gladness.

The tree nearest the window that seems greenest and sturdiest was planted by him, who himself was a giant in the forest of men—Grover Cleveland. He was my very dear friend and I, who have been honored by the friendship of many who could be counted good and great, look back upon my intimacy with Grover Cleveland as a blessed privilege. Perhaps the very difference in our natures was what brought us so close together, and for nearly twenty-four wonderful

years we enjoyed such friendship as has been rarely vouchsafed to the sons of men.

I first met Mr. Cleveland at the little town of Marion, Mass., on Buzzards Bay. My daughter was paying a visit to the family of Richard Watson Gilder and that evening the *Oneida* arrived and I went ashore to pick her up. There was some sort of a social affair going on among the summer residents and it was held in an abandoned barn, I think. The Clevelands lived in a modest cottage up the street, and there seemed to be a congenial group among the strangers who had gathered there that summer. Besides the Gilders there was L. Clarke Davis, of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, then under the management of George W. Childs, and his gifted wife, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis; at that time doing much literary work for the *Youths' Companion*, in Boston. Their talented young son, Richard Harding Davis, had not yet written "Van Bibber" or a "Soldier of Fortune." He was still, if I remember correctly, a "cub" reporter on the *New York Sun*. Charles Dana Gibson was also in the party.

Mrs. Cleveland, then a young bride, was among the friends to whom my daughter presented me and remarked that she had invited her to go sailing next day on the *Oneida*, an invitation which I cordially endorsed. Toward the middle of the evening two strangers entered, one rather short, but the other a very powerfully built figure, and dressed in a manner somewhat in contrast to the rather summery garments of the others present. The suit had evidently seen much wear, and he wore a dark outing shirt. A soft, nondescript hat was crushed in his hand and his whole aspect denoted to my practiced eye the natural born fisher-

man. A moment later I was shaking hands with Grover Cleveland. The shorter man was "Dan" Lamont, at that time private secretary, but subsequently a member of Mr. Cleveland's second cabinet.

We had not talked very long before he discovered that I was a Buffalo boy and, like himself, the son of a Presbyterian minister. There was at once a common ground of fellowship. When I later remarked that all I knew of the three R's was what had been pounded into me through my hands and my jacket by the well-known Doctor Cook, who ran a sort of a private school in Buffalo, his interest in me sensibly increased. We compared many things pertaining to our common bringing up and found, to our delight, that we had both suffered in about the same measure from the severity of the Calvinistic Puritanical atmosphere which had surrounded our boyish days. This began an intimacy that continued without interruption for nearly a quarter of a century and which, to me, was one of the greatest happinesses in my long life.

The straightened circumstances in which we both grew up formed a common bond of sympathy. I recall one of his letters, out of more than three hundred which he wrote me during his life, with particular gratification. In it he sent me what little money he had been able to save up with the request that I do with it as I would with my own. And if I were to mention the meagreness of this sum it would set at rest, if necessary, all the ridiculous stories that at one time gained credence concerning the vastness of Mr. Cleveland's private fortune.

Mr. Cleveland liked to put aside the burdens of his great office to find rest and recreation in a day's fish-

ing—a sport he entered into with boyish delight and enthusiasm. Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth were often with us.

One of the first trips I made with Mr. Booth was to take him from Narragansett to Crow's Nest to meet Joseph Jefferson. That was the beginning of a most wonderful and enjoyable acquaintance and companionship with him, for not alone were visits exchanged at our homes but it was the beginning of many fishing trips with him, Grover Cleveland, Captain Robley D. Evans and other prominent people. I remember on one occasion Captain Evans came over from Provincetown, where there was practice going on, for a day's fishing. Captain Evans remarked that he would rather be over in Buzzards Bay fishing with us than to own the whole darn shooting squadron over in Provincetown.

Mr. Jefferson was fond of fishing but not a good fisherman, while Mr. Cleveland was an expert. The last day we three were together the fish were biting fairly well, and every time Mr. Jefferson's bob would go out of sight he would give a yank, and hook, line, bob and sinker would go skyward. After doing this three or four times Mr. Cleveland, who needed no megaphone to convey his thoughts when aroused, yelled out: "For God's sake, Jefferson, don't yank them so." Jefferson turned around in a most injured way and said: "Well, they yanked me first."

One day while Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Cleveland and myself were lunching on the *Oneida* the conversation drifted to the subject of a future life. Mr. Jefferson expressed himself as very grateful for having had more than his share of the joys of this life—a sentiment

A VIEW OF THE EAST RIVER SHORE AND SHIPYARD AT FOOT OF MAIDEN LANE IN 1679. FROM A CONTEMPORARY
DRAWING. THE WINDMILLS IN DISTANCE WERE AT BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET





© Edwin Levick

A VIEW OF THE SAME LOCALITY TODAY

which both Mr. Cleveland and myself could heartily endorse—and as being prepared at any moment to meet the common fate of all. He said he had lately been “scribbling some doggerel” on the subject and he recited to us from memory some lines he had composed. They made a deep impression upon me and I begged him to give me a copy of the poem. He did not possess such a thing at the time, but promised to send me one when he got home.

Along in the following winter I met Mr. Cleveland, who had recently seen Mr. Jefferson in his Florida home, and learned from him that our dear friend was seriously ill. I wrote him a friendly little note expressing my regret and wishing him a speedy recovery. In his reply he enclosed a typewritten page which, to my delight, proved to be a copy of the poem for which I had waited so long. He called it “Immortality,” but Mr. Cleveland and myself always spoke of it as “the Butterfly poem.” It seems as though these lines construct a beautiful bridge between faith and reason. I feel sure it will bring as much pleasure to others as it did to me, so I will make a copy of it here:

IMMORTALITY

Joseph Jefferson

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
 By some strange accident in contact came;
 Their conversation, passing all belief,
 Was that same argument, the very same,
 That has been “proed and conned” from man to man,
 Yea, ever since this wondrous world began
 The ugly creatures,
 Deaf and dumb and blind,
 Devoid of features
 That adorn mankind,
 Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
 To speculate upon a future life.

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VALENTINE'S MANUAL

The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have no wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn 'for a' that."
They argued through the summer; autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet,
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality.

I sent this poem to Mr. William Winter, for many years the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Tribune* who caused it to be published and thus rescued it from oblivion.

It was not long after this that Mr. Jefferson answered the final summons. He was laid to rest from the "Little Church Around the Corner," on Twenty-

ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and to each of the throng of sorrowing friends gathered upon that sad occasion was presented a leaflet containing this poem.

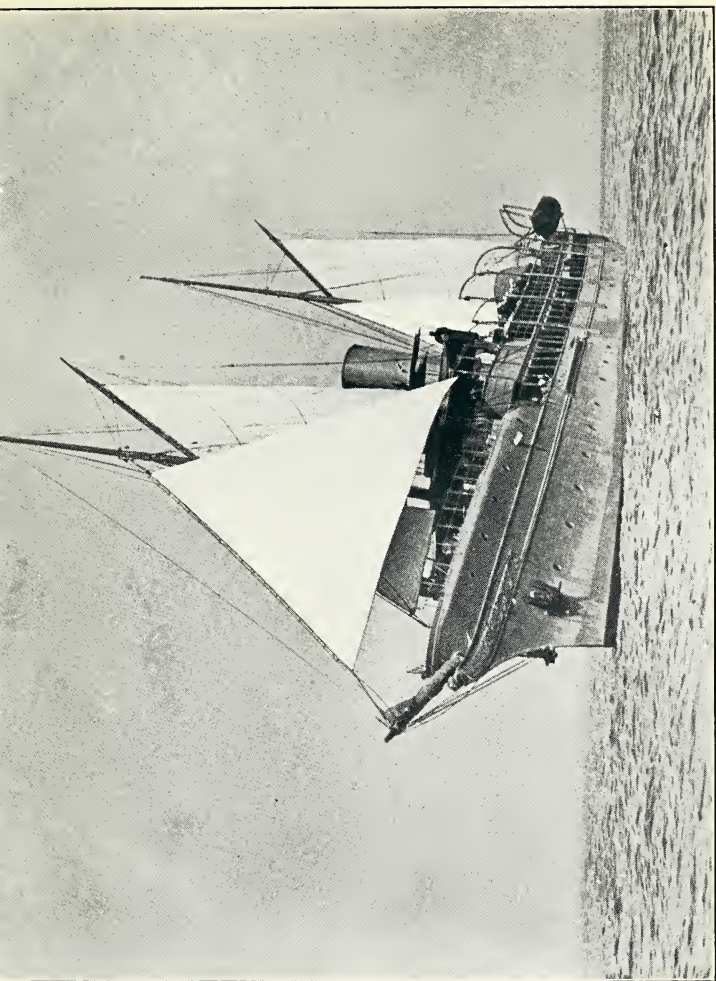
This particular church was very close to the heart of our beloved friend. Many, many years ago, when he had sought to perform a similar office for his brother actor, George Holland, he had encountered that strange prejudice against members of the theatrical profession which, I think, has greatly diminished in the last half century. The pastor of a fashionable church on Madison Avenue said he could not hold burial services over the body of an actor, but he added, "There is a little church around the corner to which you can go." "Then all honor to the Little Church Around the Corner," replied Jefferson; "we will go there."

From that time to this the church and its rector, Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton (who died in 1897), have always been held in affectionate regard by the stage. The last sad rites over another of our close circle were also held here. The body of Edwin Booth started on its last earthly journey from the portals of the same little church. There is a memorial window in the building presented by the Players in loving memory of this splendid man and gifted actor.

In my observation of great men—truly great men—I have invariably observed that in private life and among their intimates they are the most retiring, the most unobtrusive of mortals, ever striving to remain in the background. Mr. Cleveland was essentially so. He was tender-hearted to an inordinate degree. It was impossible, of course, to keep from his notice the bitter attacks that were made on him almost con-

stantly by his political enemies, and occasionally one would come under his eye. It was curious to note the expression on his face at such times. He appeared to be reading about some other person entirely. I remember glancing over what was said to be an impartial attempt to judge Mr. Cleveland. It was far from pleasant reading, as it was by no means what it purported to be. I had seldom read anything more scurrilous. Mr. Cleveland read it with his usual concentration. At its conclusion he looked up at me and said, "Commodore, that fellow may be right, after all."

Only once do I recall him getting into a rage over a newspaper story. As we all remember, there were more foolish slanders printed about Cleveland than were ever printed about Washington or Jackson—and in the former case that is saying a good deal. Well, the occasion I have in mind was when those yarns of Cleveland's drinking habits first commenced. Not only was he accused of being an habitual drunkard, but the attribute of wife-beating was added to his other accomplishments. To those of us who knew the real home life of the Clevelands this was so absurd as to be laughable, and but for the dignity of the high office involved they would have been allowed to pass unnoticed. It was one of these stories that provoked the outburst of wrath to which I have alluded. We were seated in the cabin of the *Oneida* when the paper containing it fell into his hands. I saw at once that something unusual had occurred; I saw the color deepen in his face and a look come into his eyes that boded no good for the author of the article he was reading. Throwing the paper from him he brought his clenched fist down on the table and said, "Damn that man, Com-



COMMODORE BENEDICT'S YACHT *Onaida*

modore; if I could find him tonight I'd ram this fist down his lying throat."

It was just as well, I thought, that Cleveland was on the *Oneida* and that the scribe was several hundred miles away. Singularly enough, no further reference was ever made by Mr. Cleveland to this subject again. The stories continued to appear in the papers, and like a snowball gained size from their own momentum. Mrs. W. C. Whitney, the charming wife of the Secretary of the Navy and one of the closest friends of Mr. Cleveland's young bride, who was simply terrified at the outrageous attacks, finally came out in a special interview and tried to set the calamitous stories at rest. In this she was wonderfully successful and received the support of the leading newspapers throughout the country, regardless of politics. But the yarns of Mr. Cleveland's limitless capacity for strong drink never wholly died down. I don't doubt that some perfectly well-meaning people believe it to this day. But in the Cleveland family they were never again mentioned.

As it was my privilege during almost a quarter of a century to be numbered among Mr. Cleveland's most intimate friends, perhaps my observation of his habit in this particular may be considered competent evidence. My attention was naturally drawn to this subject by the newspaper stories of which I have just spoken, and perhaps the keen distress they caused made me resolve to be in a position to refute them should a recurrence of the attacks be made. As most of Mr. Cleveland's hours of ease were spent with me, I thought this fact would lend additional weight to the evidence.

So as a matter of record I kept "tabs" for awhile. When Mr. Cleveland returned to the White House from the inaugural ceremonies of his second term, President Harrison was still the host of the White House. A few moments before his departure he poured out three glasses of rye—one for Mr. Cleveland, one for himself and one for me. It was an historic drink, and although I was witnessing an outgoing President of the United States drinking to the health and prosperity of an incoming one, I did not forget to mark it down.

We all three clinked glasses, shook hands heartily and Mr. Harrison at once took his departure. I remarked to Mr. Cleveland, "Thirty-one in nine years."

There was no liquor kept at Gray Gables. I know this positively, because Mr. Cleveland, who suffered occasionally from indigestion, was obliged to borrow a little brandy more than once from the stores of the *Oneida*. In Washington the White House cellars were notoriously meagre. I do not say they were absolutely dry. But I do say that it was the exception and not the rule for Mr. Cleveland to engage in a "smile," and that the stories of his hard drinking had about as much foundation as those other painful stories concerning the physical and mental defects of his children. The press in those days, it seems to me, were allowed a latitude that I do not think would be tolerated today. I am glad to say that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland lived to see the beginning of this change.

Much used to be written of Cleveland's tremendously close application to his duties, all of which was true. Much of this time was spent on pardon cases. If there was the least shadow of a doubt, Cleveland always

gave the poor devil the benefit. There was one Judge in the Northwest—I will call him Judge Black of Dakota, because that isn't his name—who was particularly severe. He acted always on the presumption that the prisoner was guilty, else he wouldn't be before him. And his sentences were without mercy. Cleveland used to examine them very minutely in the hope of finding some loophole of escape for the poor unfortunate. As a general rule, it was not hard to find. Judge Black was merciless. Cleveland was merciful. Three executions and four life terms constituted only a few instances of the severity of this justice—and every sentence was modified by Cleveland.

One afternoon approaching the White House from the rear, I was amazed to see Mr. Cleveland advancing to meet me with a paper, which he waved over his head and his face was wreathed in smiles. When I was within hailing distance he shouted, "Judge Black is dead! Judge Black is dead!"

Notwithstanding his enormous labors, some very exasperating omissions or commissions nevertheless occurred. When in the privacy of the cabin of the *Oneida* these incidents would come to mind he would clench his fist and bring it down on his forehead. "Oh! Commodore," he would cry, "why am I so stupid; why don't I see those things?"

The passage of the now famous—or rather infamous—Oleomargarine Bill was a case in point. No more demagogic or purely political act was ever framed by Congress. It was solely and simply a sop to the farmer and its sponsors openly admitted the fact. It is filled with fetters and shackles and petty restrictions of all sorts. In fact, the average layman cannot possibly

engage in the manufacture of this article without violating some obscure, obtuse provision that makes him liable to a fine or imprisonment or both. In a dozen ways this bill is ridiculously unconstitutional.

Cleveland saw this at once and it was promptly vetoed. At once a clamor was started and a committee waited on Mr. Cleveland to ask his reasons.

"Why, the bill is unconstitutional in a dozen ways," he replied.

"Of course it is," they admitted; "but it is for the farmers. It will make the party solid with the farmer."

"Yes. But there are some who are not farmers, and we haven't any right to legislate for one class at the expense of another. That isn't constitutional."

Nevertheless the bill was promptly passed over his veto and again came to him for signature. It was the last of the session and a multitude of papers rapidly accumulated. The Oleomargarine bill in some way got buried in the pile and was not discovered for nearly two weeks—to be exact, eleven days—one more day than was necessary to have it become a law without signature.

As a sequel to this mischievous legislation and as an example of how this industry has been destroyed in consequence, I will relate an instance that came under my personal observation. As it happened to one of Mr. Cleveland's personal friends, it was the cause of much distress to him and to a large circle of persons as innocent of intentional wrong-doing as the victim himself. It is known as the Tillinghast case.

Mr. Tillinghast, at that time one of the prominent attorneys in New England, organized a small company to manufacture oleomargarine in Vermont. He be-



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NEW YORK FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND IN 1825. AQUATINT IN COLOR BY HILL, AFTER WALL.
FROM THE HUDSON RIVER PORTFOLIO, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE

came possessed of a few shares of stock and because of his legal association was made a director. In course of time an agent from the Department of Justice appeared with a summons and complaint setting forth that the company was violating one of the numerous fetters in the law. Tillinghast himself had been unable to interpret the clause correctly, but upon closer examination decided that the Government was right and agreed to plead guilty at once, without the trouble or expense of a trial.

Up to this time the practice of the courts had been to impose a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars or so and let it go at that. But this case came before a Democratic judge, who was filled with party venom. The opportunity to punish a company of Vermont Republicans was something that might never happen again. So, in addition to the money fine, Mr. Tillinghast was aghast to find that he and all the other officers must also serve a sentence in jail. Mr. Tillinghast was selected, because of his eminence and respectability, for the most severe treatment—one year in the Federal prison at Atlanta! The rest from three to six months in the county jail.

It is likely that no such severity for a similar innocent infraction of the laws was ever imposed by a court in this country. It was one of the few things that caused Mr. Cleveland much anguish of spirit and it was a long time ere it passed out of his mind.

When Mr. Tillinghast was released from prison an immense reception was planned for him by the citizens of Providence. But he asked that no such demonstration be permitted. His citizenship was subsequently

restored and he afterwards became Governor of the State and is today living in dignified retirement.

The morning of the Venezuela message found my office crowded with prominent bankers and brokers, some forty in number. I had not read the papers and was in ignorance of the cause of all the excitement. It turned out to be the now famous message from Mr. Cleveland to Lord Salisbury. I read it very carefully, particularly the closing paragraph. When I came to that I was satisfied that Mr. Cleveland was sure of his ground and that events would determine the correctness of his position. The more I studied this particular paragraph the more I became convinced that Salisbury knew, as Cleveland knew, what was behind it and that there would be no war with England. I replied to Mr. Seligman, I think it was, who with others was urging me to go to Washington, "I never presume to interfere with Mr. Cleveland's business; I would think it strange if he should attempt to regulate mine. He never makes a move like this without knowing just what the next one will be. He can see much further than any of us here and I am satisfied that he will land on his feet." Subsequent events proved the correctness of my contention. Lord Salisbury thought better of his peremptory declination for arbitration and agreed to a commission to settle the boundary dispute.

It is quite true that Mr. Cleveland wrote the message without consulting any of his colleagues in the Cabinet. Mr. Olney met him on his return from a day's fishing and handed him Salisbury's note, curtly refusing to submit the question to further discussion. He joined the family and friends at dinner and ap-

peared to have nothing special on his mind. Immediately the repast was concluded he ascended the stairs to his private office. He completed his task long after midnight and sent the matter direct to the engrosser. By noon it was read to the House and passed unanimously. Word was brought to Mr. Cleveland by a friend, which pleased and surprised him very much. The Senate next day concurred with all but one vote. This member afterwards withdrew his objection, so that the Senate vote was also unanimous.

It created intense excitement and stocks went tumbling. The fact that I was a heavy loser along with the others simply proved what everybody knew—that Mr. Cleveland entertained a proper attitude toward the exalted office he held and never mixed business with friendship.

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Notwithstanding this incident and the Sackville-West affair, Mr. Cleveland entertained a high regard for the British Government and realized as few men did at that time the importance of a better understanding between the two nations. The Venezuelan boundary dispute had its origin in Seward's time and should have been remedied then. Seward, while aware of the situation, concluded that the time was not ripe for action and the question was passed along to succeeding secretaries, until it ultimately reached Mr. Cleveland. In settling this controversy, the way was finally open for an adjustment and rearrangement of many questions. Mr. Cleveland and Lord Pauncefote labored earnestly for a long time to perfect a treaty which would accomplish the purpose they both had in mind.

The rejection of this treaty by the Senate at the behest of Gorman, Murphy and other so-called Irish

champions was a bitter blow to Mr. Cleveland. So utter and intense was his disgust that for a time he seriously contemplated resigning. He sent for me and informed me of his intention. Knowing the character of the man I was seriously alarmed. The country as well as myself had already many proofs of his unshakable will; so it was with genuine alarm that I listened to his remarks. I thought quickly and suddenly asked, "Do you think it the fair thing to the country to turn over the Government to Stevenson?" The sound money question at that time was beginning to be very prominent, and Stevenson was known as a silverite. Cleveland paused and I saw my remark had made a deep impression.

It was not until late in the afternoon, however, that our interview ended. In a quiet way every point in the situation was gone over. The possibility of still further valuable service to the country was enlarged upon, but the final reason I think that forever disposed of the question was Cleveland's own dislike of a quitter. He deemed this treaty of such prime importance to his country that he would have appealed directly to the people, had that been possible, and taken his chances of re-election on their decision. As that was out of the question he finally decided to accept the situation. He was a stubborn man when once his mind was made up on a course of action; and while I have been credited with having caused him to change it on that occasion, I have nevertheless thought that on mature reflection he would have reached a similar conclusion. Still I was glad when I left him that night to have his assurance that the incident was closed.

Some persons not in the inner circle, having occa-



A RARE VIEW OF WALL STREET FERRY IN 1855. VERY ATTRACTIVE REPRESENTATION
OF THE GOOD OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN SOUTH STREET

sionally heard Mr. Cleveland referred to as "Admiral" by his intimates and having seen him to respond to it have often wondered at the origin of the title. It came about in this way: We were about to reach Washington at the end of one of our many excursions. Mr. Cleveland was an inveterate cribbage player—it was his one absorbing pastime next to fishing. I am happy to know that I still have two or three old cribbage boards on which many a hard-fought battle was won and lost. One in particular is a homemade affair and bears the inscription in his own handwriting: "Made by Grover Cleveland for E. C. Benedict." I have many treasures vastly more costly than this, but none that I value so highly.

We were in sight of the Monument and within half an hour of the landing. We were near the finish of a game and I was greatly ahead. He looked up with a quizzical expression and said, "Commodore, have you any real sporting blood in you? If so, I'd like to make a little wager that I'll still beat you."

"All right," I said; "unload; what's your bet?"

"Well," he said slowly, "I've always liked this old tug. I'll bet the best fishing-rod in my pack against this yacht!"

"Done," I said, and the bet was on.

We each took up our hands.

I had 14 to go and had 12 in my hand. He had 12 in his hand and 26 to go. We turned up the trump. I did not increase my hand and he doubled his, making 24. We proceeded to play and he paid out making 26. I made but one additional and "died in the hole" as it is called.

The *Oneida* was his.

I knew it would bust him to run it and so did he. Captain Evans, who was of the party, then wanted to know if the title Commodore went with the boat. We all agreed that it didn't, particularly as I said I cared more for the rank than the guinea's stamp. In order that I might not be a Commodore without a command, it was decided to present me with one of the yacht's tenders; but, as Evans pointed out, it would never do to have the owner of a mere tender outrank the captain of the ship itself. So we then and there promoted him to the rank of Admiral, and for many years afterwards we called him by that title, which he always smilingly acknowledged.

When Mr. Cleveland came to New York after his first term of office expired he lived in the Tiffany House on Madison Avenue. It was too costly and too showy a residence for a man of his simple tastes and he desired to move. I had just bought a place on 51st Street and when I found I could get him for a neighbor I added the next house, No. 12, to mine and offered it to him for a home. The rent was a good deal less than he was paying, and as an added inducement I promised to cut a door to connect the two houses. This proved a great convenience to Mr. Cleveland, for whenever callers appeared whom he could not see he simply walked into my house and the servant could truthfully say Mr. Cleveland was not at home. When the caller disappeared Mr. Cleveland opened the door and was again within his own walls.

While in New York he joined the law firm of Cleveland, Tracy, Stetson and Bangs. He was the consulting partner. His connection with this firm was interrupted by the exigencies of politics, for the next cam-

paign saw Mr. Cleveland again the standard-bearer of the Democratic party. By this time the whole country had gradually awakened to the strength of his sterling character, and much to the amazement of the Republicans Mr. Cleveland again proved victorious, beating the same nominee who had defeated him four years previously. And he again left New York, this time never to return.

The old adage that "the office should seek the man and not the man the office" was never more strikingly demonstrated than in the case of Mr. Cleveland. He was practicing law in Buffalo in the late 70s when it was first suggested that he enter politics. When the committee from the local organization called upon him to request his acceptance of a nomination for sheriff it met with no encouragement. As Mr. Cleveland explained, his law firm had but recently commenced business and had just begun to get some important clients. Both he and his partner were disinclined to adopt a policy which would affect their natural and legitimate growth. More in a spirit of courtesy than anything else Mr. Cleveland asked to be allowed to consider the matter overnight, promising a definite answer in the morning.

He concluded to decline the honor and was on his way to so inform the committee when he met "Billy" Williams, one of its members. This gentleman thought the decision very unwise in view of certain circumstances, the main reason being that it was an off year for the democrats and not one of them had, as we say today, "a Chinaman's chance." He argued that the party would greatly appreciate his sacrifice, and as there could be no work and no expenses it would be a

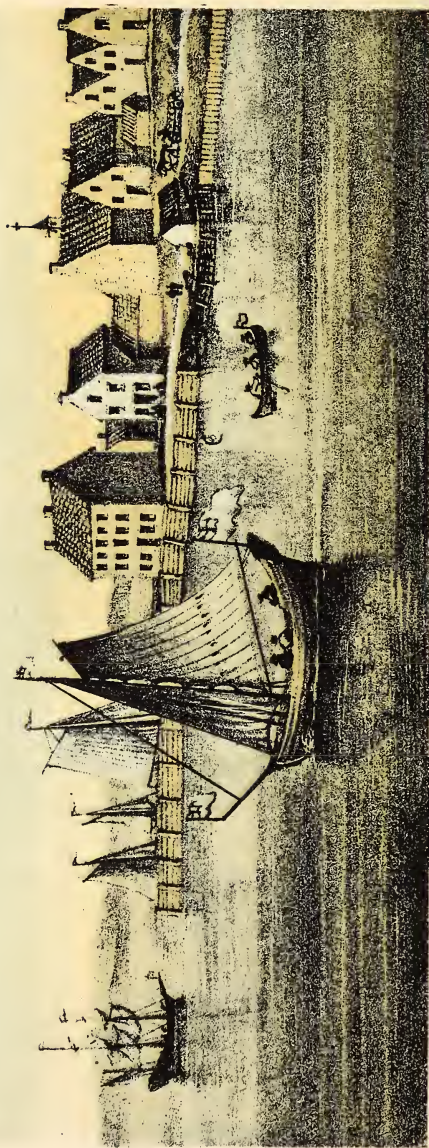
nice thing if Mr. Cleveland would run and perhaps the publicity would be worth the trouble.

Whether it was Cleveland's innate love for the under dog or whether it seemed an easy way out of a disagreeable situation does not matter. Cleveland accepted, and to the surprise of himself and his friends was triumphantly elected!

Hardly was his term as sheriff well under way ere a demand from a still larger body of his fellow-citizens came for a much more important civic duty—that of running for Mayor. This office was much more to his liking, no doubt, but as before he had made no effort for the nomination and accepted it under similar discouraging aspects. He again was successful, receiving support from a large body of citizens who were tired of the hackneyed nominations of both parties in the past and were attracted by the sincerity of the man and the common-sense fair-mindedness with which he discussed the issues. His success as Mayor and particularly the general good repute in which he was held by men of all shades of political opinion forced his name upon the Democratic State Convention then gathered together to consider the claims of rival aspirants for gubernatorial honors. Outside of Buffalo his name had scarcely been heard, but already his peculiar independence in office and his absolute freedom from party factions made him acceptable to that large and rapidly-growing body of voters in both parties known as Independents.

His nomination, while still Mayor of Buffalo, and his election as Governor of the great State of New York by a majority of over 160,000 in a State normally Republican, made Cleveland at once an important con-

VIEW OF THE DOCK AND WHITEHALL, EAST RIVER, IN 1679.
FROM A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING





A CONTRASTING VIEW OF THE SAME LOCALITY AT THE PRESENT TIME.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. MANGANS CO.

sideration in plans that were then maturing for the selection of a Democratic standard bearer for the Presidency.

Right here I may relate an incident slight in itself but of great importance in gauging the character of Grover Cleveland. When the knowledge that he would be offered the nomination for Governor was first made known to him, Mr. Cleveland quietly left Buffalo and went to visit his mother. He expressed to her his fear that perhaps he might not be able to successfully discharge the responsibilities of such a high office. It was just such a talk as any boy might have with his best friend—his mother. She heard him in that sympathetic reassuring way that mothers have and was plainly unafraid. "You have served the people twice now, Grover," she finally remarked, "and I guess they trust you. I think they know what they are doing, my boy, and if they make you Governor, I think you will justify their confidence in you. I shall pray every night for your guidance." So reassured and greatly strengthened in his resolve that the confidence of the people in him would be entirely justified, Cleveland returned to Buffalo.

His term of Governor had not elapsed ere the call came to the most exalted office in the gift of his countrymen—the Presidency.

Again Mr. Cleveland sought the advice and counsel of one whom he knew would speak words of truth and wisdom.

Her face naturally shone with pride that her boy should have been selected as the Knight who should lead the Democratic hosts. Her greeting had none of the solemnity nor apprehensiveness that he feared.

Her low voice alone gave evidence that she realized the sacredness and responsibility of her trust. But again she seemed to draw strength from the people themselves and recalled what she said before: "The people trust you, Grover; they must *know*. You have discharged your duties faithfully, or they would not have called upon you for higher service. They trust you; you trust them. I am sure it is all right."

I always look back upon those two visits of Mr. Cleveland to his mother as among the most beautiful incidents in his whole life. It is wonderfully rare for a man of mature years to enjoy such a blessed privilege, and it is rarer still to see him take advantage of it in the solemn and reverent spirit which Grover Cleveland did.

I remember once reading a little story about a small five-year old who always ended every childish story he told with "And then him's went home to him's muvver." To that child's mind that one fact outshone all other considerations. No matter what ill-fortune befell the hero; no matter what tribulation he was temporarily called to endure, in the end "him's" always "went home to him's muvver" and everything was ironed out to the little lad's perfect satisfaction.

The election of Cleveland in the fall of 1884 marked the advent of the first Democratic President since the Civil War and created great public interest in the new incumbent. It is not my intention to go into the details of his public life, as that is now recorded in history and is already quite familiar to most of my readers. I am only trying to fill in a few vacant lines here and there and I am recalling these events merely to emphasize how conspicuous in Cleveland's case was the

absence of anything on his part that failed to conform to the ideal method of choosing a President. The late Mr. Ingalls remarked upon a memorable occasion, "Purity in politics is an iridescent dream," but as I look back on the life of my dear friend I am also reminded that it is the exception that proves the rule.

One day, with many other dear friends of his, I found myself in his old home at Caldwell. We had gathered there to perform a loving tribute to his memory. Mingled with our sadness was a great joy that we were permitted to be among those who had purchased the little home where our dear friend had first seen the light of day, and the time had now come to present it to those who would care for it and keep it always as a memorial of the great soul that had passed away.

As the moment drew near for the beginning of those ceremonies the scene was one long to be remembered. The day was almost perfect. The sun shone brightly and the wind, though a little keen, was not strong enough to be cold. The little village and the old Manse were aflutter with flags and bunting and the bands played merrily. We were gathered in the house and after listening to the formal speakers a request came for me to speak. I was rather taken by surprise, but every one present was a friend of Mr. Cleveland's, so I spoke what was in my heart and it seemed to please my hearers. I have since received a printed copy of these remarks and as they contain some additional facts about our friendship I will include them here:

"It was quite by accident that I met Mr. Cleveland at a social gathering at Marion, Massachusetts, some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. We soon

learned we were Presbyterian clergymen's sons, which proved to be an open door to each other's hearts, and as 'birds of a feather flock together,' we flocked, and at once became close sympathetic friends and even playmates, a companionship which continued until his death, as attested by some three hundred letters from him now in my possession.

"From that inner standpoint in his life I feel justified in making a few remarks. We soon began to compare notes of our experiences and real feelings as the result of our strict bringing up. Expected to be better than other boys and models of everything that was good, we tried to act the part, knowing all the time that we were no better than they, if as good, because of our enforced hypocrisy.

"We envied our unfettered associates who could whittle or whistle or take a swim, or fish on Sundays, or even go barefooted without incurring divine displeasure.

"There was the Saturday night gloom over the approaching Sabbath which we were expected to enjoy but didn't; and the puritanic and Calvinistic promise of an eternal one in Heaven, if we were good, gave us such a chill that we almost felt like taking a chance in the other place, as the story of its heat might have been much exaggerated.

"But after getting back to earth and cutting out discussion and speculation about a future life, Mr. Cleveland would often say, 'Don't let us forget that all that we are and all that we have worth having we owe primarily to our good fathers and mothers.'

"Mr. Cleveland had not the slightest trace of vanity in him, so far as I could discover. He paid little atten-



ANDREW CARNEGIE, IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS NEW YORK HOME, DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY
THE DEED OF GIFT FOR THE BRANCHES OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

tion to the flattery in the multitude of papers which lay about us constantly, but if I called his attention to an adverse criticism he would most likely say, 'Well, perhaps that fellow is right; time will tell.' He was by nature extremely modest. I can recall very little that he ever said or did in my presence that would cause modesty to blush or virtue to frown. He was as square as a brick, and some found him just about as elastic. He was extremely tender-hearted. This he manifested in pardon cases, the papers in which he would at times spend the whole night in examining, dreading to be obliged to decide upon questions involving the life or liberty of a fellow mortal.

"It seems to be the rule that they who have been and are most conspicuously successful in all the walks of life have been conspicuously poor at the start, so that it appears after all as if extreme poverty were a priceless inheritance.

"Here in this humble habitation Grover Cleveland was born and from this door his mother led his baby feet out into the sunlight of his public career and on his pathway to the White House. That pathway was full of forked roads, but he followed the finger boards of honesty, fidelity, tireless devotion to duty and patriotic endeavor, none of which led him astray. He has left them as safe guides for all who follow him in official life.

"He was utterly averse to costly monuments, as intimated in his will, but I think he would not have opposed our maintaining this humble cradle of his career as a shrine and inspiration to the aspiring youth of his beloved land."

Living again over these happy days, I almost forget

that I am now the last leaf on the tree. When I look out on Friendship Grove and recall the names—Cleveland, Booth, Carnegie, Smith, Wilson, Carlisle, Fairbanks, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and others, it is hard to realize that they are gone—all gone.

Another tree in Friendship Grove keeps green the memory of Edwin Booth, a friend of Commodore Benedict's for many years. Commodore Benedict has jotted down his recollections of this great actor and most lovable man, and of many others who have filled a brilliant place in the annals of our old city—Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Admiral Evans, etc. These recollections will appear in the next number of the Manual.—Ed.

Record of Skating Days in Central Park, 1872-1887

Winter of 1872-73, 60 days of skating, began Dec. 16, ended March 8; 1873-74, 12 days; 1874-75, 44 days, began Dec. 26, ended Feb. 22; 1875-76, no skating; 1876-77, 28 days, began Dec. 24, ended Jan. 31; 1877-78, 3 days, began Jan. 7, ended Jan. 9; 1878-79, 44 days, began Dec. 26, ended March 2; 1879-80, no skating; 1880-81, 45 days, began Dec. 23, ended Feb. 22; 1881-82, 2 days, began Jan. 31, ended Feb. 2; 1882-83, 19 days, began Dec. 20, ended Feb. 10; 1883-84, 21 days, began Jan. 6, ended Feb. 3; 1884-85, 26 days, began Jan. 27, ended Feb. 24; 1885-86, 16 days, began Jan. 14, ended Feb. 8; 1886-87, 26 days, began Dec. 30, ended Feb. 6.

During all this time, as far as the record goes, Dec. 16 was the earliest day upon which the skating season began, and March 8 the latest.—“Evening Sun,” Dec. 28, 1887.



DIARY OF A LITTLE GIRL IN OLD NEW YORK 1851

Catherine Elizabeth Havens

These excerpts are from the manuscript of the author who is still living in Stamford, Conn., and are a continuation of the first installment of the Diary which appeared in the previous issue of the Manual.—Ed.

I MUST now write about our Christmas party. Every year before school closes for the holidays my sister gives me and my schoolmates a party. I wish I had curly hair, but I haven't; and so the night before the party Maggy puts up my hair in curl papers and keeps them pinned in until the party, and it is horrid to sleep on them for they are so hard and lumpy and hurt my head, and then as soon as we get warm playing our games, the curl all comes out and my hair is as straight and stringy as ever. Ellen has lovely dark, curly hair. By and by, while we are playing our games the sliding doors into the dining room are shut, and the lights turned up bright there, and then we know the supper is getting ready. The lights shine so pretty through the glass panes, and show the birds of Paradise on the palm trees, and then the girls all gather near the doors so as to get in quick when they are opened. One of the girls has a pocket

that I am now the last leaf on the tree. When I look out on Friendship Grove and recall the names—Cleveland, Booth, Carnegie, Smith, Wilson, Carlisle, Fairbanks, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and others, it is hard to realize that they are gone—all gone.

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VALENTINE'S MANUAL

tied around her waist under her dress, and as soon as she gets her plate with figs and nuts and raisins and mottoes handed to her, when she thinks nobody is looking she turns up her skirt and dumps it all into her pocket, and then looks as if she had not had anything. No boys are invited to the party and only two gentlemen. One is Mr. Hoogland, our writing teacher; he wears blue spectacles, and the other is a second cousin of ours who has *attacks*, my sister says, but he never has had one at the party. I wish he would, as I have never seen anybody have an attack, but of course I don't want him to suffer. The table looks so pretty at our party. My mother and my sister and Maggy fill the dishes with mottoes and heap them up high, so that there will be plenty for all my schoolmates, and last of all comes the ice cream and cake. Then all the girls say good evening to my sister, and thank her for the party, and go home, and no more lessons till after New Year's day.

I think consciences are very troublesome, for if they tell you you are good you feel proud, and if they tell you you are doing wrong you are unhappy.

I did a very wrong thing in school one day, but I didn't mean to. I laughed out loud in prayer time. This is how it happened. It was raining and my cousin Annie had some money tied in her handkerchief to ride home with, and while my sister was opening school with a prayer, and we all had our heads down on our Bibles, Annie took out her handkerchief and somehow the knot got loose, and out flew the money, and rolled along the desks and all the girls looked up to see what was the matter and some of the Bibles slid onto the floor, and there was an awful noise, and before I knew

RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT MONROE IN NEW YORK UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1831. CORNER OF PRINCE AND MARION STREETS.
REPRODUCED FROM AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY CARL M. BOOG. PUBLISHED BY VALENTINE'S MANUAL, 1920



it I had laughed out loud, and then there was an awful silence, and my sister stopped praying, and you could hear a pin drop; and before we went to our classes my sister said she was astonished and grieved at our behavior and asked who had laughed aloud, and I said, "I did, but I didn't mean to," and she told me to take my books and leave the room. So I went down to my mother, crying, and she was very busy and asked me what was the matter, but I was crying so hard I could not explain it; so she said she would hear about it by and by, and she gave Maggy fifty cents, and told her to take me down to Barnum's Museum. But I didn't enjoy it very much, for I dreaded to meet my school-mates after I had been punished.

My sister says because I am her little sister I ought to set an example to the school, but it is hard to be always having to be an example. Now I must resolve to try to do everything right in this new year to please her, for I know she loves me dearly, and often buys me things I want when my mother says she can't afford it.

January 3.

School has begun again and Katy Stewart, who is one of my best friends, had such a time today in our reading class. My sister was hearing us and corrected Katy for saying "either" and told her to call it like "*eyether*," but she wouldn't, but kept on calling it "*eether*," and finally when my sister asked her why she was so stubborn she began to cry and said, "I can't say 'eyether' and 'nyether,' for my father said he would punish me if I kept on saying it." (Katy has an uncle named Etienne, which is the French for Stephen, and

she always pronounces it as if it was "Eighty-N," instead of "Ate-yen").

Ellen can recite a lot of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and so can I, and some of "Marmion." A while ago my brother took some of us to Christy's Minstrels. They are white men, blacked up to look just like negroes. As the last man went off the stage, he stumbled and fell flat, and then he said, "Sambo, why am I like one of Walter Scott's pomes? Give it up? Because I'm de lay ob de last minstrel!" And everybody laughed, and one of them said, "Pompy, my wife had an awful cold, and de doctor told her to put a plaster on her chest; but she didn't have no chest, so she put it on her bandbox and it drew her bonnet all out of shape." And then we all clapped and laughed. They are awfully funny. They act on Broadway, down near Grand Street. Down in the Broadway Tabernacle Prof. Bradbury has all his singing classes meet once a year, and we go sometimes. There are hundreds of little girls. Half wear pink sashes and sit on one side of the stage and the other half wear blue sashes and sit on the other side, but they all wear white frocks. Once a year the people from the Blind Asylum have an anniversary in the Tabernacle. They are very musical and they sing beautifully and it is wonderful to see some of them play the piano. The Bradbury children sing, too; and every May, which is the month for all the anniversaries, the deaf and dumb come from their asylum, too, and they say the Lord's Prayer with their fingers, and have dialogues together and their teacher tells us what they are saying. I wish Ellen and I knew the sign language; it would be handy for us to use in

the country when we don't want Katy to know what we are talking about.

Katy's mother is my own sister, and she says we must not run away and leave Katy just because she is little, for she has no one else to play with. She is seven years old now and all the Old Church people love her and think she is so smart and cunning. There is one girl in Old Church who is a farmer's daughter and goes right in among the cows, and one time when Katy was down at our house visiting, my brother joked her about Saramanda, and said, "Well, Katy, how is Saramanda now?" and Katy cried and said, "Sarah is a real nice girl, even she isn't afraid of a bull." And everyone at the table laughed.

My brother-in-law has a horse called "Old Bess," and Katy gets on her, bareback, and only has the bridle, and rides to the landing to get the mail. She isn't a bit afraid, but the people are afraid for her; and one day a lady said, "It beats all natur' to see Katy ride that 'ere horse. She's as cunning as a mink, and she ain't no bigger than a pot-boggin." But no one seems to know what a pot-boggin is.

My brother-in-law says he has a "bushel" in his congregation, because he has as many Pecks as make a bushel. I forget how many that is.

There is a lovely shady road at Old Church near the parsonage, and it is called Shady Lane, and we love to walk up there because it is so cool and pretty. Last year some people thought there was copper there and they started to work a mine; but there wasn't any copper there, but a man was killed there by accident, and he was a Catholic, and there wasn't any Catholic priest anywhere near. And so an Irishman came and

asked my brother-in-law to come and say a prayer and bury him, and when he asked the Irishman when the man had died, he replied, "Your riverence, he was killed yesterday, but he didn't die till this morning."

Whenever there is a funeral in the church, we children like to go to it, because there are so few things in Old Church to go to. Old Squire F. died after I had gone back to New York, but Ellen didn't enjoy his funeral, because my sister made her wear a pair of bright yellow cotton gloves, that my mother had bought at a bargain. My mother has a friend who is Mrs. Bromley, and she lives corner of Irving Place and Eighteenth Street, and whenever they see in the newspapers that there is to be a bargain in some store they go together and get what they want cheap; but sometimes they get things because they are cheap, and then they find they don't really want them, and then they give them away. So my mother put those ugly yellow gloves in the Christmas box with other things for my sister. I don't wonder Ellen hated to wear them, but probably the people at the funeral thought they were the fashion. The ladies across the road from the parsonage don't get their hats until my sister gets her's, and then they copy her's, only they don't buy such pretty things to make or trim them with.

Mrs. Bromley's husband has been a sea captain and he had brought home lovely things from all over the world, all kinds of shells and carved ivory things from China and India, and once in a while they invite us up to spend the evening and show us all their curiosities, and once Mrs. Bromley said to me, "My dear, look with your eyes and not with your fingers." She doesn't

ONE OF THE EARLIEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURES OF WEST POINT. FROM A RARE AQUATINT IN COLOR,
PAINTED AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. BENNETT. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE



like to have us finger the things. Once my mother took my little brother Charley there and Mrs. Bromley gave him some almonds to eat, and the next time he went there he seemed to be talking to himself, and she said, "What is the child saying?" and he was saying very softly "Almonds" and then louder and louder, "Almonds, A l m o n d s , ALMONDS!" and she laughed and gave him some more.

When my oldest brother came home from boarding school once, my mother asked him if he was sure he had brought all his things home, and he said he had brought everything except his fine-tooth comb, and there wasn't room for that, so another boy brought it for him.

March 13.

This is my father's birthday. He is 78 years old, and we always celebrate it. We have a very old dinner set of India china, blue and white, and there is a big tureen for soft custard, and a dozen little cups with covers like it that stand around it on a tray of the same china, so among other things we had baked custards in these little cups. I love cup custards, and I ate two before dinner for fear there would not be any left for me, and then I had to eat another at dessert, for fear my sin would find me out, for they all know how fond I am of them, and it made me so sick I can never look at one again.

Two or three years ago Ellen and I had a fair at the parsonage. We had worked very hard for it, and made bookmarks and little thimble boxes of cardboard and bachelor's pin cushions and we sold apples and some candy, but we didn't have ice cream, so we had "Bonny Clabber" in saucers for five cents a saucer,

and my brother Henry who went last year to Eureka in California was visiting at the parsonage, and he paid for ever so many saucers and said it was delicious, just as good as ice cream, and we thought he was so kind to eat so much of it, and we never knew until long afterward that he couldn't bear it and didn't eat a bit of it, but paid for it all for the sake of the fair. But he stood with his back to the window, and he had put a pail on the grass under the window, and when we were not looking at him, he threw out the "Bonny Clabber" into the pail and after the fair was over, it was given to the pigs. He was full of fun and wrote me the valentine I asked him to send me.

In 1831 he walked all the way up to the White Mountains from Hartford with several of his friends and a dog named Sholto, and he wrote all about it and called it a "Pedestrian Tour of the White Mountains in 1831." One of the party was Mr. Ogden Haggerty. When they got to the Crawford House they asked Ethan Allen, the landlord, where they could fish to find salmon trout, and he said, "Why, here is a gentleman who knows all about that and can tell you better than I can," and it was Mr. Daniel Webster.

April 15.

I forgot to tell that I have two more little nephews, who were born three years ago this spring. One is my Staten Island sister's and the other is my own sister's; so he is Ellen's little brother. He is named Rensselaer, for my father, and the other one is named Edward, for his father. Sometimes my sister comes up from Staten Island in her carriage to do her shopping and she leaves Eddie at our house until she gets through, and one time our cook was frying crullers

in a big brass kettle, and when the lard was all bubbling up, Eddie was in the kitchen with Maggy and he was determined to put his foot in the hot fat, and neither Maggy nor my mother could do anything with him, and they had to get his Aunt C. to come down, for they were afraid he would be scalded. He was nearly three years old at that time. He is a dear little fellow and we have a pretty daguerreotype taken of him and his sister Mary. She is very pretty and is grown up now and has beaux, and Eddie is standing by her side in the picture, dressed in a little plaid dress. When I grow up I think I shall have a beau, and his name is Sam B. and he lives across the street, for he sent me a valentine he painted himself, and it is a big red heart with an arrow stuck through it, and one of my school friends says that means he is very fond of me, but I don't see much sense in the arrow. Last winter a boy named Hobart O. asked me to go to a lecture of the Mercantile Library Association with him, and I said I would be happy to go, but I knew my sister would not let me go in the evening alone with a boy no older than I was; but I wanted to be polite, but I didn't go. The lecture was in Cooper Union, in Astor Place.

In Old Church now I have two nieces, Ellen and Katy, and two nephews, Sherwood and Rensselaer. I don't think my sister will have any more children, because she says the house is too small for the family now. Last summer my parents took me to Saratoga and invited Ellen to go, too. My brother-in-law said he would think about it. So one evening my sister told Ellen and me to go to bed, and after we had gone into bed, we heard her parents talking in the dining-room below. There was a stove in the dining-room, and a

drum from it heated the study above it. And Ellen and I were wild to learn what they were saying, for we knew it was about Ellen going to Saratoga with me. So we took turns lying flat down in our nightgowns on the study right over the opening by the drum, to listen, but we got so sleepy we had to give it up, but they did not let Ellen go—I don't know why.

We have a little prayer in four verses that we say before we go to bed, and we want so to see which will get in first, that sometimes we rattle it off as fast as we can, and say "Amen, I'm in first," and Maggy says, "Ellen and Katy, God won't listen to you if you pray like that."

April 20.

Once a month in our University Place Church, the afternoon is given up to the catechism, and all the children go and we have to learn three or four of the questions and answers in the shorter catechism, and the answers repeat the questions all over again, and Dr. Potts and two or three of the elders hear us and we never know which question will come to us, so we have to know all three or four. I know as far as question 50 now.

We have moved our pew now over to the south side of the church, and right behind us in the big square pew near the door is Dr. Kearney Roger's family, and the little girls are so pretty. They have curls all around their heads, and little rosy faces, and such pretty chinchilla furs. Maggie and Annie Strang come to our church and to our school, too, and so do Mary and Helen Beadleston, and their mother has just died, and I went to see them. They live in Perry Street. My sister took me to see some other schoolmates, the

Eno girls, Mary and Annie and Nettie. They live in an elegant house, but it is 'way down by the Battery on Greenwich Street. It has a marble hall floor, but Mr. Eno says he will have to move uptown soon, as the sailors' boarding houses are crowding him out. Libbie B. is another of my schoolmates, and her step-grandmother is Mrs. Sigourney and she writes poetry. Then there is Helen T. and she and Constance M. are great friends and sit together by Julia Bulkley. Julia writes lovely poetry for her compositions and my sister says she has a talent for it. Constance wears a string of coral beads, and says she takes cold if she takes them off. Julia has a brother Lucius and he comes for her if it rains and brings her overshoes and umbrella. Ellen broke some rule one time and she was punished by being sent into the room with the smallest girls, and had to sit by Louisa H., who wasn't very bright, and she had a spyglass and lent it to Ellen and it comforted her. We had a new English teacher this year, Miss Abbie Goodell. Her father was the first American missionary to Constantinople, and she was born there. She came to America to be educated at Mt. Holyoke, and now she is to be our teacher. She has beautiful teeth and dark eyes and hair and a little bit of a nose, and her nose is always cold, in our winters; so one of the girls knitted a little mitten for it, and she wears it and ties it on around her head.

She came to America in a vessel loaded with figs, and it took her over two months to come, and she was so seasick all the way that she could not leave her bed, and she says the figs had worms in them, and she used to lie and watch them making cobwebs in the corner of her room, and the cobwebs kept coming nearer and

nearer, and she was too sick to move, and by and by they got to her bed and to her hair, and when she got to New York she had to have some of her hair cut off.

Her father stayed at our house the night before he sailed to go to Turkey, and he had been travelling all over New York State to get money to take Bibles to the heathen in Turkey ; but he got very little, and most of it was in big copper pennies. So when my father asked him how much he had got, he said, "Alexander the *coppersmith* did me much evil." All the missionaries have to send their children home to be educated. Dr. Jonas King was our missionary to Greece, and he married a Greek lady, and they sent Mary home to be educated, and Mr. and Mrs. William W. Chester who live on the corner of Eighth Street and University Place took her to have her taught, and at one time she came to my sister at Old Church and she taught her how to make cake, and one day she had some and when my sister went to look at it she found Mary had not made any fire in the stove, and one time she made ginger bread and put mustard in it instead of ginger.

When my mother makes quince preserves she keeps out the poorest-looking pieces of quince and puts the peelings with them and boils them down and makes marmalade out of them, and it is so good on my bread and butter, and out of the cores and the seeds she makes bandoline for the hair. She loves to make nice things to eat. Sometimes when she makes crullers she sends a big bowl of them round to the Union Seminary in University Place for the students. They thank her very much and say it makes them think of their homes in New England.

May 10.

We have a big family. My sister says a big family creates a diversity of interests. She says that means that no two of us like exactly the same things, and that makes life more interesting. I don't think she means things to eat. Well, if we do have a big family, there is always someone coming to visit us, and now we have had a cousin who has consumption and she is trying a cure called galvanism. Her doctor makes her wear a pair of soles in her shoes, and one is copper and the other is zinc, and it makes some kind of a current that may help her. Ellen and I tried to squeeze them into our shoes and pretend we had consumption and cough, but they were too big.

I like to go across the way sometimes and play with Georgie H. She is older than I am, and the other day when I was there Maggy came over and said my mother wanted me to come home, and I could go back again. So I ran over and thought something good had happened, but my mother only said, "My dear, you have left your things all lying around. Now put them all where they belong, and you can go back." Then I forgot again after a while and did the same thing and she sent for me again. So now I put my things all away before I go. She says that is the way to make me neat and orderly.

Georgie has a friend who goes to Spingler Institute to school, and she took me up there one day and showed me four big paintings by a Mr. Cole, called "The Voyage of Life." They are very fine. Sometimes on Saturday afternoons we go down to the American Art Union on Broadway to see the pictures, and now there is a Chinese Museum down on Broadway, and

wax figures of Chinese people, and it shows how prisoners are punished. Some have a board around their necks, and others around their feet.

Mary L. has a white porcelain slate. It is the only one in school. We are all crazy to borrow it. Her sums are always right and look so neat and nice on the white slate. She wears a beautiful plaid silk apron, and now she has a big gold watch one of her brothers gave her. She has seven brothers and soon she is going 'way out to Cuyahoga Falls in Ohio to visit one who is a minister.

Ellen is all alone in her Latin class, so in her report she is always marked *head* and that pleased her father very much until he found out she was the only one in it. Pretty soon we will have our vacation. I am going to visit a cousin in Rome. I have a cousin who is an old gentleman and he has a glass eye, and one day a little girl cousin said to me, "When you go to visit there, cousin N. will ask you if you wouldn't like to see him take it out and put it in; and you had better not say yes, for I did, and it was dreadful." So, sure enough, one day I was sitting by him with my sewing and he said, "Kitty, would you like to ——" and I was afraid it was about the glass eye, and so I said very quick, "Excuse me a minute, Cousin N.; I must go upstairs and get my bodkin." And I never came down until I heard him go out.

May 25.

I never told how I happened to be born in Lafayette Place. When Mr. John Jacob Astor came to New York, he hired a loft in my father's business house in Front Street, to cure his furs, for he was in the Hudson Bay Company's fur business. So my father got



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ONE OF THE EARLIEST VIEWS OF CASTLE CLINTON, AFTERWARDS WIDELY KNOWN AS CASTLE GARDEN, AND NOW THE AQUARIUM.
FROM A VERY RARE PRINT IN COLOR BY IMBERT, WHO ERECTED THE FIRST LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS IN NEW YORK IN 1825.
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE

to know him very well, and in 1824 he told him if he would cut a street down through his land from Astor Place to Great Jones Street my father and Mr. David Hadden and Mr. DeForest Manice would all build houses there. So he did and he called it Lafayette Place, because General Lafayette was in New York then. Mr. Astor lived in a brick house on Broadway, near Prince Street, and he died there, and when he died Maggy took me to see the house, and it was all draped in black on the outside. We had been living in Bleeker Street, west of Broadway, on the upper side. Mr. George Douglas and my father had built houses there together, and when we moved to Lafayette Place my father sold his house for \$12,000 and made \$3,000 by selling it.

One time my own sister Fanny and Eleanor Hadden got into a stage to ride home from school, and they both knew they had no money; but they did it for fun, to see what would happen. So when they were getting out they pretended to be surprised that neither of them could pay, and an old gentleman asked them their names, and when they told him he said, "Oh, I know your fathers, children; I will pay for you."

My father went to Albany in 1824 and got permission to start an insurance company, and he called it the Howard Insurance Company, and he has been president of it ever since, and my brother says he carried it safely through the big fire in 1835. In 1833, when my youngest brother was a baby, my mother was up one night with him, and she says there was a wonderful sight of falling stars, and it seemed as if all the heavens were ablaze, but it only lasted a minute. My father was very sick that night with cholera and they

thought he might die, but my cousin, Dr. Dering, cured him with calomel.

I have been to a new dentist today. I used to go to Dr. Parmly, in Bond Street, and now I go to a Dr. Johnson, in Thirteenth Street. He is a little man, with a little reddish hair, and he never speaks a word except to say very slowly "O-pen your mouth wi-der, child." There are ever so many dentists on Bond Street now, and Mme. Fererro, the milliner, is there, too; but they are all on the lower side. She is a very expensive milliner, and some ladies give \$20 for a bonnet. Her husband is Mr. Edward Ferrero, and he has a dancing school. Very nice families live on the upper side, and on the corner of Broadway Mr. Joseph Sampson has a big brick house, with a stable and grounds around it. On Broadway, facing Astor Place, are two granite houses, where Mr. Spofford and Mr. Tilestone live, and I go there sometimes to play with Pauline Spofford, and her grandfather is Dr. Spring. Dr. Spring has sixteen children. The ministers all wear white linen scarfs to funerals. They are fastened on the right shoulder and go across the chest and back and meet at the left hip and the ends hang down, and Mrs. DeWitt told my mother it made enough linen for all the family to wear. Dr. DeWitt is very absent-minded, and he went through Ninth Street one day with a boot on one foot and a worsted slipper on the other; and one summer in the country he had been feeding his chickens on Sunday morning, and he forgot and put some corn in his pocket and when he took out his handkerchief in church he scattered the corn around.

OF OLD NEW YORK

June 4.

Our minister lives at 27 Fifth Avenue, and his daughter was married yesterday, and my mother and sister went to the wedding. My mother wore a wine-colored organdie dress, with pink flowers on it, and a pink tulle turban, instead of a cap, and she looked lovely. All the University Church people were there and the bride and her husband are going off to Europe.

My mother heard old Dr. Bethune preach a sermon once about the woman who lost her piece of money and searched until she found it, and he said, "One thing is certain, my friends; she raised a great dust."

Old Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox was a great friend of my grandfather's, and when he was married my aunt invited him and his wife to tea; and he was very fond of using long words, and my mother says this is what he wrote to say they could not come: "For the duties of housekeeping do prospectively vociferate their claims to tasks unwonted hitherto, of earth-born aspect and transitory moment."

My father's brother Jonathan went to Yale College, and his home was on Shelter Island, and he wrote a letter to his father from New Haven to ask how he would get home, and it was in 1774, and my father said I could copy it in my Diary; so this is a part of it:

New Haven, March 29th, 1774.

Honored Sir:

I take this opportunity by Mr. Hathoway to write you a few lines. As the spring vacancy draws nigh, I begin to think of coming home, and I believe I shall want to bring home a pretty large bundle, as a good many of my shirts begin to wear out and

some of my stockings. Together with these I designed to have brought home my cloath for a coat and some of my books, which I make no use of; which I fear I shall not be able to perform, as having nothing but a pillow case which I was put to great difficulty with when I went home last, unless I had a pair of saddle-bags or some other convenience, or could get a passage directly home in some boat, tho I have not heard from you whether you designed to send a boat on purpose. I should be glad to hear whether it is worth while to bring all the things home which I have mentioned, or in what manner I shall act, and I remain with love to all, your loving and dutiful son,

Jonathan Nicoll Havens.

My brothers said they wouldn't like to have to ride all the way from New Haven to New York and cross to Brooklyn and ride all the length of Long Island on horseback with their clothes in a pillow case, but our uncle got to be a very distinguished man, and was in the House of Representatives in Congress.

June 7.

I had my picture taken yesterday, to send to my brother in California. It is not a daguerreotype this time. It is called an ambrotype. I have on a blue and white foulard dress, and it is made with a basque, and the basque is trimmed with blue satin ribbon about an inch wide, box pleated and quilled, and I have on my black lace mits, and some Valenciennes lace in my sleeves, and my hair is braided and put around my ears. My mother's wedding lace was Mechlin lace, and there were three yards of it gathered around the neck of her



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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF EVACUATION DAY, NEW YORK, NOV. 25, 1883. A VIEW ON FIFTH AVENUE, SOUTH FROM THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, SHOWING THE OLD ASTOR RESIDENCES NOW COVERED BY WALDORE-ASTORIA HOTEL. PHOTOGRAPH BY E. L. HENRY

white Canton crepe dress. It was bought at Thomas Morton's, on William Street, and cost eight dollars a yard. It would seem funny to go down to William Street now to buy lace.

We have a mahogany center table with folding leaves and a big carved ball underneath and claw feet, and it was made in 1825 for my mother by Mr. Henry Spies, who is a cabinetmaker, and one time he was sexton of the Brick Church. It cost thirty dollars. And in my nursery we have a mahogany bookcase that was made for my grandfather's new house in Maiden Lane in 1811 by Mr. Mandeville in Fulton Street, and in the parlor we have a very old pier table of mahogany with a white marble top and a mirror underneath, and it stands between the windows, and above it is a very old mirror in a gilt barrel frame, and my aunt bought them both at Mrs. Lewis St. John's auction in Varick Street. My mother says those streets were very genteel streets when she was young and we know some people who live on Varick Street now.

My sister sent me down with Mme. Kohly, our French teacher, today to Mr. Roe Lockwood's bookstore, to order some books for her. She gets all her school books there and her books for prizes. Everybody goes there to get nice books and you see all your friends looking over the books. It is down below Lispenard Street. I love Mme. Kohly. She has a daughter named Caro. They are Catholics and Caro will not eat any meat in Lent, and her mother says, "Caro, eat your meat. You know Father Reilly said you could eat it, and the doctor says you must;" but Caro won't eat it, and says she is going to be a nun when she grows up.

Mme. Kohly has a brother living in Switzerland and he has just died and left her a great deal of money, and she is going over there to live. She has a sister in New York and they are rich and have three sons, and she says, "Katy, when you grow up you must marry one of my nephews, and he will make a good Catholic of you;" but I am very sure my father would not let me marry a Catholic. I expect I shall marry somebody by the time I am eighteen, for I don't want to be an old maid.

When my mother went to Miss Pierce's school in Litchfield in 1815 there was a Mr. Catlin who kept the hotel, and he had a daughter Flora who was very pretty, and the students in Judge Gould's Law School used to serenade her, and her father said, "Yes, Flora's *assassinated* most every night," and he meant serenaded. And he wore an old-fashioned seal on his watch chain, and he said, "I wear it for the *antipathy* of the thing," but he meant antiquity. My mother says when she was in Litchfield she boarded at Dr. Lyman Beecher's, and they kept Saturday night instead of Sunday night, and when she went to the post-office she had to hurry home before the sun went down, but on Sunday night they could take out their knitting; and all they had to eat on Sunday was a piece of apple pie and a mug of milk. I have a friend and sometimes she spends Sunday at her grandfather's who is a minister, and once she was in the garden, and when she picked a rose she heard the study window open softly, and her grandfather said, "My child, have you forgotten what day this is?" They kept the Sabbath very strict in Connecticut.

My mother says Mr. Pickett who kept the school in

New York I told about was very severe, and he used to thunder out "Order is Heaven's first law, and order I'll have in my school," and slam down his ruler on his desk, and the scholars were dreadfully afraid of him.

But he kept a good school, and my mother says that is where she got such a good memory. She recited over six hundred lines from "Thompson's Seasons," and I have got the book with Mr. Pickett's mark in it. When she recited it, she said "Dear winter comes, and reigns *tremenjous* o'er the conquered year," and Mr. Pickett said, "What! What! Miss Catherine! *Tremenjous*? There's no such word in the English language!" I guess my mother never forgot to say tremendous after that!

She knows ever so many pieces of poetry and repeats them to us children. One is about a little girl who was cross to her sister and the sister dies, and then how sorry she was. We cannot help crying when she tells it to us. I will copy it down.. It may help some little sister not to quarrel. I don't know who wrote it. This is it:

(Mother)

"Oh, fie, Amelia, I'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so;
Leave off those naughty ways, my child,
Go play with Frances, go!"

(Amelia)

"I won't, mama, the little minx,
May play with whom she can;
And, while I live, she shall not have
My waxen doll again!

"With any other little girl
I would be glad to play;
But I don't love our Frances, ma,
I wish she'd go away!"

(Mother)

"Poor little Betsy Smith, she said
Day after day alone;
She had a little sister once,
But now she's dead and gone.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

"Betsy was quite a fretful child,
And when she used to play
With pretty little Emmeline,
They quarreled every day.

"One day her sister said to her,
'Don't, Betsy, be so cross;
Indeed I am not well today,
And fear I shall be worse!'

"'Not well? Oh, yes, you're very sick!
I don't believe it's true!
You only want to coax mama
To make nice things for you!'

"But Emmeline grew worse and worse,
Till she could hardly speak,
And when the doctor came he said
She would not live a week!

"And then it rushed o'er Betsy's mind,
How wicked she had been;
Her cruel treatment of that child
She never felt till then.

"Over her sister's bed she hung
With many a bitter sigh,
And threw her arms around her neck,
And begged her not to die!

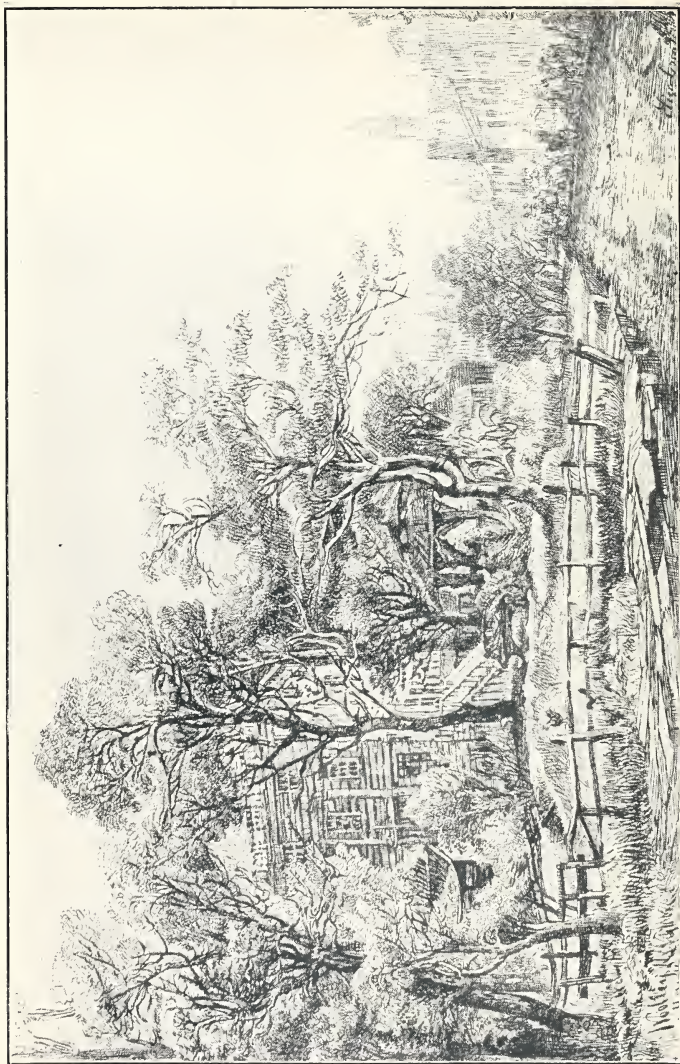
"'Forgive me, Emmeline, or else
I do not wish to live!
Oh, speak, dear sister, speak once more
And say you will forgive!'

"This poor, weak, suffering, dying child,
Just ope'd her languid eye,
And raised her head and feebly said
'Dear Betsy, do not cry!'

"And now she goes away upstairs
To sit and weep alone;
She does not want to laugh or play
Since Emmeline is gone!"

(Amelia)

"How dull I feel! Come, Frances, dear,
Come, let us go and play!
And you *may* have my waxen doll,
And keep it every day!"



FIFTH AVENUE IN THE EARLY DAYS. THE FAMOUS ROBERT MURRAY HOUSE, THIRTY-SEVENTH TO THIRTY-EIGHTH STREETS. FROM A SKETCH BY ELIZABETH GREATOREX. IT WAS HERE THAT MRS. MURRAY ENTERTAINED THE BRITISH OFFICERS SO DELIGHTFULLY THAT THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHOM THEY WERE PURSUING ESCAPED TO HARLEM HEIGHTS

My sister says there was a man on Shelter Island and his name was Sine Conkling, and one time at a church meeting the people said they would adjourn sine die (she says that means some other day), but he thought they meant till Sine died, and he was so angry he left the church.

Mr. Guy Richards and his brother Mr. Nathaniel Richards live next door to each other in very handsome big brick houses in Bleecker Street. They have white marble steps. They both go to the Brick Church. My grandfather had a letter from old Dr. Cox, in 1812, and in it he said "Skinner is turning the world upside down, with his new doctrines," and my father says that was the beginning of the New School Presbyterian Church. Dr. Skinner preaches in the Mercer Street Church. My mother's mother goes to Dr. Phillip's Church, on Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street; and Dr. Bedell preaches in the Episcopal Church of the Ascension, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street. We have so many churches all around us, we ought to be very good.

In the death of William Kissam Vanderbilt, New York City lost a good citizen and the Manual a warm friend.

Curious Old Letter to Mr. Zenger

Mr. Zenger :

I was formerly a Beauty, and was brought up upon Milk coloured with Chocolate ; Upon Marrying a Gentleman who was used to live handsomely, I prevailed on him to borrow two Volumns of Receipt Books ; since that he is defunct, and I have supplied his Place with an able Hybernian. You must know also, Mr. Zenger, that I have denied several Times the Books to the right Owner, under Pretence that I had private Letters that he had stole them : Now you must know, that I have lately been very ill, and have a great Notion that I shall not survive long, and have had some talk with the Parson of our Parish, who has lately given us a Sermon on Lying, which has touch'd me, as well as his Advice to me to repent of my Transgressions, and if in any Thing I had wrong'd my Neighbour, to return it fourfold.—Now I must confess that I feloniously kept these Books to the Perjudice of my Neighbour.—And as I would willingly settle all Matters before I depart, I should be glad to return the said Books to the Owner, provided I could know where she would have them sent, and if she did not insist upon the Scripture Text of fourfold. By this the Lady will know who is meant and in your next I expect to be advertised where I shall leave them, that I may die in Peace, and discharge my Conscience.—“New York Weekly Journal,” Sept. 23, 1734.



EDGAR ALLAN POE IN NEW YORK CITY

Largely from hitherto unprinted memoranda and papers in possession
of The New York Shakespeare Society

Edited by Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of The Society

First Paper

THE year 1921 is the seventy-seventh anniversary of the most famous and most crowded year of the life of Edgar Allan Poe, the year in which "The Raven" first saw the light and in which he produced those critical and controversial papers that established him not only as a poet but as a critic—in both capacities an original and not a borrower or an imitator of British models. When Poe's first literary work attracted attention he was living in Richmond, Va. It was at the suggestion of John P. Kennedy (Horse Shoe Robinson) that he first sought fame and fortune in our great city.

In a frame house of two stories and a "lean-to," numbered 13½ Carmine Street, he came in January, 1837, bringing with him Mrs. Clemm, his good—even if rather portly—angel, and Virginia, the child of barely fifteen years, her daughter, whom Mrs. Clemm had married (some authorities claim to have found that

there were two distinct ceremonies) to Poe in the poor little child's twelfth year.

In this house Mrs. Clemm opened a boarding house, and one of her boarders was an old bachelor named William Gowans, later the well known Nassau Street book miser and bookseller, who died blissfully ignorant of how many books he had accumulated, and how many the bad little boys of the neighborhood had enriched themselves by "swiping" out of his rear door and selling back to him at the front entrance at bargains too attractive to be resisted. Mr. Gowans was wont to embroider his current Sales Catalogue with reminiscent or gossipy matter anent books and bookmen, and in its issue No. 28 for 1870 he indulged himself in some memorabilia of his fellow-boarders, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, at Carmine Street, thirty-three years before. He dilated upon the perfect and rather stately courtesy of the husband and the small wife's beauty, "whose blue eyes outshone those of any houri and whose features would defy the genius of a Canova to imitate." This may have been the hyperbole of an elderly bachelor, for other accounts of the little lady were of a face of waxen and unhealthy paleness, with exceedingly black hair and large plaintive black eyes. That they were in any regard normal husband and wife seems problematical. Poe always called her "Sis," and petted her as a man pets a favorite child. Not much is certain, but it has been remarked as throwing some light upon the matter that Poe's occasional gallantries, which worried Mrs. Clemm, never seemed to disturb Virginia in the least. Indeed, the whole gravamen of Mrs. Weiss's "Home Life of Poe" seems to be to attack this "fatal" marriage which, she

RARE EARLY VIEW OF BROADWAY NORTH FROM FIFTY-SECOND STREET ABOUT 1865.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD





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THE SAME VIEW AS IT IS TODAY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYD



more than intimates, Mrs. Clemm contrived for economy of rooming charges in their various menages.

Mrs. Clemm struggled with her Carmine Street boarding house for more than eight months, principally stressed up no doubt by the loyalty of the "star boarder" Mr. Gowans; until, neither fame nor fortune seeking the poet, the whole family borrowed money (doubtless from the loyal Mr. Gowans) and early in the year 1838 migrated to Philadelphia. The move was a good one. Poe found employment as an assistant editor of W. E. Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine." And Mr. Burton, the famous comedian, was a kind and appreciative and even charitable employer. Here and later as editor of "Graham's Magazine" Poe passed perhaps the most uniformly successful period—at least from a pecuniary point of view—of his variegated life. But the chronicle thereof belongs not in a history of "Poe in New York City."

On Sunday, April 7th, 1844, Poe and his child wife, now fully sixteen years old, came by boat from Perth Amboy again to New York City and found a boarding house at No. 130 Greenwich Street. On Sunday, April 7th, he writes Mrs. Clemm that he has still four dollars, to which he hopes tomorrow to add three dollars by the advance of some employment, "so that I may have a fortnight to go upon."

Among the manuscripts that Poe brought with him to Greenwich Street was one of the quasi-scientific, half-marvellous sort in which he had already revelled in "Hans Phaal," "Arthur Gordon Pym" and "The Gold Bug." What this manuscript was is best noted from the fact that just seventy-five years from the day on which this dreamer of dreams aspired to the

possession of seven real dollars to keep the wolf from the door for a whole fortnight, a dirigible balloon crossing the Atlantic landed passengers upon these Western shores; and that among the New York City newspapers chronicling the achievement one of them ("The Sun") remarked that this was not the first time that its columns had announced such an event, since three-quarters of a century before, a stranger in the city had brought to it in manuscript a hypothetical and, as it appeared, a prophetic account of just precisely such an achievement, and that this stranger was Edgar Allan Poe!

That is to say, on Saturday, April 13, 1844, "The Sun" in a postscript in double-ledged type announced that a balloon had just landed on Sullivan's Island from England across the Atlantic Ocean, and that an "extra," giving full details would be immediately put to press. And an hour later came this "extra":

"ASTOUNDING NEWS BY EXPRESS VIA NORFOLK!
THE ATLANTIC CROSSED IN THREE DAYS!
SIGNAL SUCCESS OF MR. MONCK MASON'S FLYING MACHINE!
ARRIVAL AT SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, NEAR CHARLESTON,
OF MR. MASON, MR. ROBERT HOLLAND, MR. HENSON,
MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH AND FOUR OTHERS
IN THE STEERING BALLOON VICTORIA, AFTER A PASSAGE
OF SEVENTY-FIVE HOURS!
FULL PARTICULARS OF THE VOYAGE."

And "The Sun" declared that in announcing the feat of 1919 it could use almost the exact words of Poe in 1844: "The air as well as the earth and the ocean has been subdued by science and will become a common and convenient highway for mankind! The Atlantic has been actually crossed by a balloon!" This is what became known as "The Balloon Hoax." A better name today would be: "Edgar Allan Poe's

prophesy in 1844 of an achievement of the year 1919."

Doubtless the actual reason for Poe's second advent in the big city was the prospect of permanent employment in Willis's "Mirror" office. At any rate he obtained such employment and sat at a desk in its office at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets daily and wrote whatever he pleased. Criticism of other men's poetry, poems of his own, fiction, paragraphs and what not. But the price of board for the two at No. 130 Greenwich Street was not met by his earnings, whatever they were, for in June or July he found furnished rooms at the Brennen Mansion, a more or less out of repair frame building on the Bloomingdale Road which the Brennen heirs had abandoned save that one of them, Mrs. Mary Brennen, was permitted to lease its rooms for the summer. Here until cold weather (for at that date its location, now the corner of Broadway and West Eighty-fourth Street, was in open fields swept by cold winds from the Hudson River) remained the Poes until they found two rooms at what is now No. 15 West Third Street, then Amity Street, where a caller describes them as "surrounded by a simplicity due less to simple tastes than poverty."

In selecting a residence on Amity Street Poe returned to the vicinity of his first months in the big city; for Carmine Street is a diagonal, running southeasterly from Sixth Avenue at the point just below where Amity Street began. And a stone's throw beyond is Waverly Place, soon to be associated with Poe. And a bit further, just west of Carmine Street, the loiterer in Poe vestiges today will find a small playground bristling with paraphernalia for youthful

sports, yclept "Hudson Park." In this park he will find a marble sarcophagus, surmounted by two carved firemen's helmets, commemorative of two firemen who lost their lives perhaps in the great fire of 1835. We say "perhaps," for the inscriptions, except only the words "Engine Co. 13," are worn away by time and the elements. A bronze upon one end of the shaft reads:

THIS GROUND
WAS USED AS A CEMETERY
BY TRINITY PARISH
DURING THE YEARS 1834-1898.
IT WAS MADE A PUBLIC PARK
BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK
IN THE YEARS 1897-98.
THIS MONUMENT STOOD IN THE CEMETERY,
AND WAS REMOVED TO THIS SPOT
IN THE YEAR 1898.

This graveyard, used by St. Luke's Church, then a Chapel of Ease of Trinity Parish, had been a favorite spot for Poe in his sombre moods, and was not too far for Virginia in the Carmine Street days to wander with him there.

Again in 1846 he lived somewhere on Amity Street, as two letters dated November 13th, 1846, have been discovered written from that address. And here at No. 15 it was that Poe began to be sought out by literary people, among them Miss Anne Lynch—later Mrs. Botta—who boarded in Waverly Place, near Sixth Avenue, in the Amity Street vicinity. In her parlor were wont to gather Bayard Taylor and Margaret Fuller; the latter detested but employed by Greeley on the "Tribune," as was also Bayard Taylor. Also Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, who wrote more novels by half than she had lived years; Lydia Maria Child; Richard Henry Stoddard and the literary lady



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HOUSE OF EDWIN FORREST, 436 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, WHICH HE OCCUPIED SOON AFTER THE DISGRACEFUL MACREADY-FORREST RIOTS (NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1849) UNTIL HIS DEATH OF APOPLEXY ON DECEMBER 12, 1872

he married, Elisabeth Barstow. Here, too, Poe after becoming famous, was to read "The Raven," but in these days he only read from his earlier poems, such as "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," or the horrible "Case of M. Vlademar," which he almost certainly wrote in the Amity Street lodgings.

Thus our record brings us to the year 1845, which may be said to be the most important year of Poe's life; for it saw the birth in print of his most memorable and most immortal poem "The Raven." Obviously poems like "The Raven" could not have been written in a single heat and sent to the printers. And there is ample evidence that, as early as his Philadelphia days, Poe had the poem afterwards to be called "The Raven" blocked out in his mind as well as on paper. But he would be a bold man, indeed, who would wittingly plunge into the troubled waters that boil and surge around the genesis of a great poem. There is a story that in Philadelphia Poe read to a "Mr. Rosenbach" (a nebulous person sans given name or even initials—Woodberry speaks of him only as "Mr.") a poem in which a bereaved lover, brooding over the loss of his lady-love, is visited in his study at midnight by an owl, which by some diablerie or mental process films into a wraith of the departed lady.

But this is not Mr. Rosenbach's sole effort in the premises. Later he offers an alternative yarn for acceptance by those who are disinclined to accept the owl. This latter yarn runs thus: He (Rosenbach) remembers that once in Philadelphia Mr. Graham, Mr. Godey and another gentleman were together when Poe entered and endeavored to sell them a poem

called "The Raven." The gentlemen read it and the criticism was unfavorable. But Poe said he was in great distress for money, that his wife and Mrs. Clemm were starving; and so finally Mr. Graham, Mr. Godey and the other gentleman sent Poe fifteen dollars by him (Rosenbach), not to pay for the poem, but as a charity.

But this tale is obviously a composite. The abject poverty, with Virginia and Mrs. Clemm "starving," belongs to the Fordham cottage period (as we shall see later on). In Philadelphia Poe was consecutively an editor of Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" and "Graham's," besides being a well-known contributor to "Godey's"; so that his offering a single poem to Messrs. Graham and Godey together is, to say the least, unlikely. The rider that these and another gentleman sent Poe fifteen dollars by the hands of Rosenbach may be a testimonial to the value of Rosenbach as a fiduciary agent; but we demur to an opinion of Graham and Godey that "The Raven" was rubbish, unless each gentleman wanted to prevent the other from securing it. However, we repeat the story in its appropriate sequence to lead up to its next in order.

A Mr. Henry B. Hirst, of Philadelphia, claims to be the real author of "The Raven." Except that Mr. William Sartain testifies he owned a bird of that species, he leaves no substantial claim. With this claim Poe himself deals, but only years after when contributing to "Godey's Lady's Book" in 1846 a series of six articles entitled "The Literati; Some Honest Opinions at Random Respecting their Authorial Mer-

its, with Occasional Words of Personality." Of this Hirst, Poe says:

"Mr. Hirst to my face and in the presence of my friends, has always made a point of praising my own poetical efforts, and for this reason I should forgive him the amiable weakness of abusing them anonymously. * * * In a late number of the 'Philadelphia Saturday Courier' he does me the honor of attributing to my pen a ballad which (giving the passage) he says is borrowed from the first canto of Hirst's 'Endymion.' * * * Now I really feel ashamed to say that as yet I have not perused 'Endymion,' for Mr. Hirst will retort at once, 'That is no fault of mine. You should have read it. I gave you a copy. And, besides, you had no business to fall asleep when I did you the honor of reading it to you.' * * * To be a good imitator of Henry B. Hirst is honor enough for me."

The Chivers claim, though never so far as known asserted in print or elsewhere perhaps than in three personal letters to be noted, requires a bit of circumlocution. Thomas Holley Chivers, a physician of Digby Manor, Wilkes County, Georgia, was a gentleman of parts, with a knack of grotesque rhyming which seems to have attracted Poe's attention as early as the year 1841, when editor of "Graham's Magazine" in Philadelphia; for, in the December issue of that periodical, Poe wrote:

"Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers is at the same time one of the best and one of the worst poets in America. His productions affect me as a wild dream—strange, incongruous, full of more than arabesque monstrosity, and snatches of sweet unstained song. Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has the indefinite charm of sentiment and melody. We can never be sure that there is any meaning in his words; neither is there any meaning in many of our finest musicians. But the effect is very similar in both. His figures of speech are metaphor run mad and his grammar is often none at all. Yet there are as fine individual passages to be found in the poems of Dr. Chivers as in those of any poet whatsoever."

But this did not come up (or down) to what Chivers estimated to be his due; and he wrote to Poe to protest. A long interchange of letters ensued, with

what trend may be inferred from Poe's next notice of Chivers, which ran about like this :

"This is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate yet unaffectedly simple minded and single minded man, writing from his own vigorous impulses, from the necessity of giving utterance to their expression, and thus writing not to mankind but solely to himself."

Which seems to have satisfied Chivers, for the two became fast friends, leading to almost daily correspondences and to long intimacies. Poe even proposed to take Dr. Chivers into partnership in "The Stylus," the magazine upon which he (Poe) lavished so much of prospectus and manifesto, but never found capital to carry further. Dr. Chivers finally visited Poe at his Fordham cottage, and has left by far the most delicate and interesting account of Poe's life there that we possess, supplementing the very meagre details we can draw from the poet's reticence. How he sometimes caught a bobolink and devised for it out of some wood and a bit of wire a cage, which he hung to one of the cherry trees, and stood in front of it for hours trying to hypnotize it into melody. "I said to him," says Chivers, "that this bobolink was as much out of place in that cage as he was in Fordham. The bird would only dash itself back and forth against the wires until it died; that he ought to free it at once. 'No,' said he, 'you are wrong in wishing me to free the bird; he is a splendid songster, and as soon as he is tamed he will delight our home with his wonderful gifts. You should hear him ring out like a chime of joybells his wonderful song.' But all the same the poor bird died." Dr. Chivers gives us the fullest record, too, of his conversations, how he carried a cane "like a gentleman" in his walks along

NEW YORK FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR BROOKLYN IN 1825. AQUATINT IN COLOR BY HILL, AFTER WALL.
FROM THE HUDSON RIVER PORTFOLIO, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE



the embankment of the then just finished Croton aqueduct, or to West Farms, then the nearest post office, or loitered for hours leaning over the parapet of the beautiful High Bridge, looking into the crystal Harlem River, then unpolluted of traffic. And of Virginia, with her willing feet, to bring "Eddie" his manuscripts, and her fearful paroxysms of coughing. And of Mrs. Clemm, fussing like a motherly old hen over her two darlings, and so on.

That he (Chivers) received into the intimacy that he himself dilates on and boasts of, should after Poe's death set up a claim to be the real author of "The Raven," is only a piece of the fate that loved to dog the footsteps of Poe and spoil anything that seemed ameliorative. But here is his claim:

First (in a letter to W. Gilmore Simms, April 10, 1852):

"All these things are mine. I am the Southern man who taught Mr. Poe all these things. All these things were published long before the poem from which 'The Raven' was taken."

Second (Ibid., June 12, 1852):

"When I show you how that truly great man, Poe, failed in 'The Raven' in attempting to do what I had already done in the poem from which he stole it, you will then admit that I have 'a happy faculty in rhyme.'"

And, third (in a letter to A. J. H. Duganne, December 17, 1850):

"Poe stole 'The Raven' from me, but he was the greatest poetical critic that ever existed."

There is only one other, which we exhaust by copy-

ing the claim in full from the New Orleans "Times" of July 22, 1870:

"'The Raven' was written by Samuel Fenwick and sent as a contribution to Poe who, on the death of Fenwick, appropriated it."

But these are all, unless the statement by "Col. du Solle," to be reported presently, be a "claim." But except as above, once by Poe himself and by these three letters that saw no light of print, no attention has ever been paid to claims of plagiarism in "The Raven."

The real circumstantial evidence of time and place of "The Raven's" genesis begins to appear and dovetail together at about the date of Poe in the Brennen mansion, where its author reads it from his pocket manuscript to Mrs. Mary Brennen from whose domicile it receives its baptism of print.

It was at about the Greenwich Street date, April 7, 1844, that Poe regularly entered into the employment of N. P. Willis, who at that date occupied an office on the corner of Ann and Nassau streets, where the "Mirror" daily and Sunday gave abundant scope for Poe's restless pen. Opposite and across Ann Street, with entrances both upon Ann and Nassau streets, was a famous beer cellar (called in the directories of the date "a refectory") kept by one Alexander Welsh, but known not otherwise than "Sandy Welsh's." This was the famous resort at the noon hour of all newspaper men and knights of the pen in the neighborhood, and almost every newspaper of the day had its headquarters in the vicinity from Ann to Spruce streets. Sandy Welsh's beer cellar was apparently the predecessor of "Pfaff's," beloved of George Ar-

nold and Fitz James O'Brien and that fine ilk of Bohemia which the Civil War dispersed. And so, along with his fellow feuilletonists, litterateurs and toilers upon newspapers, Poe became a habitue of Sandy Welsh's.

Among these newspaper worthies was a Mr. John Augustus Shea, a writer on Horace Greeley's "Tribune," who later became the father of an eminent son, the Hon. George Shea, associate counsel for the Confederate President Davis with Charles O'Connor, and later until his death Chief Justice of the Marine (now City) Court of New York City. To this Mr. Shea, who was wont to vary his stint of newspaper work with poems and fiction, Poe seems to have been specially attracted. At this date the various offices with which Poe was or became thereafter connected were grouped round the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. The "Broadway Journal" was at 135 Nassau Street, though when Poe obtained full control of it it moved up to Clinton Hall at Beekman and Nassau streets (the site is now called "Temple Court"), and again to No. 304 Broadway, where it finally gave up the ghost under his impracticable and sporadic business management.

In a paper "A Mad Man of Letters," which saw the light in "Scribner's Monthly" for October, 1875, by Francis Gerry Fairfield, there is made the remarkable assertion that:

"The poem was produced stanza by stanza at small intervals and submitted by Poe piecemeal to the criticism and emendation of its (i.e., Sandy Welsh's beer cellar's) inmates, who suggested various alterations and substitutions. Poe adopted many of them. Col. du Solle quotes particular instances of phrases that were incorporated at his (du Solle's) suggestion. Thus 'The Raven' was a kind of joint stock affair in which

many men held small shares of intellectual capital. At length when the last stone had been placed in position and passed upon, the structure was voted complete."

Judge Shea gave to me as follows :

"Poe was exceedingly timid as to a possible public reception of 'The Raven.' Especially did he dread the comments of his fellow litterateurs, whom for about a year he had been mercilessly criticizing and castigating in the pages of the 'Evening Mirror,' in which N. P. Willis, its editor, permitted him full swing.

"Poe, nevertheless, carried the poem about with him wherever he went and on all occasions would produce it and, if permitted, read it line by line and stanza by stanza and himself point out what he considered or claimed to consider its blemishes, and invite suggestions for its betterment from any one, though doubtless he would not have for an instant contemplated accepting any of the suggestions he invited. And he did this not once but many times in 'Sandy Welsh's beer cellar in Ann Street.'

"For example, he would express his doubt about the 'velvet, violet LINING being' gloated o'er by the same lamp-light which in another stanza threw a shadow at once over the bird perched above that chamber door and upon the same floor where 'each separate dying ember wrought its ghost.' But my father told him not to worry about these; that as an experiment in rhyme they were permissible, and finally prevailed on Poe to allow my father to offer the poem anonymously to a publisher 'as an experiment in rhyme.'"

At that date the literary periodicals of the city were "The Democratic Review" and a rival "The American Review," which had just been launched by G. H. Colton as editor and publisher at 118 Nassau Street. N. P. Willis's two "Mirrors," "The Evening Mirror," a daily; "The New York Mirror," a weekly edition thereof, and "The Broadway Journal," whose first office was at 135 Nassau Street.

Mr. John Augustus Shea took the poem to Mr. Colton, whose first issue only had so far appeared, and on page 143 of "The American Review" for February, 1845, it appeared under the title "The Raven; by Quarles," prefixed by a note in twenty or thirty lines

ON THE COMMON OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
NEAR WHERE THIS BUILDING NOW STANDS THERE
STOOD FROM 1766 TO 1776 A LIBERTY POLE ERRECTED
TO COMMEMORATE THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT
IT WAS REPEATEDLY DESTROYED BY THE VIOLENCE OF
THE TORIES AND AS REPEATEDLY REPLACED BY THE
SONS OF LIBERTY WHO ORGANIZED A CONSTANT
WATCH AND GUARD. IN ITS DEFENCE THE
FIRST MARTYR BLOOD OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION WAS SHED ON JAN. 18 1770.

AD 1897 ERRECTED BY THE MARY WASHINGTON COLONIAL CHAPTER



THE LIBERTY POLE, 1766-1776

HANDSOME BRONZE TABLET ERRECTED IN THE OLD POST-OFFICE BUILDING IN 1897, ON THE SITE WHERE IT ORIGINALLY STOOD PRIOR TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. A NEW POLE WILL SOON BE ERRECTED BY THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION ON OR NEAR THIS SITE

of fine print discussing the relative flexibility of English prosodical forms over Classic, Saphic, Adonaic, etc., rhymes; assonance, alliteration and the like, signed "Ed. 'Am. Rev.," but which are so palpably in Poe's style in this vein as to deceive nobody. But before "The American Whig Monthly," titularly dated February, 1845, left the press, Poe had either shown the poem without Mr. Shea's knowledge, or Willis had somehow got wind of it. At any rate, in "The Evening Mirror" for February 28, 1845, the poem appeared, with the Rubric: "We are permitted to copy in advance of publication from the second number of 'The American Whig Review' the following remarkable poem by Edgar A. Poe."

Upon the appearance of this copy of "The Evening Mirror" the poem spread like a prairie fire. It was copied everywhere throughout the United States and soon got over to England. And Poe, who for twenty years had been only more or less known in limited literary circles in Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities, awoke to find himself famous and pointed out on the street as "Poe, the man that wrote 'The Raven'."

THE NEW LIBERTY POLE

The suggestion made by the Manual last year, that the old Post Office should go, and that a new Liberty Pole should arise on the site of the old one, has met with much favor. The New York Historical Society and the Sons of the Revolution took the matter up, and plans for the new Liberty Pole are now quite well along. The removal of the Post Office must inevitably follow, but its removal is likely to be more of a problem than the erection of the Liberty Pole.

Meanwhile your moral support is helpful and each can do his share toward the realization of our plan. The action taken by the two societies mentioned above is related in the "New York Historical Society Quarterly Bulletin" as follows:

"In a communication addressed to the Executive Committee of the Society, Mr. Henry Collins Brown suggested that a Liberty Pole be erected in City Hall Park similar to the historic emblems of the Colonial and Revolutionary days, as a tribute to the Sons of Liberty and a lasting memorial to the patriotism of the New York troops who served in the World War. His suggestion was favorably acted upon at the October 21st meeting of the Executive Committee, when the following preambles and resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, 'The Fields' or 'The Commons,' the present City Hall Park, a spot celebrated as the scene of many a public gathering during the Colonial days, and where was held the great popular meeting No-

vember 1st, 1765, which protested against the Stamp Act;

“AND WHEREAS, on the western border of ‘The Fields’ was erected the famous Liberty Pole (about which many struggles took place between the British soldiery and the people), which was the rallying point of the Sons of Liberty, an organization originated in the Stamp Act period, and revived in November, 1773;

“AND WHEREAS, when General Washington occupied the city, a part of the troops were quartered on ‘The Commons,’ and where the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed and read to the army on July 9th, 1776;

“AND WHEREAS, on the entry of the British in 1776 the Liberty Pole was cut down, and the Commons became a scene of imprisonment of American prisoners of war, confined in the jail, later known as The Hall of Records;

“AND WHEREAS, since the completion of the present City Hall in 1812 the site has been hallowed by civil and military affairs of the city, and has been the reception centre for distinguished visitors to our shores on whom the freedom of the city was bestowed, Therefore be it

“RESOLVED, That the Corporation of the City of New York be requested to acquire the site now occupied by the Post Office building in order to restore the present City Hall Park to its original dimensions and beauty; and

“BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That it is the sense of The New York Historical Society and the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York, that a liberty pole be erected on the site of the first

Liberty Pole, as a memorial of the staunch and unflinching patriotism of the New York troops, their valor and unparalleled success on the battlefields of Europe.

"RESOLVED, That the following Committee of Five, Messrs. Reginald Pelham Bolton, Henry Collins Brown, Frederic Delano Weekes, Walter L. Suydam, and Robert H. Kelby, be appointed to consider and report upon the erection of a Liberty Pole on the site of the original Liberty Pole erected in City Hall Park. The Committee to have power to fill vacancies.

"RESOLVED, That the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York be requested to appoint a similar committee to meet in conjunction with the Committee of The New York Historical Society.

"The Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York heartily endorsed the movement, as noted in the following communication:

Sons of the Revolution
in the State of New York,
Fraunces Tavern,
Corner Broad and Pearl Streets,
New York City.

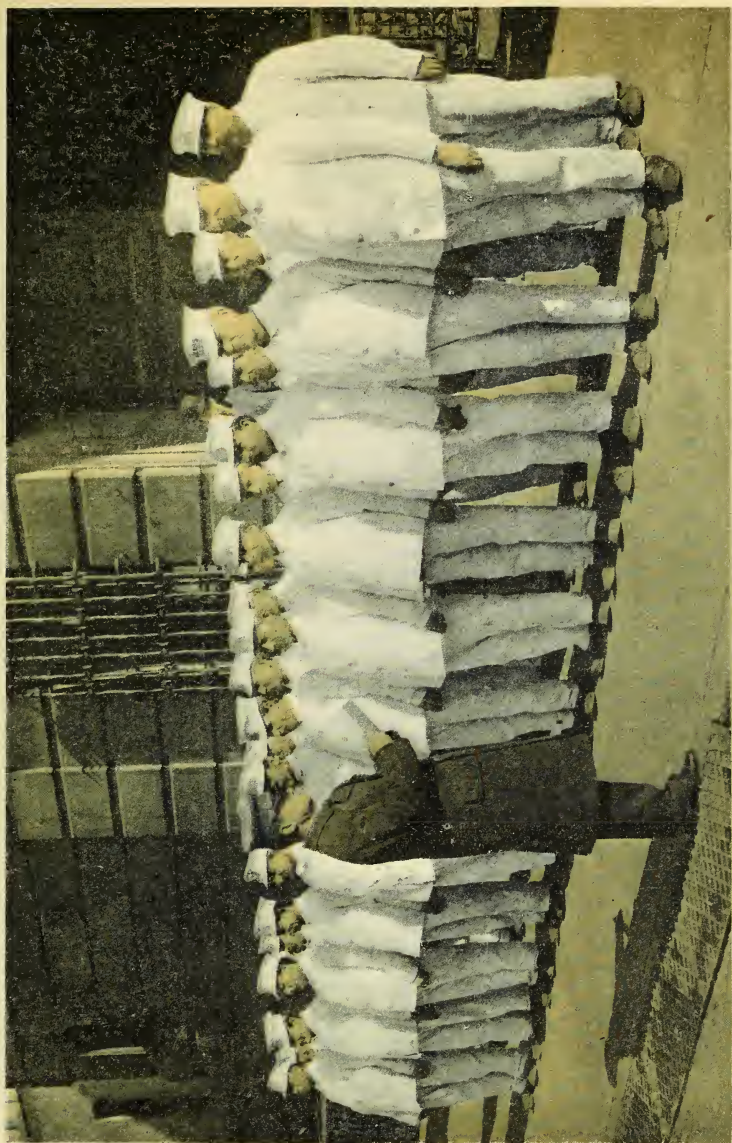
October 9, 1919.

Robert H. Kelby, Esq., Librarian,
New York Historical Society,
170 Central Park West, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Referring to the conversation you had with Mr. Montgomery, relative to replacing the Liberty Pole in City Hall Park, we beg to say that the Sons of the Revolution heartily favor it and will be very glad





THE SAME, 1920

Loaned by the D. S. C., New York

OF OLD NEW YORK

to act in connection with the Historical Society in the matter.

Yours very faithfully,

Robert Olyphant,

James Mortimer Montgomery,

Henry Russell Drowne.

“At a meeting of the ‘Board of Managers’ of the Sons of the Revolution held on October 27th, 1919, the following committee was appointed to meet with the Committee of The New York Historical Society with regard to erecting a Liberty Pole in City Hall Park:

J. M. Montgomery, Chairman,

William W. Ladd,

Philip Livingston,

J. Wray Cleveland,

George A. Zabriskie.

“On November 5th, 1919, a meeting of both committees was held at Fraunces Tavern. Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton was elected Chairman of the Joint Committees, Mr. Robert H. Kelby, Secretary and Col. J. Wray Cleveland, Treasurer.

“It was moved that the committee seek an appointment with Mayor Hylan to lay the plan before him and to secure the consent of the Park Commissioner for the erection of the pole in City Hall Park. It was further moved that plans and estimates for a pole and base be secured.

“On Saturday, November 21st, the Committee in a body waited upon the Mayor by appointment to ask his co-operation. The Mayor expressed himself as in favor of the proposed memorial and his services in its aid were assured. The proposed Liberty Pole

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

is to be erected without cost to the City of New York. It was also urged upon the Mayor to effect the removal of the old Post Office building and restore the City Hall Park to its original dimensions, which included the land on which the post office building now stands. The land was conveyed to the Federal Government by the City of New York in December, 1866, and the deed recorded on April 16, 1867, for a consideration of \$500,000. The Mayor, in reply, stated that he hoped the Federal Government would accept a site in the Civic Centre of the City in exchange for the present site of the old Post Office building.

"Under date of December 5th, 1919, the West Coast Lumbermen's Association kindly offered the Society a Douglas Fir flag pole to range from 150 to 340 feet, delivered free to this city, with the compliments of that association.

LIBERTY POLES

Erected	Cut Down
1. June 4, 1766	August 10, 1766
2. August 14, (?) 1766	September 23, 1766
3. September 24, 1766	March 18, 1767
4. March 19, 1767	January 16, 1770
5. February 6, 1770	October, 1776"

The America's Cup

In a speech delivered by Mr. J. C. Stevens, chief owner of the yacht America, at a banquet tendered him on his return to New York after the brilliant victory of his yacht at Cowes in 1851, some interesting facts regarding the race are given, and we reproduce the speech in part as an item of special interest, now that the international yachting contest has been resumed. The speech is taken from a little book by Hamilton Morton, a former secretary of the New York Yacht Club, and published in 1874, entitled "The America Cup."

“And you may, perhaps, have observed that my hair is somewhat greyer than it was when I last met you. I’ll tell you how it happened. But I am trespassing on your good nature. (‘Go on, go on,’ from all sides.) In coming from Havre we were obliged, by the darkness of the night and a thick fog, to anchor some five or six miles from Cowes. In the morning early the tide was against us and it was dead calm. At nine o’clock a gentle breeze sprang up, and with it came gliding down the Laverock, one of the newest and fastest cutters of her class. The news spread like lightning that the Yankee clipper had arrived, and that the Laverock had gone down to show her the way up. The yachts and vessels in the harbor, the wharves, and windows of all the houses bordering on them, were filled with spectators, watching with eager eyes the eventful trial. They saw we could not escape, for the Laverock stuck to us, sometimes laying to and sometimes tacking around us, evidently showing she had no intention of quitting us. We were loaded with extra sails, with beef and pork and bread enough for an East India voyage, and were some four or five inches too deep in the water. We got up our sails with heavy hearts, the wind had increased to a five or six-knot breeze, and after waiting until we were ashamed to wait longer, we let her get about two hundred yards ahead and then started in her wake. I have seen and been engaged in many exciting trials at sea and on shore. I made the match with Eclipse against Sir Henry, and had heavy sums both for myself and for my friends depending on the result. I saw Eclipse lose the first heat and four-fifths of the second, without feeling one-hundredth part of the re-

sponsibility, and without feeling one-hundredth part of the trepidation I felt at the thought of being beaten by the Laverock in this eventful trial. During the first five minutes not a sound was heard save, perhaps, the beating of our anxious hearts or the slight ripple of the water upon her sword-like stem. The captain was crouched down upon the floor of the cockpit, his seemingly unconscious hand upon the tiller, with his stern, unaltering gaze upon the vessel ahead. The men were motionless as statues, with their eager eyes fastened upon the Laverock with a fixedness and intensity that seemed almost supernatural. The pencil of an artist might, perhaps, convey the expression, but no words can describe it. It could not nor did not last long. We worked quickly and surely to windward of her wake. The crisis was past, and some dozen of deep-drawn sighs proved that the agony was over. We came to anchor a quarter or perhaps a third of a mile ahead, and twenty minutes after our anchor was down the Earl of Wilton and his family were on board to welcome and introduce us to his friends. To himself and family, to the Marquis of Anglesea and his son, Lord Alfred Paget, to Sir Bellingham Graham and a host of other noblemen and gentlemen were we indebted for a reception as hospitable and frank as ever was given to prince or peasant. From the Queen herself we received a mark of attention rarely accorded even to the highest among her own subjects; and I was given to understand that it was not only a courtesy extended to myself and friends, but also as a proof of the estimation in which she held our country, thereby giving a significance to the compliment infinitely more acceptable and valuable. Long may



© Vander Weyde

THE AMERICA'S CUP

WON AT COWES REGATTA BY THE YACHT *America* IN 1851, IT HAS BEEN RETAINED AGAINST ALL COMERS EVER SINCE. IT IS WORTH \$500, BUT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS HAVE BEEN SPENT IN DEFENDING THE TROPHY, NOW CONSIDERED THE "BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEAS"

the bonds of kindred affection and interest that bind us together at present remain unbroken. * * *

In the race for the Queen's Cup there were, I think, seventeen entries, most of which, I believe, started. In addition to them there were seventy or eighty or perhaps one hundred under weigh in and about the harbor; and such another sight no other country save England can furnish. Our directions from the sailing committee were simple and direct; we were to start from the flagship at Cowes, keep the Norman's buoy on the starboard hand, and from thence make the best of our way round the island to the flagship from which we started. We got off before the wind, and in the midst of a crowd that we could not get rid of for the first eight or nine miles; a fresh breeze then sprang up that cleared us from our hangers-on and sent us rapidly ahead of every yacht in the squadron. At the Needles there was not a yacht that started with us in sight; so that the answer said to have been given to a question from a high personage of 'Who was first?' 'The America.' 'Who is second?' 'There is no second,' was literally true. After passing the Needles, we were overtaken by the royal steam yacht Victoria and Albert, with Her Majesty and her family on board, who had come down to witness the trial of speed between the models adopted by the Old World and those of the New. As the steamer slowly passed us we had the gratification of tendering our homage to the Queen, after the fashion of her own people, by taking off our hats and dipping our flags. At this time the wind had fallen to a light breeze, and we did not arrive at the flagship until dark. I could not learn correctly at what time or in what

order the others arrived. The cup before you is the trophy of that day's victory. I promised, half jest and half earnest, when I parted with you, to bring it home to you. The performance of this promise is another exemplification of the truth of an old saw that 'What is oftentimes said in jest is sometimes done in earnest.' I am requested by the gentlemen owning this cup to beg your acceptance of it as a testimony of their gratitude for the interest you have so kindly felt and so often and kindly expressed in our welfare and success. I have but to regret that the late hour at which I made up my mind to attempt a reply has put it out of my power to make it what it ought to be (and, perhaps, but for that, what it might be), more worthy of your acceptance. With your permission I will propose as a toast 'The Health of the Earl of Wilton.'"

THE LETTER OF DONATION
or Deed of Trust

Constituting the Cup Won by the Yacht America
in 1851

An International Challenge Cup

New York, July 8th, 1867.

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club.

Sir: The undersigned, members of the New York Yacht Club, and late owners of the Schooner Yacht America, beg leave through you to present to the Club the Cup won by the America at the Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, England, August 22d, 1851.

This Cup was offered as a prize to be sailed for by yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, going round the Isle of Wight (the usual



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THE EARLIEST KNOWN RECORD OF A NEW YORK YACHT. "COLONEL MOULD" IN THE EAST RIVER OPPOSITE THE OLD SHIPYARD. CONTRAST WITH THE PRESENT CUP RACES TWO HUNDRED



CRIS's *Fancy* TURNING TO WINDWARD OF A SLOOP OF ORDINARY
OOT OF MAIDEN LANE, IN 1717. AN INTERESTING
EARS LATER. FROM A RARE CONTEMPORARY PRINT

OF OLD NEW YORK

course for the Annual Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron), and was won by the *America*, beating eight cutters and seven schooner yachts started in the race.

The Cup is offered to the New York Yacht Club, subject to the following conditions:

. Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty nor more than three hundred tons, measured by the Custom House rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

The parties desiring to sail for the Cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but, in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the Cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations—the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start. This notice to embrace the length, Custom House measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

It is to be distinctly understood that the Cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the members thereof or owners of the vessel winning it in a match; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down shall forever attach

to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries.

J. C. Stevens, J. Beekman Finley,
Edwin A. Stevens, George L. Schuyler.
Hamilton Wilkes,

On motion of Mr. Grinnell, it was

Resolved, That the New York Yacht Club accept the Cup won by the America, and presented to them by the proprietors, upon the terms and conditions appointed by them.

Resolved, That the letter of Mr. Schuyler, with the enclosure, be entered on the minutes, and the Secretary be requested to furnish to all foreign yacht clubs a copy of the conditions upon which this Club holds the Cup, and which permanently attach to it.

Adjourned. N. Bloodgood, Secretary.

Population of New York, 1615-1920

The figures of the last enumeration show a somewhat astonishing gain in the population of the greater city and Brooklyn shows the greatest actual increase of any of the boroughs.

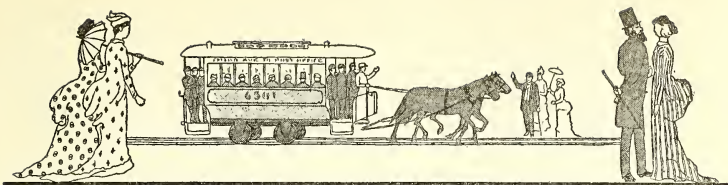
A review of the various periods of growth in New York is of special interest on account of the present census; so we give them here:

1615.....	30	1773.....	21,876	1840.....	391,114	
1656.....	1,000	1790.....	49,401	1850.....	696,115	
1678.....	3,430	1800.....	79,216	1860.....	1,174,779	
1696.....	4,302	1810.....	119,734	1870.....	1,478,103	
1731.....	8,628	1820.....	152,056	1880.....	1,911,698	
1756.....	10,381	1830.....	242,278	1890.....	2,507,414	
	Manhattan	B'klyn	Bronx	Queens	Richm'd	Total
1900.....	1,850,093	1,166,582	200,507	152,999	67,021	3,437,202
1910.....	2,331,542	1,634,357	430,980	284,041	85,969	4,766,883
1920.....	2,284,103	2,022,262	732,016	466,811	115,959	5,621,151



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NEW YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN 1825, FROM THE RARE AQUATINT IN COLOR BY HILL, AFTER WALL.
FROM THE HUDSON RIVER PORTFOLIO, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE



EARLY DAYS OF THE DEPARTMENT STORES

John Crawford Brown

A picture which never fails to capture the imagination of New Yorkers is the old store of Lord & Taylor in Catherine Street, or R. H. Macy's first store in Sixth Avenue. The editor of this Manual in his peregrinations about our old city, lecturing on the fascinating subject of old New York, invariably finds that these pictures attract every eye and put his audience at once into a delightful mood of reminiscence. Of course, these firms are still extant, and the comparative effect between the "then and now" is so startling that the audience cannot help but be absorbingly interested. When we see these little old stores on the screen they appear to us, who are accustomed to the magnificent, to be rather dilapidated and unimportant; but the fact is they were quite as important in their time as the great imposing departmental palaces of the present day are to us. The thing which astounds and puzzles us most is the marvelous growth of these establishments from such small beginnings. We can hardly realize that their acres of floor space and their thousands and thousands of employees, together with their

enormous stock of goods and its bewildering variety, should have had their beginning in those small and far from attractive-looking stores. And one of the most interesting facts about them is that quite a number who were earliest in the field are still going and are leading the procession in their marvelously rapid growth and progress.

When Catherine Street was one of the important business streets of the city the fashionable retail shops were located there, and lady shoppers wended their way thither to see the styles and make their purchases; but the grand dames of those early days had only a few places to go to and not a great deal to attract them. The feminine desire for shopping, which is the unfailing source of such lucrative business in our progressive age, was then in its infancy and shopping was not the fine art it is today.

The old picture of Lord & Taylor's store in Nos. 47 and 49 Catherine Street in 1833 shows two brick buildings of two and three stories respectively, with the old-time structure for an awning stretching across the narrow sidewalk to the curb. Being a double store there were two entrances, with windows on either side of the doors. No fine artistic display of expensive costumes and beautiful wearing apparel, such as we see today, was shown. On the contrary the shelves and windows were filled with substantial bolts of dry-goods for dresses, frocks and so forth, and blankets, linen and other articles of household use, all freshly imported from England, which at that time was the main source of supply. On the sidewalk and at the doors were the old-time placards announcing the special inducements of the day in quality and price, set-

ting forth the particular benefits of purchasing from this enterprising firm. The business was established by Samuel Lord and George H. Taylor in 1830. Mr. Lord lived in the little village of Newtown, L. I., where he had a branch store, and used to drive in every morning in a light wagon, coming over the Greenpoint ferry to Catherine Street. Several changes have taken place in the firm since then. In 1879 Mr. E. P. Hatch became a partner and has remained till the present time the active managing head of the business.

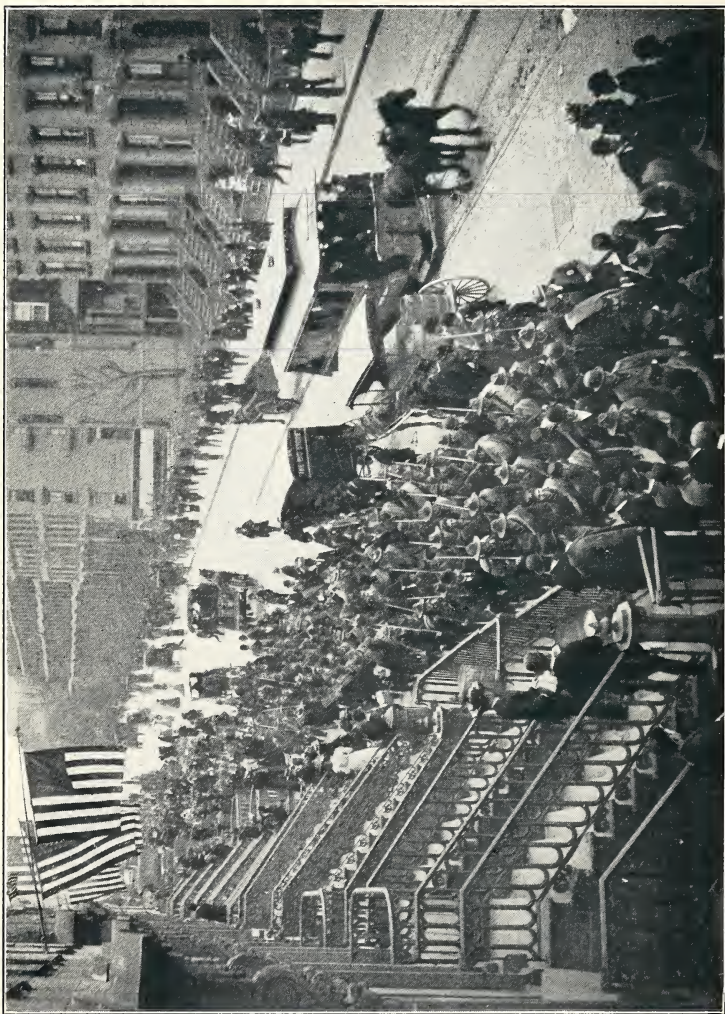
The firm of Arnold & Hearn was established in 1827 by Aaron Arnold, who took his nephew George A. Hearn into partnership with him. Their store was in Canal Street. In 1842 the firm was reorganized, Mr. Hearn going into business with his brother James at 425 Broadway under the style of Hearn Bros., and James M. Constable, a son-in-law of Mr. Arnold, taking his place. The firm was then styled A. Arnold & Co. No further changes took place until 1853 when Richard Arnold, a son of Mr. Arnold, and Joseph P. Baker were admitted to partnership. The firm then became Arnold, Constable & Co. and remains so at the present time. They were located at 311 Canal Street, near Broadway. In 1869, just about the time A. T. Stewart opened his great retail establishment at Ninth Street, Arnold, Constable & Co. moved into the large building at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, where they remained until 1915. During this long period they enjoyed a select class of trade, popularly referred to as "carriage trade." There were others who were favored with this class of business also, but none to the same extent. B. Altman & Co., Stern Bros. and Lord & Taylor had a considerable part of it, and kept

the class of goods required for such a clientele, but Arnold, Constable & Co. had the lion's share.

Lord & Taylor's Broadway store in the 80s was one of the busiest and most attractive drygoods establishments in the city. They had a fine location at the corner of Twentieth Street, and made a special feature of dressing the large windows there with the latest styles in costumes and not infrequently millinery. These displays were so good that their fame spread beyond the confines of the city and people came long distances to see them.

Many of the names familiar to the New Yorker of 1825 have long ago been forgotten, but nevertheless they played their part in the development of the retail business, and some of them were enterprising and popular to such a degree that their names are known and their influence felt even at the present time. One of those was Jotham Smith, whose store at 235 Broadway was a familiar resort for the grand dames of the early part of the nineteenth century. Another very popular store at that time was that of King & Mead at 175 Broadway, and also Union Adams near the latter.

But of course A. T. Stewart was the great luminary that was rising in the drygoods firmament, soon to eclipse all others, and to him may be accredited the distinction of being the initiator of the department store, which has grown to such enormous proportions in our own day. A. T. Stewart's first store at 283 Broadway, which he opened in 1825, was a very small one; but his business increased so fast that in less than a year he had to move to larger premises at 262 Broadway and very soon after that, in 1830, to a still



SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N.G.N.Y.
DEPARTURE FOR THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR IN 1898

larger and more suitable place at 257 Broadway. He was rapidly rising in the business world and was already recognized as one of the leading merchants in his line. In 1846 he commenced building the large store at Broadway and Reade Street, on the site of the old Washington Hall, and by 1848 had extended it the whole length of the block to Chambers Street.

It is interesting to note in passing that Washington Hall was a very famous place in its day. In this hall, many of the great public functions took place. One of the most notable events of its history was when in 1814 a magnificent ball was given to celebrate the longed-for restoration of peace between England and America. The superb ballroom was magnificently decorated and was crowded with a brilliant company of the elite of old New York. The newspapers of the day described the scene as "a picture of feminine loveliness, beauty, fashion and elegance not to be surpassed in America." It was also in Washington Hall that just about a year previous the great banquet given by the corporation of New York to Capt. Lawrence in honor of his brilliant naval victory took place.

This was the historic and interesting site on which the marble palace of A. T. Stewart was built, and it is quite possible that Mr. Stewart had some prescience of its value from the point of view of its brilliant and successful history as well as its location. A. T. Stewart was a hard-headed and practical man, but stories were told of an interesting bent of his mind toward harmless fancies. His friendly interest in the old apple-woman that plied her modest trade in front of his great store, and whom he would not permit to be disturbed, was one of these. At all events, on this site

in his great marble palace he accomplished in a few years the amazing feat of doing the most extensive and profitable business of its kind in the world.

Mr. Stewart was a very reserved man, but amiable in disposition. Although he did not brook opposition, he always listened earnestly to the opinion of others. He was an extremely quiet man and spoke in a low thin voice which sounded almost effeminate. His movements about the store were infrequent, but when he did appear on any one of the floors all noises were hushed. The rasping sounds of the packing and the banging of the hand-trucks were softened down and all shouting and loud talking ceased, but business went on just the same, for Mr. Stewart liked to see everybody busy and could not tolerate idleness.

The business of A. T. Stewart was undoubtedly a one-man affair, for, although he had a partner in Mr. Libby, it was quite evident that all power and authority were vested in himself. Mr. Libby was very much like one of the President's secretaries of departments—he did what he was told. He was, nevertheless, an indispensable aid to his chief, and he must have had some qualities of mind which supplemented the great genius for management of his superior. Mr. Jones was the superintendent of this great business and was never known to be absent from his post. His punctuality was amazing and it was certainly an example which was not lost on the hundreds of employees. He was quick and abrupt in speech and riddled the excuses of dilatory clerks with merciless logic. But his disciplinary methods kept the work of the establishment in an almost perfect condition and his services were duly appreciated by Mr. Stewart.

One of the rare and valuable qualities of a business man—that of being able to select the right man for a position—was possessed in the highest degree by Mr. Stewart. He never put a round peg into a square hole. His intuition in this particular was wonderful and it enabled him to keep the machinery of business going without a hitch. He had the rare faculty, too, of picking out men who should be promoted, in the interest of the business as well as their own; and how he came to know them among the thousands in his employ may be ascribed to that unusual genius for affairs which was felt in all the ramifications of his great business.

Mr. Stewart had very few intimates, but the one he had stuck closer than a brother. He was rarely seen without Judge Hilton. He came with him in the morning and they both stepped into the same carriage when they departed in the afternoon. There was little that Judge Hilton did not know, and it was evidently Mr. Stewart's purpose that he should know all. Being an able lawyer he could give valuable advice in the intricate affairs of such a business, for the A. T. Stewart concern was constantly reaching out for control of factories making the kind of goods they handled. Many of those factories were in Europe, such as the silk mills of Lyons in France and the thread mills of Scotland. But Judge Hilton got deeper in than simply the confidential position of a legal adviser. In later years he became Mr. Stewart's mentor, and when the latter died, leaving Judge Hilton a legacy of several millions, he was in a position to take over the entire estate from the widow. After A. T. Stewart's death the great business at Broadway and

Chambers Street, which was entirely a wholesale business, dwindled, and what remained was removed to the great retail building at Broadway and Ninth Street, an account of which follows further on in this article. The following interesting item concerning the last act of Mr. Stewart's business career appeared in a letter to one of the morning papers a few years ago, signed E. H. N., Ridgewood, N. J.:

About April 1, 1876, Mr. Stewart came in the office, asked me for \$50, signed his initials on the cash book, gave the money to his office young man for a wedding present and told him not to be extravagant. This was the last stroke of the pen and the last act he did in the wholesale drygoods establishment at Broadway and Chambers Street.

The trend of the retail business was constantly uptown. We find about 1850 the name of Seaman & Muir, one of the leading retail establishments, as far up as Worth Street, and another equally good, Strong & Adriance, almost next door. But Arnold & Constable was still further uptown, being on Canal Street, west of Broadway. S. & L. Holmes' store was near Bleecker Street, but they have long since gone into oblivion although quite a famous establishment seventy years ago. And the same may be said of Rice & Smith, whose store was at Waverly Place and Broadway. Hearn Bros. was at 425 Broadway, above Canal Street, at this time, not very far from their old partner Arnold. Lord & Taylor was still in Catherine Street, but recognized the trend of trade by opening an up-to-date establishment at Grand and Chrystie streets, which later became the leading drygoods store of that neighborhood.

The East Side at this time was a very different place from what it is today. It had some fine resi-

THE BATHING BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND IN 1869. FROM AN OLD PRINT





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A VIEW OF A PRESENT DAY BATHING SCENE AT CONEY ISLAND, 1920

© Underhill

dential streets, built up on both sides with homes of old and well-to-do families. Such, for instance, was East Broadway, where still may be seen some of the old residences that even now give evidences of their aristocratic lineage. There was also Henry Street, a beautiful tree-embowered street, consisting almost entirely of the fine old two and three-story brick houses so common at that period—a delightful place for the homes of the old New Yorkers who almost monopolized this part of the city then. Madison Street was very similar, and even Division Street shared honors with these two. In fact, this whole section of the city was occupied by these well-to-do people—the prosperous merchants and professional men of that time, and the shopping district for the women folks was largely about Canal and Grand streets. But in time this section deteriorated, and the retail drygoods business concentrated about Broadway, extending all the time uptown.

In 1858 the movement in the retail business had reached Sixth Avenue, and the advent of R. H. Macy at 204 marked the beginning of an epoch in the drygoods business phenomenal, astounding and fascinating. Why Mr. Macy selected Sixth Avenue for his venture we do not know. We may surmise that he was attracted to it by the fact that it was becoming one of the more populous sections of the city and was inhabited by that desirable class of people who would buy often, although not so generously each time, as those living in the more aristocratic neighborhoods. Sixth Avenue was a busy and popular street and was crowded with stores of all kinds, attracting the people as a center where all needs and

all tastes could be satisfied. The business of Sixth Avenue grew by leaps and bounds and it soon became the great shopping district for the retail drygoods business.

The firm of R. H. Macy & Co. was more definitely a department store than any of the others and developed this idea more rapidly. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, animadverting on this subject very recently, said that A. T. Stewart was the father of the department store; but the public generally seem disposed to accord the distinction to R. H. Macy. The idea evolved naturally with the development of the retail business, but Mr. Macy put the practical touch to it. In a few years the store expanded to Fourteenth Street and spread up that street several numbers. At this time Fourteenth Street was a residential street and there were some fine old houses between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Trees on either side were still flourishing, but business had marked it for her own and the transformation was rapid after Macy made the breach at the corner of Sixth Avenue.

During the next decade the leading stores of old New York, which commenced business away downtown and had been moving uptown by gradual steps as business demanded, located themselves in this great drygoods section—a section bounded by Tenth Street on the south and Twenty-third Street on the north, with Sixth Avenue as the western line and Broadway the eastern. In 1865 the firm of James A. Hearn & Son was at 775 Broadway; Arnold, Constable & Co. at 881 in 1869; Lord & Taylor at 897 in 1871; James McCreery & Co. at 801 in 1871; J. & C. Johnston at 937 in 1873; Aitken & Miller (later Aitken, Son & Co.)

at 873 in 1869; Leboutillier Bros. at 48 E. 14th Street in 1869; all old New Yorkers from downtown locations.

Of later origin than those mentioned above were John Daniell, 759 Broadway in 1865; Richard Meares (later Simpson, Crawford & Simpson) at 307 Sixth Avenue in 1865; Stern Bros. at 337 Sixth Avenue in 1867; Benjamin Altman at 331 Sixth Avenue in 1870; H. O'Neill & Co. at 329 Sixth Avenue in 1870; and Ehrich & Co., who later moved to Sixth Avenue, at 270 Eighth Avenue in 1868. It is a very pleasing fact to know that so many of the leading drygoods firms of today were old New Yorkers who commenced business in a small way when the city was small and have kept pace with the city in its wonderful growth. Some of these concerns will soon be celebrating the century mark.

In 1868 the great event in the drygoods business which set the seal of approval on the above-mentioned district as the fashionable shopping district of the city took place. A. T. Stewart & Co. opened their palatial establishment on Broadway and Ninth Street. It was recognized at once as the largest and by far the finest and most important establishment of its kind in the world. It is not too much to say that it is not excelled even down to the present time. Any one paying a visit to the building today cannot fail to admire the interior beauty of its design and the excellent disposition of its departments for the purposes of a retail drygoods store. John Wanamaker proved himself worthy of being the successor of A. T. Stewart, a fact which he has taken justifiable pride

in emphasizing. No man was better qualified to perpetuate and develop what A. T. Stewart began.

While the movement of the retail business is still uptown, the business at Broadway and Ninth Street has increased so much that Mr. Wanamaker a few years ago put up a new building on the opposite side of Ninth Street much larger than the old one—the A. T. Stewart building—and this is pretty good proof that business has gained great impetus under his direction. Perhaps also this indicates that he intends to “stay put” notwithstanding the trend away uptown. It may be that we have reached the staying point in New York and that no more hegiras will disturb the retail drygoods business. But he would be a rash prophet who would make that prediction. In the large cities of Europe business does not move as it does here and yet it increases with the growth of the city. The Bon Marché, for instance, has been in the Rue du Bac for over half a century and is still the leading establishment in Paris. And the same may be said of Peter Robinson and others in London. So, in the case of Wanamaker, whether Mahomet go to the mountain or the mountain to Mahomet, time alone can tell.

John Daniell was at 735 Broadway in 1865 and John Daniell & Sons is at 765 now, just opposite Wanamaker. The business is in the hands of the third generation, and they still pay special attention to silks, laces, embroidery and ribbons, as they did of old. John Daniell was a hard-headed industrious man. He had also an economical bent, for he lived over the store in the early days. His manner was brusque, but beneath the brusqueness there was a cheerful and kindly disposition. Strict in discipline, he gave his son



THE GREAT WAR PARADES ON FIFTH AVENUE ARE FAST BECOMING ONLY MEMORIES, BUT SHOULD BE RECORDED.
MRS. GEORGE F. BAKER, JR., IS HERE SHOWN LEADING THE UNIT OF RED CROSS NURSES. MARCHING WITH
HER ARE: MRS. GIFFORD COCHRANE, MRS. WILLIAM G. LOEW, MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT BURDEN, MRS.
WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., MRS. OGDEN MILLS REID, MISS MURIEL VANDERBILT, MRS.
HERMAN OELRICHS, MRS. IRVING BROKAW AND MRS. JOHN PRATT

© Underwood

a thorough training for business. Besides mastering the drygoods business young Daniell indulged his inclination for invention and improvement, and was the first to devise the folding-box for holding laces, feathers, ribbons and such articles as were easily injured by handling. He made them in rather crude fashion at first on his own premises and only for use in his own business. Others were soon working along the same lines and ultimately a great business was developed by Robert Gair, of Brooklyn, which has grown to be one of the chief industries of that borough. The Robert Gair Co. has now five great factories along the river front for the manufacture of these and other goods of a kindred nature. These boxes are used in many other lines of business far outstripping the drygoods in quantity used. In some instances orders for five and ten millions are given at one time. It is amazing to what proportions an insignificant and seemingly negligible idea may grow. But there are others.

When the mail-order business of the retail drygoods stores began to take shape, many heads were at work to devise a package that would meet the requirements of the Post Office and at the same time provide safety and protection for the goods. One of the first workers along this line was an employee in J. G. Johnson's at Fourteenth Street and University Place. They did a fine business in millinery and trimmings besides drygoods and could use such an invention to good advantage. Mr. Gallagher, who had charge of one of the departments, succeeded in devising what later became, with some improvements on the original, the clasp envelope, one of the most largely used mailing envelopes in the country.

There was still another. When Leboutillier Bros. was in Fourteenth Street at No. 48 they gave special attention to the mail-order business, and Mr. Goodbody, who was manager of the office for many years, saw the opportunity offered in the envelope business. He worked at the idea until he finally devised the Goodbody envelope, which was put on the market and proved to be one of the big successes in this line. Mr. Lemlein, of Stern Bros., had also a device of his own which he used for a long time. There were some others which never reached the importance of being patented, but were used nevertheless and served their purpose, until the mail-order business grew to such proportions as to demand the manufacture of these envelopes in very large quantities and at proportionally lower prices.

In the decade of the 70s the movement to Broadway and to Sixth Avenue was completed and from then on for thirty years the retail drygoods men settled down to develop their respective establishments. It is a strange fact that the great panic of 1873 disturbed this branch of the drygoods business so little. They all weathered the storm, notwithstanding the severity of the panic and the tremendously disastrous effects in other lines. The wholesale drygoods houses felt it much more. To avoid complete wreck and to get the necessary cash, H. B. Claflin & Co. resorted to the scheme of offering their entire stock of goods at prices much below cost for spot cash, but it had to be cash on the spot, nothing else; and by this means they succeeded in tiding over this great crisis in their career. For a week the retail men from all the nearby towns who could command any ready cash crowded

the aisles of Claflin's big store, picking out the goods they wanted and planking down the much-needed coin. It was a brilliant idea and won out splendidly. But many others went to the wall. In other lines it was worse. Insurance companies went down in heaps, and a walk along Broadway from Fulton Street down revealed the widespread effect of the panic; for almost every other building showed a sign conveying the mournful intelligence that the concern was closed up, and the fact remains that they were swept out of existence as completely as if they had never been. But storms clear the air, and after the rubbish was cleared away New York got into her modern stride and moved along with redoubled energy.

R. H. Macy & Co. did not allow the grass to grow under their feet. After Mr. Macy's death in 1876 the business passed into the hands of Mr. A. T. LaForge and Mr. R. N. Valentine. Mr. LaForge was the owner of the LaForge kid glove, which had such a vogue at that time. He was a keen business man and doubtless would have become one of New York's leading merchants, but his career was unfortunately cut short by his untimely death in 1877, and Mr. Valentine became head of the business. Mr. Valentine was related to the Macy family, and during the few years of his life the business continued to progress. It was definitely a department store, and one of the specially lively departments was the notions—or Yankee notions—small ware of all kinds, as it was designated at that time. There are no Yankee notions so-called now, but it may be said in passing that this idea has been developed into the great 5 and 10-cent stores, of which there are so many now. The F. W. Woolworth

Co., S. S. Kresge Co. and others have expanded this idea into the enormous business we know today. Mr. Stearn, the head of the notion department of Macy's at that time, is entitled to a lot of credit for the success which they met with.

The advent of L. Straus & Sons into the Macy business marked the beginning of an epoch for that firm. The Straus's were the largest importers of glassware in New York and were seeking new outlets for their goods. The Macy store offered a splendid opportunity, for it was fast becoming the most popular store in the city. The venture was a success from the beginning and the glassware department soon occupied the larger part of the second floor. It was managed by men from the Straus firm downtown, and Mr. McDonald, Mr. Burdette and Mr. Tryner who were at its head had been with them many years and enjoyed their entire confidence. Of the trio Mr. Tryner alone remains and is now one of the managers of the immense establishment at Broadway and 34th Street. Sometimes in moments of intimate conversation Mr. McDonald liked to tell about acts of philanthropy done by both Nathan and Isidore Straus which were not generally known. This was long before Nathan Straus took up the pasteurizing of milk for children.

Mr. Valentine did not live to enjoy his rich inheritance a very long time. He was quite a young man and in the prime of life when he died. Mr. Charles Bertram Webster succeeded him in 1879 and became the sole head of the business, continuing as such for many years. He was ably assisted by experienced buyers and managers of the respective departments,

THE FAMOUS YACHT AMERICA, BUILT BY JOHN STEERS IN NEW YORK, 1851, WINNING THE FAMOUS QUEEN'S
CUP IN ENGLAND IN 1851, WHICH HAS BEEN RETAINED IN THIS COUNTRY
AGAINST ALL CHALLENGERS EVER SINCE



both men and women; for women at this time were beginning to demonstrate their capability for business, and R. H. Macy & Co. took full advantage of the fact.

No doubt the old patrons of this store can remember the faithful and patient superintendent, Miss Boyer, whose little office in the middle of the first floor was beset from morning until night by a host of people with complaints, inquiries and difficulties of all kinds from every part of the store, and with what perfect composure and equanimity all these questions were disposed of. Miss Boyer was never ruffled, her voice was always soft-toned and quiet and her manner dignified and respectful. When ultimately she needed an assistant her brother was selected for the position and filled it until the advent of Mr. Pitt.

Before Miss Boyer's time Miss Miller had the general supervision of the floor. She had been a cash-girl with Mr. Macy almost from the beginning, and showed herself so capable that she rose from the humbler to the higher position in a very few years. But the very first superintendent of all was Miss Goetchel, and she was an indispensable aid to Mr. Macy in the critical years of establishing the business. Of course the business at that time was small compared to that of later years, but even then it required executive ability and careful and constant application, and these qualities Miss Goetchel possessed. She continued as superintendent until she merged her interests with those of Mr. LaForge by becoming his wife. Not long afterward Mr. Macy died and Mr. LaForge succeeded to the business.

People who had occasion to visit the offices of R.

H. Macy & Company in the old Sixth Avenue days must remember Miss Abby Golden, the chief cashier. Miss Golden enjoys the distinction of having been associated with the business for a longer period than any other person connected with it, and her tenure of office covers the entire period from the time of R. H. Macy, the founder of the business, down to the present day—a remarkable record of service and achievement, which any one might envy.

There were other women, too, in conspicuous positions in this firm. One of them was Miss B. Cushman, buyer of toilet articles and medicinal preparations, one of the most profitable departments of the business. Miss Cushman was undoubtedly a woman of business ability and filled her position with conspicuous success for many years. She was inclined to be a little mannish in appearance and even in manner. Her hair was parted on the side and was always cropped short like a man's. These little eccentricities amused people, but they did not in any way interfere with business. At all events, her department was always in a flourishing condition.

Miss Kinnear, who assisted Mr. Bowne in the book department, was an indispensable aid to the business. Her knowledge of books was astonishing and her judgment as to their selling qualities was quite phenomenal. She could make friends very easily and customers soon learned to depend upon her advice in the matter of selecting books. Her intuition as to the kind of book that would suit a customer in subject matter and treatment was remarkable. She would approach a customer whom she knew and quietly remark, "I think I have a book that will interest you,"

and then bring it out for inspection, when the conversation would go on a little further. If a purchase was made it was invariably satisfactory to both parties, and this is surely the very essence of the fine art of selling goods and the only kind of a trade that is worth while.

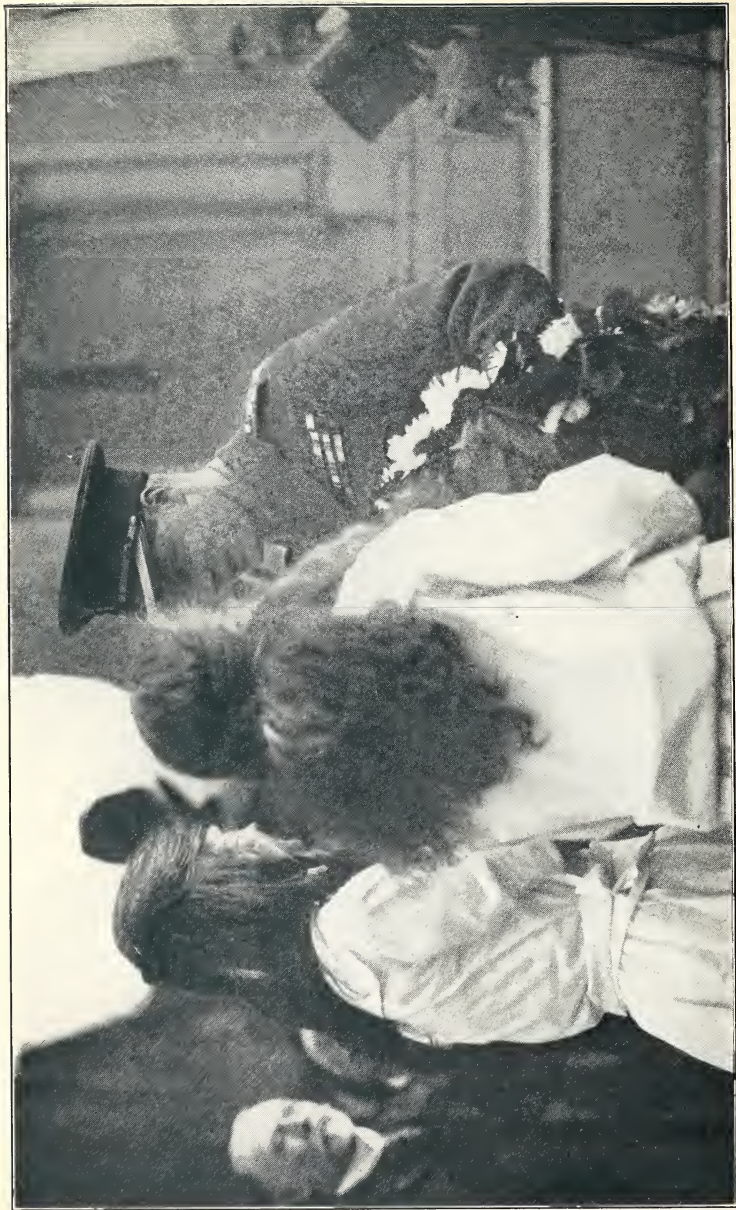
Mr. Bowne, who was the buyer for this department, was a very shrewd and capable man, but not at all literary in his tastes; on the contrary he was something of a bon-vivant and regarded books from the commercial point of view altogether. Miss Kinnear supplied the other elements—the selling instinct, coupled with the refinement which a liking for and knowledge of letters gives. So that she was really *de facto* head of the department although Mr. Bowne carried the honors. However, Mr. Bowne was generous enough to let everyone know her value, and he rarely made any purchases without seeking her counsel. It is still a woman who presides over this department, Miss Guage, and she exemplifies the traditions of the department with eminent success.

Mr. Jerome B. Wheeler came into the business in 1879 and the firm became Webster & Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler had not been in the drygoods business previously, but had had a large experience in big business downtown and was a shrewd and alert business man. He devoted himself chiefly to the office end of the business, but had also much to do with the general policy of conducting it. He was certainly a great worker and always appeared to be very seriously intent on whatever he had on hand. The supervising of the immense detail of such a business was a task to test the most resourceful of men, but Mr. Wheeler

succeeded in keeping the wheels moving smoothly so long as he was there. He was rarely seen on the floor or in any part of the store except his own office.

Mr. Webster, on the contrary, was frequently about the store and was conversant with all that was transpiring in the various departments. He was an extremely amiable man and the employees were always glad to see him around and greatly enjoyed his interest in their particular work. He moved about very quietly without any fuss or excitement and had that genial and democratic manner which put everyone at ease and made him the best-liked man in the establishment. The riches that poured into Mr. Webster's possession in no way changed the genuine goodness of his heart, but rather broadened and deepened the channels of his human sympathies. He had the rare quality of being a "boss" that everybody liked and one who possessed the loyalty as well as the esteem of every employee. It is not at all likely that he would have retired from the business but for failing health, and indeed it is just possible that he continued too long as it was, for he never really recovered his original strength and did not live a great many years after his retirement in 1900.

It was perhaps well for the firm that those keen, experienced and able business men—the Straus's—were so largely interested. Their department had expanded wonderfully and they looked for other worlds to conquer. When Mr. Wheeler retired in 1888 in order to give his whole attention to the large mining interests he had out West, the opportunity of stepping into his place was offered and they became partners in the firm. The new arrangement released Mr.



THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING A WREATH FROM TWO GIRLS OF THE JOAN OF
ARC JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, WHICH HE PLACES ON THE PEDESTAL OF
THE STATUE, NOVEMBER 18, 1919.

Webster from a great part of his heavy responsibilities, but he continued to be the head of the concern, and a brother, Josiah L. Webster, who was interested with him in the business took a very active part in assisting him.

Some years previous the Thirteenth Street extension to the store was built and several new departments were added. People used to think it strange that a drygoods business should house drugs, medicinal preparations, books, glass, hardware, pottery and other incongruities; but when the butcher, baker and candlestick maker appeared on the scene the public could hardly hold their breath. However, the grocery department came and soon occupied a whole floor in the Thirteenth Street extension. Mr. Hall, the manager of the department, got right down to business and was soon putting up his own brand of tea, coffee, biscuits, fancy cakes and even canned goods. The small tradesmen on the avenue were disgruntled and many people thought the new departure sounded the death-knell of the old-time grocery store. But no such catastrophe occurred. Business went along humming and many other "drygoods" establishments followed suit. There was plenty of business to go around and everybody was satisfied. When Mr. Hall resigned Mr. Badenock succeeded him and continued to manage the department until a few years ago when he became vice-president of the Park & Tilford business.

But the department-store idea was evidently very expansive, for a candy department appeared in due time and appropriated an extremely valuable section of the first floor—all of which proved its value as an attraction for the public and a profitable adventure for

the firm. It looked beautiful and young people flocked to it in droves. It was the first thing that greeted your eyes as you entered at Fourteenth Street, and the abundance and attractiveness of the sweets were irresistible. Here was another opportunity for a live wire to make a showing, and Mr. Bowne, who was in charge, had just the kind of taste and temperament to make a big success. The quality of the goods, of course, was the first consideration; but besides that Mr. Bowne was alive to the fact that the way and style candies are put up has much to do with their acceptability to the purchasers, and the possibilities in that particular direction at that time were great. By the first Christmas he had charge a splendid array of novel shapes and styles in boxes appeared, with special designs in colors showing Christmas scenes in the sunny South and in the frozen North, in homes and on the streets, making a delightful and interesting panorama for the youngsters. Everything that went out seemed to have something novel and striking about it, and the department itself was most brilliant and attractive, with an atmosphere of good cheer which was extremely pleasing to the visitor.

The Macy corner at this season of the year radiated Christmas charm and cheer from every door and window, and the dazzling lights and colors of the interior made a picture to rejoice the hearts of the great throngs of young and old who crowded about the store and would not miss seeing it on any account. The great feature was the window display, usually a moving panoramic device illustrating some of the well-known stories that delight the hearts of children. Window-dressing in the 80s was just becoming a pro-

fession. The more important drygoods concerns were sending men to Europe for the express purpose of studying this art, and soon a school of these artists was established in New York and Chicago who excelled the old masters of Vienna and Paris.

All along Sixth Avenue the windows blazed with light and the richness and beauty of the displays made the section between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets the most interesting and attractive part of the city. Sixth Avenue was then at the height of its glory. Besides Macy's the great retail establishments of B. Altman & Co., Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, H. O'Neill & Co., Adams & Co., Stern Bros., James McCreery & Co., and a host of smaller ones were all in this district, and people from all parts of the city, and also from out of town crowded the avenue daily, making it for many years the heart and center of the great retail and shopping business of New York City. But the glory is departed from Sixth Avenue and Broadway, too, and these great establishments have scattered to other parts. A visit to the old quarters recalls the poet's description of the "banquet hall deserted."

Those stores had each a reputation for being specially good in some particular line; at least such was the public's belief. B. Altman & Co. was credited with being the best for ladies' apparel, cloaks, coats and so forth, especially in the line of seal goods; and to have the Altman name on your coat or muff or seal collar was equivalent to the hallmark on sterling silver. Simpson, Crawford & Simpson stood high in costumes, H. O'Neill & Co. in millinery and trimmings, Stern Bros. in dress goods, laces and silks, and the real old

New York shoppers could discriminate and classify all the way down to the more obscure and unimportant concerns.

Macy's was the only place where the most popular glove of the day could be had—the Foster kid glove. It was a new departure in kid gloves, being laced instead of buttoned, and could be fastened around the wrist and arm to fit perfectly. Mr. Foster commenced in a small way downtown in Reade Street, and by degrees got his patented article before the public. It seemed to appeal strongly to the ladies and in Macy's had a great market. The Foster kid glove made an enormous fortune for its owner and for many years was the leading glove in the United States. Mr. Foster was not long in Reade Street; he had to move to larger premises, which he found on Broadway. He also built a large factory uptown on Second Avenue and later owned large factories in both France and Belgium. His estate at Hastings-on-Hudson, which he called Sabin Farm, now occupied by Dr. Shaw of the "Review of Reviews," is one of the finest on the banks of that beautiful river and looks directly across to the world-famous Palisades. Mr. Foster died a good many years ago, and few of the present generation know anything of the Foster kid glove; but such is the rapid transition of business and business life in this little old New York of ours!

The Foster business was largely aided by Mr. Jordy, who managed the manufacture of the gloves at the factory on Second Avenue and was the initiator of several of the improvements in the tools and methods of production. Mr. Foster was shrewd enough to send several of his best New York men to manage

THE FIRST HOTEL BUILT IN NEW YORK, 1672: AFTERWARDS THE FIRST CITY HALL, OR STADT HAUS,
CORNER PEARL STREET AND COENTIES SLIP





THE LAST THING IN HOTELS
 THE BOWMAN GROUP, SHOWING THE COMMODORE, BILTMORE, BELMONT AND THE PROPOSED
 NEW MURRAY HILL, AT GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

his factories in Europe, and under their supervision the business showed the real American genius for getting results.

One of R. H. Macy & Co.'s most reliable and able buyers was Mr. Chase, who probably handled more goods in money value than any of the others. He had charge of the white goods, curtains, laces and kindred articles, and was a man of large experience and good judgment. It is not too much to say that he was the best-liked man among the supervising and managing force. His manner was agreeable; he talked to the point and impressed you as a man who knew his book. He could get through an amazing amount of work, and the reason for it was that he cut out all superfluities and got down to real business. He lived regularly, was always on time, took a lively interest in public affairs and was on good terms with the world generally. But perhaps the thing that was most evident to the observer was his intense interest in business—his heart was in his work. Besides looking after the business in the store Mr. Chase also had charge of the manufacturing of the goods for his department. The firm had already gone into the manufacture of many of its own goods, notably the toilet and medicinal preparations. These were made in factories in other parts of the city.

Many of the buyers of these department stores had a very assorted lot of duties. They had all the way from one to six or seven distinct departments to be responsible for. They had their worries at both the buying and selling ends, and their judgment had to cover a multiplicity of goods from a needle to an anchor. Mr. Bowne, for instance, had umbrellas, par-

asols, stationery, books, magazines, candies, soda water and supplies—all requiring overhauling and replenishing each day. Mr. Wilcox had an infinitesimal number of small articles for his notion department—gloves, bijouterie and so forth, and Mr. Thompson quite a complexity in men's and boys' suits and general outfitting. Mr. Bullock, in the millinery department, had the exacting requirements of fashion in feminine taste to suit. It certainly took an active man, and even then the task would have been a difficult one but for the aid of some reliable and usually long-time employee in each of the departments, whose advice and assistance were always at his command.

One of the interesting sights of Sixth Avenue in its heyday was the array of delivery wagons around the stores getting loaded up with packages for the different sections of the city. Thousands of packages large and small had to be distributed, and the labor of packing and assorting them for their respective destinations was a work requiring much care, patience and labor. These were the days of the one horse vehicle, and it was no small matter to house and care for the animals. Time was when customers carried their purchases home with them; but as business increased and developed, improved methods were adopted and more inducements offered the customers, so that in the 80s the delivery department had become a very important part of every retail drygoods business. R. H. Macy & Co.'s was probably the largest at this time, and the responsible head, Mr. William McCracken, had his hands full. He was a great worker, however, and a man of quick wit and intelligence, and had so much of the Irish combativeness and good

humor that he managed not only to keep his own department up to the top notch of efficiency, but was able also to take upon himself the duties of purchasing the general supplies for the store.

Mr. McCracken had a strong predilection for the medical profession and, notwithstanding his multifarious duties, found time to indulge it. His spare time was given to the study of medicine and he attended clinics and lectures connected with Bellevue Hospital. The evenings he often spent in the dissecting room of Bellevue. He had a genuine love for the profession, and in the course of time qualified as an M.D. Some old New Yorkers may remember him as an eminent physician in East Eighteenth Street.

Mr. Isidore Straus was often seen about the store after he became interested in the business, and the little office in the center of the main floor, which had always been the observation-point and sort of powerhouse of the establishment, served as a convenient place to overlook and supervise the busiest and most important part of the store. For the crowds were always large on the main floor and often in the afternoon uncomfortably so. Mr. Straus's attitude was always one of quiet dignity and reserve, entirely without any of the airs which so often accompany authority. Although quite a fluent speaker in public, Mr. Straus was inclined to be reticent in business, but never hesitated when occasion called to express himself with the utmost frankness. He spoke with deliberation and to the point. Although undemonstrative in his manner, there was something in his personality that bespoke kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men. The great tragedy of his death on the

Titanic, and the pathetic picture of himself and his wife clasped in each others' arms going down to their death, evoked a deepfelt admiration and esteem for the man who so heroically could resign himself to the great adventure.

How seldom we think of the business man in the heroic attitude, or even as possessing any of the nobler qualities of human nature. They are all either capitalists or workers, employers or employees, hard and grasping materialists who have no soul and no use for the things that ennoble our nature. But surely Mr. Straus's tragic but ennobling end lifts the veil to the inner sanctuary of the busy man of affairs and reveals the beautiful things that are all unseen and unsuspected by his nearest and most intimate business associates. As he stood on the deck after the first terrible shock of excitement passed, the cruel waters dashing against the helpless vessel like a pack of hungry wolves leaping on their victim, and the pitiful cries of the drowning filling his ears, his spirit rose to the greatness of a calm resignation, and he passed out of the material world as one who lies down to peaceful dreams. So different from what is commonly thought of the practical, hard-headed business man!

Mr. Nathan Straus was not so much in evidence in the Macy store, but was more often in the public eye. He was a friend of Mayor Hugh J. Grant, and was nominated for that office in 1894 to succeed Mayor Grant, but he declined to run. His great business interests together with his philanthropic schemes absorbed his time and energies and were much more to his liking than politics. Nevertheless, the great



The Jacob A. Stamler. JOHN ARBUCKLE FITTED OUT THIS OLD CLIPPER SHIP AS A HOTEL FOR BUSINESS GIRLS. IT PUT TO SEA EVERY NIGHT DURING THE HEATED TERM AND SEEMED TO BE A GOOD IDEA, BUT LIKE A. T. STEWART'S HOTEL PROVED UNSUCCESSFUL

success and growth of R. H. Macy & Co. is largely due to this member of the firm.

Mr. Charles Bertram Webster was the head of the business until 1900, when he retired, and with him the old regime passed out of existence. The natural feeling was one of regret that a man so well known to the trade and so well liked everywhere should be compelled by physical infirmity to relinquish a position of such prominence and importance, while yet far from being old; but it was apparent that he needed rest and he had earned it, and he went into retirement with the hearty good wishes of the thousands of employees and business associates who had known and esteemed him so long. When he died some years afterward (1917) he devised a part of his large fortune to be used for building a home where young women employees of such stores as Macy's could find comfortable quarters and all the conveniences demanded by modern living at a minimum price. He had not forgotten those among whom he had spent so many years of his life.

Another Sixth Avenue drygoods merchant who bestowed a benefit on the city was Mr. Benjamin Altman, whose priceless collection of Old Masters and other rare objects of art were left to the Metropolitan Museum and are now exhibited there. Perhaps Mr. Altman's natural bent in regard to the fine arts and his excellent good taste and judgment in making his great collection may have had something to do also with the quality and character of the goods sold by B. Altman & Co. The store was patronized by people who were very particular and even fastidious in their purchases, and so well did the firm succeed in satisfying this class

of patrons that they enjoyed a reputation for carrying the finest goods in certain lines that could be obtained. For several years when the demand for seal coats was universal, Altman's was crowded every day throughout the season with customers selecting those elegant garments—the London dyed seal coat.

Mr. Altman himself was rarely seen about the store, but he was supported by a very able force of department managers. Mr. Kugelman, who supervised the business, was a very active man and was always in evidence in some part of the store. Being a man of energy and push himself, he communicated his force to others and gave an impetus to the business generally which was very valuable. He was invariably dressed in excellent taste, had a very gentlemanly bearing and altogether measured up to his position with exceptional fitness. When Stern Bros. moved into their large store in Twenty-third Street, Mr. Kugelman transferred his services to them, and there he was the undisputed head so far as the management of the business was concerned. B. Altman & Co. was one of the first of the great drygoods concerns to locate on Fifth Avenue, and their handsome store there is one of the attractive buildings on that world-famous street. Mr. Michael Friedsam, the present managing partner and president of the business, is rightly regarded as one of New York's great merchants.

Simpson, Crawford & Simpson was not exactly indigenous in New York. Somewhere in the 60s Richard Meares began a small drygoods business at 307 Sixth Avenue and kept moving along with the tide for several years, but in 1878 an enterprising man in the person of Mr. William Crawford appeared on the scene

and made a deal by which he became part owner of the business, and in another year Mr. Meares disappeared from the drygoods business entirely and occupied himself running the Hotel Royal further up the avenue, of which he was the owner.

Mr. Crawford was soon joined by the Simpsons, and the firm of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson was established in 1880. It grew with amazing rapidity, taking in the adjoining stores as fast as they could be got, and when finally enough land was secured the handsome building which still stands there, occupied now as a factory, was erected. Mr. Crawford was a man of great physical strength. He had the large frame and rough exterior commonly attributed to Scotchmen and a reservoir of energy which was practically inexhaustible. He had also the Scotch instinct for making money. Some wit has said that wherever a good thing is you will always find a Scotchman sitting beside it. Mr. Crawford made a large fortune in the business. He had also large interests in real estate, and when the drygoods business passed into other hands he went into real estate altogether.

Mr. Thomas Simpson was a man of the same type physically as his partner. He was genial and hearty in disposition and made friends easily. He was a great force in the business, with a seemingly strenuous grasp on life, yet he succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and passed out of the scenes of his interesting work so suddenly that his friends could scarcely realize their loss. The business, however, went on increasing and it was after his death that the store reached the large proportions of the later years. Mr. James Simpson, the third member of the firm, devoted himself chiefly

to the office and financial part of the business; but these three men together made a good combination for the strenuous work of building up a business in this hustling city.

We are apt to focus our attention on the principals in a business, overlooking the fact that many of the employees are valuable and almost indispensable aids and become in time part of the construction. Simpson, Crawford & Simpson had several such. Mr. McCormick, who began as a boy in the store, rose from one position to another until he became the principal figure in the office, and had the entire confidence of the firm. He had a complete mastery of the details of the business and the daily routine of his work never seemed to weary him. He was a good illustration of the adage "keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

H. O'Neill & Co., on the next block, had become one of the important stores of this district in the 70s and a favorite place for millinery goods, trimmings, ribbons and laces. Whether this was due to Mr. O'Neill himself or to the persevering industry of Mr. Watson, who was responsible for the department of laces, feathers and such other articles as go with headgear, we do not know; but Mr. Watson was a thoroughly competent man in his particular line and ambitious always to make a good showing—and he did. But Mr. O'Neill himself was the undoubted force in the business and did not brook much interference. He was much like his neighbor Mr. Crawford in physical form, having the same ruggedness of body and the strong and rough exterior of the Scotchman. He ruled with a strong hand and there never was any doubt as to who sat at the head of the table. He was not a man to change his



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THE HARLEM RIVER AT MACOMB'S DAM AS IT APPEARED IN 1850.
FROM A RARE CURRIER LITHOGRAPH.

mind; when it was made up it generally stayed so. A characteristic of Mr. O'Neill was that he was so constantly on the floor. He had a liking for the movement and activity of the store, and his observing eye took in everything worth seeing.

The cloistered precincts of the office were on the top floor, and there Mr. Thomas ruled as the representative of the head of the firm and administered the rules and regulations according to instructions. He was quiet and gentlemanly in all his intercourse with the outside world, and succeeded in creating an atmosphere of seclusion and orderliness rarely seen in a busy and noisy store such as this. But, although quiet and undemonstrative, Mr. Thomas had the quality of being an excellent counsellor, and to him more than any other Mr. O'Neill resorted when the need of other opinions and judgment to reinforce his own was felt.

No one would have supposed that Mr. O'Neill had deep religious feelings, except perhaps that the sterling integrity of his character might have indicated the fact. But it would seem that, without having any of the outward semblance of the religious man, he must have been possessed of strong and deep convictions on the subject. He never advertised on Sundays and no pressure from any source could move him to do so. He was the main prop as long as he lived of that peculiar but intensely earnest body of Christians called the Scotch Covenanters, and to their church, of which he was the leading member, he contributed with a free and generous hand. There was nothing in his connection with this uninfluential and rather obscure sect to bring him any worldly advantages. He simply belonged to them, as his fathers did, and clung to his

brethren with the tenacity and wholeheartedness characteristic of his race. There was, perhaps, as much to admire in this little bit of his history as in the whole of his great career as a drygoods merchant. At all events it goes deeper down into the heart and remains as something of permanent value.

Near the corner of Twenty-third Street, forming an L from Sixth Avenue into that street, was the store of Stern Bros. They had been in Sixth Avenue since 1868 and at this corner in 1873. It was in the 70s that all these department stores began to bloom and flourish, and to the New Yorker of that day they seemed to be extremely imposing establishments. Stern Bros. was one of the best and had at that time a clientele very similar to what they have today—people who have tried and proved their choice of a store and do not change easily. The class of goods, too, determines the class of customers, for there are all sorts and conditions of men—and women.

The man most in evidence in the early days was Mr. Isaac Stern, who was rarely away from the floor and, indeed, the only one supervising things generally. Occasionally his brother Louis would be seen with him and sometimes would take his place. Mr. Isaac Stern was a very busy man, for at that time, besides having a general supervision of the store, he made purchases for the business in general. And this he did wherever he might be found in the store. Few of the drygoods people had at that time any special accommodation for the important work of inspecting goods and selecting what was most suitable for their requirements. Much of this business was done later in the basement of the store, but even here the congestion became so great

that a regular mixup was the normal condition. Finally in all of the larger establishments a system was evolved which brought order out of chaos.

Mr. Isaac Stern was extremely taciturn and reserved. Indeed, this was true of all the Sterns. Possibly "Benny" might be put in another class, for he had a streak of democracy that brought him into closer association with his fellow-men; but even then there was just a touch of that aloofness which reminds one of the admonition "keep off the grass." However, it was always possible to blow away this atmosphere by a sally of good-natured wit, to which all three of the Sterns were extremely susceptible and which completely melted them into the best of humor.

When the concern moved to Twenty-third Street in 1879 there were few business houses in the block between Fifth and Sixth avenues. There were still many residences in it, and many people thought that the location was not well-chosen. Sixth Avenue had quite obsessed the average person, and this was the first break away from a unique section of the city which had been the favorite shopping district of an entire generation. However, the move was soon proven to be a good one, and Stern Bros. could boast now of having the finest building of all their former neighbors.

In the new building a new administration came into power. Mr. Kugelman was the supervising head, and his ability for managing was manifest in the systematic orderliness in which everything moved and in the excellent arrangement of the departments. The goods, too, were displayed to great advantage and altogether the store presented an inviting appearance to the public. The little office at the entrance of

Twenty-second Street, which was the headquarters for all the immediate wants of the floor and for such peremptory matters as came up, was a beehive of business, and here Mr. Kugelman and not infrequently one or more of the Sterns found more pressing need for their presence than in the more commodious rooms of the general office. There was life and movement here, and to the live business man such a place is a delight. For many years Stern Bros. in Twenty-third Street was the Mecca for thousands of the most opulent buyers in New York.

In 1896 James McCreery & Co., one of the real old New York drygoods firms, located at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. Previously Booth's Theatre stood here. It was built by Edwin Booth for the special purpose of reviving the Shakespearean drama. In the basement of this theatre Edwin Booth burnt all the papers, letters and documents belonging to his brother J. Wilkes Booth; so that this corner was to some extent a historic spot. The building erected in place of the theatre was not as well adapted for a drygoods business as such a fine location demanded; but James McCreery & Co. had been known to several generations of New Yorkers and they had no difficulty in carrying their old-time customers with them and adding many more. They had been at Broadway and Eleventh Street since 1871, and previous to that had occupied premises at different parts of Broadway further downtown. In the earlier days they were known as a first-class establishment for drygoods, but in the 80s they followed the trend of the business into departments, and their store at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue became one of the popular stores of



© Vander Weyde
MRS. HETTY GREEN, IN HER LUXURIOUS APARTMENT IN HOBOKEN, SURROUNDED BY PAPER FLOWERS, INGRAIN CARPET, NEAR-OAK FURNITURE AND OTHER EVIDENCES OF HER GREAT WEALTH. MRS. GREEN AT THIS TIME WAS THE OBJECT OF MUCH SOLICITUDE ON THE PART OF THE NEW YORK TAX ASSESSORS

that great shopping district. They remained there until the building of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, when they located opposite that famous hostelry.

The firm of Ehrich Bros. belongs to the group of Sixth Avenue department stores, although they did not come into that district until 1890. They occupied a store at 279 Eighth Avenue in 1868 and diligently increased their business there until they became the most important retail establishment of that neighborhood. Two of the brothers, William J. and Louis, managed the business in Eighth Avenue and they were very active men. William J. was extremely ambitious and a great pusher and got through a prodigious amount of work. His nature was such that he had to know all the details of the business and, of course, that kept him busy. When the telephone was introduced his was one of the first concerns to have it installed, and he was so interested in the new device that he was continually at the instrument. It seemed to him of prime importance that he should know all that was going over the wires. To observers it was a matter of amusement to notice this man of many business cares devoting so much of his valuable time to the innovation. But the instrument had a fascination for him.

The brothers were ably seconded by Mr. Bessie, the superintendent, whose patience and amiability won the admiration of every person who came into contact with him. A wonderful ability for managing the many little irritating details of such a business, and a power of controlling the everlasting tendency of inanimate objects to go wrong, were elements in this man's character which made him a very valuable part of the

machinery. But he passed off the stage long before the firm had reached its full development.

Mr. William J. Ehrich was a man of quick intelligence and ready wit. He was a linguist of no mean pretensions and his command of colloquial French was as fluent as that of a native. People as a rule liked him, for although he was quick and impulsive his personality was pleasing and attractive. Had he lived no doubt he would have ranked among our most successful drygoods merchants. But his health began to give way when he was still a young man and he frequently sought relief in change of climate. In one of those temporary sojourns in the Adirondacks, at his summer place on Saranac Lake, he very suddenly passed away, and his death cast a gloom over the guests of the nearby Ampersand, Miller and Alexander houses, by whom he was highly esteemed.

The business was continued by the brothers, who decided to move to Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in 1890, where Stern Bros. had been. The old building, however, had been enlarged and remodelled and extended down to Twenty-second Street; so that when they took possession it was one of the large stores on the avenue. It was here that Julius L. and "Sam," the two younger brothers, came into control, and the business took on a new lease of life. It was continued under their management for a decade or more, but was discontinued when Sixth Avenue became extinct as the great drygoods shopping district.

The Broadway section of this great shopping district was popularly known as "the ladies' mile," and it was unquestionably entitled to this distinctive appellation, for the procession of New York femininity

which crowded the sidewalk, especially the west side, was unending and presented a most enlivening and interesting scene. The beauty of the New York woman in face, figure and dress was seen here in all its perfection, and it was this fine spectacle that inclined visitors from abroad and elsewhere to declare that the American woman was the handsomest in the world.

In this fashionable district many of the old drygoods firms had settled. Besides A. T. Stewart & Co., James McCreery & Co., Arnold, Constable & Co., Lord & Taylor, and others mentioned above, J. & C. Johnstone occupied a fine location at Broadway and Twenty-second Street from 1879 until the business was given up in 1899. Being situated at the corner and extending around Twenty-second Street into Fifth Avenue, they had the splendid advantage of being able to make a fine display in the windows. They did not use the advantage, however, to the same extent as their neighbors, Lord & Taylor, further down, although undoubtedly it could have been made a great feature. But some of those Broadway concerns did not think it advantageous to make a display, contenting themselves with an exhibit of their regular goods, and in some cases nothing at all. Arnold, Constable & Co. rarely exhibited anything at all in their windows—occasionally a half-dozen umbrellas arranged in fan shape, or perhaps a few lengths of dress goods. Most of the business of those long-established concerns came from old customers of conservative habits and tastes who were not likely to change from one place to another. This class of customers is growing smaller and beautifully less every day, if we may judge from

the fine displays made by all the leading concerns of today.

J. & C. Johnstone had some good men in their employ, notably Mr. Wylie, who had entire control of the laces, curtains, white goods and kindred articles, a man of long business experience, of most industrious habits and of fine integrity of character. He was the only one who essayed business on his own account when the firm went out of business. He opened a store on Fourteenth Street, making a specialty of the goods he had handled so long. His venture, unfortunately, did not succeed, and probably the reason was that he had postponed his opportunity until too late in life. He certainly deserved to succeed.

In 1881 at 28 West Fourteenth Street Ludwig & Co. began business. They carried a general line of dry-goods. Mr. Bernhard J. Ludwig was a young man, had saved a little money, was industrious and knew the drygoods business thoroughly. The first two years he had a pretty hard road to hoe, but made headway all the time and had no difficulty in getting the credit he needed. Herman J. and Isidore, his brothers, came into the business in 1885. All three brothers knuckled down to the hard work required and put in many more hours every day than the ordinary workman. However, from the start, business grew steadily and in a few years Ludwig & Co. was one of the largest stores on Fourteenth Street and still exists there as Rothenberg & Co. The Ludwigs sold out in 1895 after they had made a great deal of money. Mr. Ludwig was something of a philosopher. In after years, referring to his success, he would modestly say that the credit was not altogether his. Things seemed to come his

way and, while he did not exactly believe in chance, it appeared as if the fates had a good deal to do with it. He went into the real estate business and did equally well in that.

James A. Hearn & Co. is another of the old-time drygoods firms of New York, dating back to 1827. They made successive stops on the way uptown and finally settled in Fourteenth Street in 1879. Between Hearn, just West of Fifth Avenue and Macy at Sixth Avenue, both very popular stores, this street became a very busy mart for shoppers, and the smaller stores between these points became numerous and profited by the attraction. Although Fourteenth Street has so greatly changed in recent years and all the great drygoods stores have gone further uptown, James A. Hearn & Co. not only continue to hold their trade but to increase it. The foundations of such a business must have been solidly built or the superstructure would not have been so enduring. The founders have passed, but the traditions and policies of the business have been transmitted to able successors and the establishment retains its high place among New York's great drygoods emporiums. Mr. Clarkson Cowl has been the directing head of the business for many years and has shown those rare business qualities which entitle him to a place among our leading drygoods merchants.

The East side of New York was not by any means a negligible quantity in the drygoods business of old New York. Besides the firm of A. Arnold & Co. in Canal Street in 1842, and Lord & Taylor in Grand Street in 1853, there were many lesser concerns springing up, and in 1850 Edward Ridley commenced busi-

ness in a small store in Grand Street near Allen Street. Mr. Ridley came from England and had little of this world's possessions when he landed, but he had a stout heart and a determination to take advantage of the great opportunities the new world offered. He commenced by selling small wares as an itinerant sidewalk merchant, and just as soon as he saved a few hundred dollars he opened the little store which was ultimately to become the largest and most popular department store on the east side. At first, he was able to attend to all the business himself, but it increased rapidly, the store had to be enlarged, and Mr. Ridley gladly added the necessary assistants to meet all requirements. In a very few years he was fairly on his way to success and fortune. Mr. Ridley was a serious, industrious and strong-minded man. He combined much of the old Puritan spirit with the modern adaptability to business conditions. He was very strict without being severe. Being a man of a religious turn of mind the pleasures and display of wealth did not appeal to him. He lived in a modest way in the little village of Gravesend and sometimes occupied the pulpit as a Methodist preacher.

The little village of Gravesend, as it was then, must have appeared to Mr. Ridley very much like a village in his own ancestral home in England. Being one of the oldest settlements on Long Island, it possessed all the beauties and sentiment of age, and no doubt the winding lanes and country roads and the quaint old houses that studded the landscape appealed to his instinct for a quiet domestic life. It was also an interestingly romantic spot from a historic point of view. This old village by the sea had seen the landing of

foreign troops and their debouching by the roads and highways toward the battlegrounds of what is now Prospect Park.

It had also sheltered the intrepid Lady Deborah Moody, when she sought refuge from her persecutors in both old and New England, and became the home of quite a colony of English folk who followed in her train. The grant of land given her by Governor Kieft included all of what is now Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay, besides a great part of Gravesend. In this latter section she built her home in the year 1643, and this quaint old house, embowered in trees and half hidden by shrubbery and tall growing flowers, still stands—a beautiful memorial of this noble, sagacious and able woman. The old home is on Neck Road, now one of the most rurally beautiful roads on Long Island, and it was in this house that Lady Deborah Moody received Governor Kieft and also the sturdy old Governor Stuyvesant, who came quite often to seek counsel and advice from this wise and resourceful woman. The quiet and pleasing atmosphere of Mr. Ridley's home was a delightful change from the bustling and noisy location of his store.

When his sons grew up Edward became a partner in the business and the firm was E. Ridley & Son. The other son, Albert, became interested at a later period. During the reconstruction period following the war there was much confusion and unrest and business affairs were out of joint. It was about this period Mr. William A. Moore, who was a veteran of the war, was employed by the firm and soon became an invaluable aid to the business. In due time he became superintendent and managed the business until it was

given up. In the latter years of Mr. Ridley's life he retired from active participation in its affairs, leaving the control to his son Edward, but Mr. Moore was the man most in evidence and was the active head. The junior Edward was of a retiring disposition, rarely met any of the concerns doing business with the firm and had no association even with the employees. His life was almost like that of a recluse, except that he came to his office in the morning and remained there until the afternoon when he went away. He was rarely seen about the store.

However, there were competent men at the head of each department—Mr. Adams in the millinery, assisted by Albert Ridley; Mr. Miles, who in later years was known as “Johnny” Miles, the famous wholesale millinery dealer of Broadway; Mr. Lee, assistant to the superintendent and buyer of the general supplies, and Mr. Throckmorton, who had a general supervision over the departments on the main floor. There were also several old employees who had been with the Ridley firm from the beginning. The outstanding feature of the business was the millinery department, of which the firm was extremely proud, and justly so, for they probably sold more trimmed and untrimmed hats and millinery goods than any concern in New York. The department was large and there was always a handsome display of all the latest styles.

There was an enormous trade in Grand Street from the Eastern District of Brooklyn. There were no stores of any consequence in the Eastern District, and the ferry from South Seventh Street to Grand Street made the trip a short one, and brought this section within easy reach. The merchants on Grand Street—



COLLAMORE HOUSE,

BROADWAY,

Corner Spring Street,

NEW YORK.

G. M. PERRY AND WILLIAM PERRY, PROPRIETORS.

THE COLLAMORE HOUSE—BROADWAY AND SPRING STREET

LAFARGE HOUSE,



BROADWAY,

Between Bleeker & Amity Sts,

Wright, Laniers & Co., Proprietors.

NEW YORK.

THE LAFARGE HOUSE—BROADWAY AND BLEECKER STREET

TWO OF THE FAMOUS OLD BROADWAY HOTELS PRIOR TO 1860.
FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

all of them—seemed to specialize in millinery and they all did a good business. Lord & Taylor had a large share of it, and Lichtenstein, on the block above Ridley, did hardly anything else. Brooklyn was the backbone of all of these concerns, and when the elevated and the bridge diverted the trade, and some new and enterprising firms opened up in this part of Brooklyn, the business of Grand Street began to deteriorate and finally these three big establishments disappeared altogether.

In these days of prohibition it is interesting to recall the lively campaign of Mr. Lee as the Prohibition candidate for alderman about 1885. He was well-known as one of Ridley's most active men and had quite a wide reputation. His hobby was prohibition and, of course, he stood out rather prominently in a community where that cult was tabooed. But it made the going all the more spicy for Mr. Lee, and nothing suited him better than to face the hotheads of booze in their own bailiwick. Of course, he was defeated and snowed under when the voting took place; but he had lots of fun and, perhaps after all, he left an impression which was not entirely without results.

Lord & Taylor's store in Grand Street was only a short distance from Ridley's and only two blocks from the Bowery, and these two establishments were the great central emporiums for the drygoods business of the east side. There were still many old and well-to-do American families in this part of the city in the 70s and 80s, and those people naturally gravitated to the great department stores in Grand Street. The best and most wealthy customers came from East Broadway, Monroe and Rutgers streets. There was also

much business from the uptown parts of the city from families who had moved from the east side and still continued to return to their old haunts. But the reputation of these two firms extended far beyond the city limits and was sufficient to attract much business from both Long Island and New Jersey. The Grand Street cars connected these stores with the ferries to New Jersey and Brooklyn, and crowds from the suburban sections were brought to their doors by every car.

It was quite a sight at Christmas time to see the crowds bearing down on these stores, especially in the evening, and gave one some idea of their popularity. It was scarcely possible to find room enough to move in the enormous crush. Perhaps Ridley's was the most popular, but Lord & Taylor had the more select trade. Children with their parents came in droves to see the display of toys at Ridley's, and it was no mean show. But they were good spenders, too, and went away loaded to the limit with their purchases. Lord & Taylor eschewed the toy end of the business, but displayed a fine assortment of goods suitable to bring good cheer at that happy season of the year, and perhaps their receipts were as great as their neighbor although the jam of customers was not so dense.

It was rarely that any of the principals of Lord & Taylor's was seen about the store. Everything was in the hands of Mr. Spencer, who managed the business in Grand Street, with no further interference than the general policy of the concern required, and Mr. Spencer was always on the bridge. Although a man of few words he was always in evidence, and his excellent judgment was shown in the systematic and orderly routine of the business. He was very punc-

tual and had a grasp of the business down to its minutest detail, knowing even many of the minor facts about the several departments. He had the quality of being just, and this quality was very apparent to all who had business dealings with him and made him not only highly respected but also much liked. His clear and incisive way of reaching a conclusion was incontrovertible and convincing.

Under his direction Mr. Hendricks did a considerable share of the less onerous details of the business, and there were also the buyers and heads of the several departments, each of whom in his own place contributed to the success of this long-established concern. One of the most important of these was Mr. Adams, who was the head of the millinery department—a man of long experience in this particular line, who probably knew more about hats and trimmings than any other man in that section of the city, and this is saying a great deal for Mr. Adams; but, nevertheless, the millinery business of Grand Street at that time was an all-important part of the great drygoods business of the east side. When the rapidly changing conditions of the east side made it apparent that a large and first-class drygoods establishment would become an entirely out-of-place institution among the thousands of newcomers to the east side, Lord & Taylor wisely merged their Grand Street business with their Broadway store.

These were the days of long hours. Midnight on Saturday was the usual hour for closing in the holiday season, and all through the rest of the year eight o'clock was the customary hour. It was only after the early closing movement among drygoods clerks took shape that the hours were cut down to 7 p.m. and

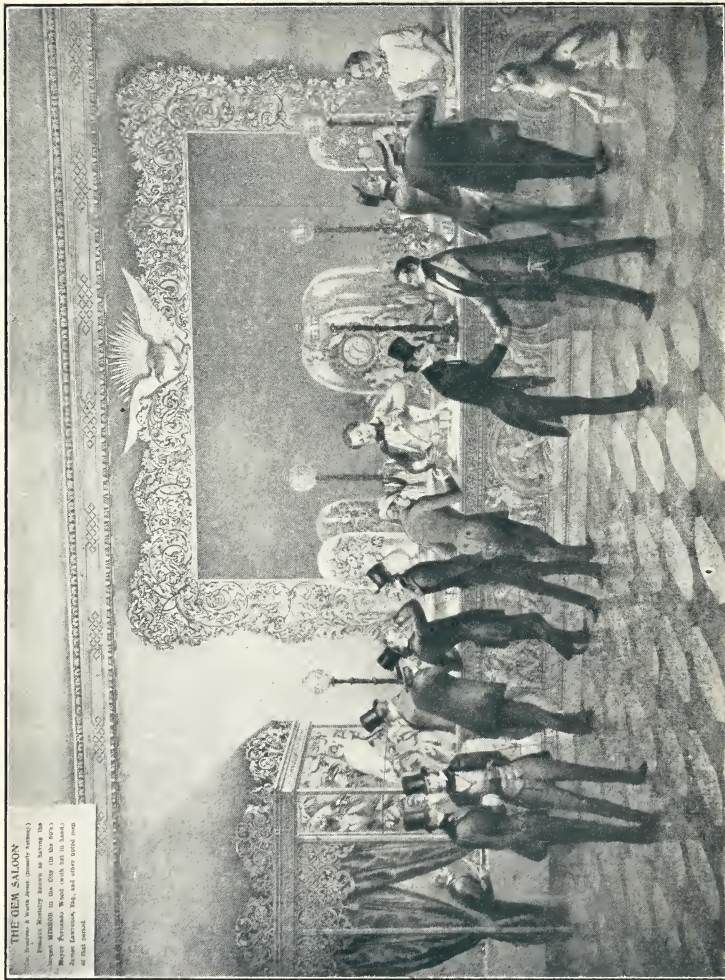
then to 6 p.m. But no doubt the needs of the people of the east side necessitated keeping open Saturday evenings, for the stores were invariably busy then and a very considerable part of the day's business was done after 6 o'clock. Even today the smaller stores that have taken the place of these large establishments are as busy as beehives at night. On the other days of the week hours were from 8 to 6.

A curious and generally unknown fact concerning these stores was the loss sustained by them through the destructive activities of rats and mice. The loss in Ridley's alone amounted to \$5,000 a year, and notwithstanding all their efforts at prevention it was impossible to make their losses less. For a long time this firm engaged a professional ratcatcher, who did much to mitigate the evil; but although he succeeded in cutting down the losses considerably he never quite succeeded in exterminating these persistent and destructive little animals. At his store—Grand Street, west of the Bowery—among his interesting collection of animals he had quite a number of the little pests who chewed up the silks and satins of these stores with such remorseless avidity.

On the other side of the account, however, they were compensated to some extent by the number of articles recovered from the waste and sweepings of the floors. Before the present system of wrapping and checking of goods was introduced, and at a time when a very large proportion of the customers carried home their purchases with them, this detail of the business was done with less regard to system, care and exactness than now. The cry of "boy! boy!" was continually in your ears, and the little shavers who re-

THE GEM SALOON

(The bar and the back of the saloon.)
 Mayor Fernando Wood is having the
 Mayor's Reception in the City (in the City's
 Mayor's Reception Room with his in hand)
 Mayor Fernando Wood, his, and other good men
 at this point.



AN OBSOLETE NEW YORK INSTITUTION

A RARE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS GEM SALOON AT BROADWAY AND WORTH STREET. THE MIRROR WHICH IS SEEN
 BEHIND THE BAR WAS THE LARGEST ONE IN THE CITY. MAYOR FERNANDO
 WOOD (WITH HAT IN
 HAND) IS ADDRESSING JAMES LAWRENCE, ESQ.

sponded were more inclined to play than work, and only the stern eye of the floorwalker kept them in order; so that between the handling of the articles behind the counter and the transmission of them to the wrapper and back, many inconspicuous things were dropped. There were other ways, too, in which these lost articles found their way to the floor and ultimately into the wastebasket. These were carefully gone over and often very valuable finds were made.

One of the old employees of the Lord & Taylor store, Mr. Andrew M. Bullock, remembers several incidents well worth recording. The old "apple woman" used to make her appearance regularly every afternoon with her tempting basket of fruit, and dispose of most of her stock before leaving. Clerks and customers alike would purchase apples from her, and they could be seen in all parts of the store, even behind the counters, enjoying this afternoon repast. The modern New Yorker would look on such a custom with wonder and amazement, and it certainly would be impossible in our progressive day; but it marks the time when our good old city had a very genial democracy. Making the world safe for democracy seems a very difficult task just at present, but it flourished then like a green bay tree without any assistance at all.

Another incident of peculiar interest in connection with the Lord & Taylor store was the patriotic action of the employees at the time of the draft riots in 1863. One hundred men marched from the store to the arsenal at Thirty-seventh Street, procured arms and ammunition and returned to guard the store. Cases of goods had been placed around the store as a barricade, and with the hundred loyal employees ready for ac-

tion the store became quite a powerful fortification for the defence of law and order.

Mr. Bullock also remembers when this firm had only one delivery wagon, and this wagon was used for the delivery of carpets and oilcloths only. Shoppers generally took all parcels home with them, and the larger packages for Williamsburg and Brooklyn were delivered by a man engaged for that purpose. He did them up in two large bundles, with a strap around them, left the store every day between 4 and 5 o'clock and spent the next morning delivering the goods, returning to the store just in time to go out again next afternoon. Large packages were delivered in the city by junior clerks on their way home, and their carfare paid as compensation. No goods were returnable when once bought and there were no credit books. Most of the clerks were men, and the few women employees were in charge of the cloaks and suits. Six men slept in the store in the upholstery department on the second floor as watchmen, and they all had revolvers. In the daytime they were salesmen and clerks. The lunch place for the clerks was at 1 East Broadway and was known as Mother Betsy's, or the Bean Hotel.

This section is not likely to see such drygoods establishments again. The character of its population has changed. There seems to be a mixup of all kinds of people—a polyglot community which perhaps represents the melting pot idea better than any other great aggregation of people in America. Ethnically, it is a little Europe all by itself, and these antagonistic peoples live together much closer than they did in their old home lands, yet they all pursue the even tenor of their way without the slightest desire to fly

at each other's throats, as they ought to do according to the rules of the game in the beautiful and interesting lands from which they came. There must be something uncommonly sweet and soothing in the social atmosphere of Uncle Sam's domains.

There was one other old-time department store on the east side of the city, but far removed from the Grand Street section—Bloomingdale Bros., in the Yorkville district. In the early 70s this firm had a trim little store of the usual size and dimensions for those days at 938 Third Avenue, consisting of one floor with a central entrance and one window on either side of it. The floors above the store were used as living apartments and between each floor a sign stretched across the building. On top of the house—a three-story brick building—was a large device representing a beehive, and the legend on one of the signs, "Great East Side Bazaar."

At this stage of the business Bloomingdale Bros. gave precedence to skirts, corsets and fancy goods, as announced on one of the signs, and their windows were dressed with samples of the goods. On the signs under the windows were "Gloves" and "Hosiery." They sold the kind and quality of goods that were in demand by a population of thrifty and prosperous working people, and served them so well that the Bloomingdale establishment soon outgrew the limits of the modest little store at 938 Third Avenue, and the next decade finds them in greatly enlarged premises and the center of activity of the retail business of that entire section of the city. The business here followed the usual course. Department after department was added, more and more floor space required, and a consequent enlarge-

ment of the building until today this great structure extends all the way from Third to Lexington Avenue, and taking in a large part of 59th and 60th streets.

Fulton Ferry in 1836

It is not pleasant, nor is it sometimes safe, to cross a river in a ferryboat crowded with carriages, carts, horses, etc., and we have often wondered why separate and distinct boats were not provided for the accommodation of all parties, more particularly at a ferry so much frequented as that at the foot of Fulton Street. The decks of these boats are not unfrequently jammed with a heterogeneous mass of live and dead stock; hucksters and their miscellanies; milkmen with their pans; hay-carts, wagons, drays, men, women, children, pigs, sheep, ducks, pigeons, geese, eggs, hens, clean and unclean things, all promiscuously huddled together, and affording a miniature view of the interior of the ark of old. This might be obviated by appropriating the present boats exclusively to the accommodation of the market people, and such others as may have produce or merchandise to transport in vehicles or otherwise; and by adding a couple of neat and comfortable boats, with warm and commodious deck apartments, for the exclusive conveyance of unencumbered pedestrians. This ought to be done, and at this season of the year iceboats should be procured, and, in short, every facility afforded the publick by the holders of a monopoly so lucrative as the Fulton-street ferry-company. —“New York Mirror,” Jan. 2, 1836.



STATUE OF WILLIAM EARL DODGE, NEW YORK MERCHANT AND
PHILANTHROPIST, 1805-1883

J. Q. A. WARD, SCULPTOR, 1885

ERECTED IN HERALD SQUARE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
STATE OF NEW YORK. HIS EXCELLENT ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY IS REPRINTED IN THIS NUMBER



A GREAT MERCHANT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD NEW YORK, 1818-1880

William Earl Dodge

This delightful article was prepared by Mr. Dodge in compliance with the correspondence which follows. It is a valuable contribution to the annals of our city and is worthy of preservation.

To the Honorable William E. Dodge.

Dear Sir:

The great changes in our city, during your long and active business career, are but little understood and almost forgotten. With the details of these changes during the last sixty years you are especially familiar. Many incidents and reminiscences are known to you which would be of great interest to us.

We learn with pleasure you have been induced to write out many of your recollections as a citizen and merchant during this eventful period. We beg you will name some evening at an early date when we can listen to a lecture from you upon the changes through which the New York of your boyhood has become the New York of today. We are, very truly,

Your friends and fellow citizens,

E. D. Morgan,
John A. Stewart,
H. C. Potter,
Sam. D. Babcock,
J. J. Astor,
Sam. Sloan,
E. A. Washburn,
W. H. Vanderbilt,
Henry Hilton,

Jas. M. Brown,
Howard Potter,
Royal Phelps,
F. S. Winston,
A. A. Low,
H. B. Claflin,
Peter Cooper,
Charles H. Russell,
W. Walter Phelps.

New York, April 17, 1880.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

New York, April 19, 1880.

To Messrs. E. D. Morgan, John A. Stewart, J. J. Astor,
Henry C. Potter, Sam. D. Babcock, and others.
Gentlemen:

I beg to acknowledge your communication of the 17th inst., and in reply to your very kind request, it will afford me pleasure to meet you at the Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock, and to deliver the lecture I have prepared on the New York of Fifty Years Ago. I am, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,
WM. E. DODGE.

In preparing the lecture which I have been invited to deliver this evening, I have ventured to refer to many incidents which I thought might interest, and perhaps benefit, the young men, but which, I fear, will be far from interesting to many elderly gentlemen whom I see present, and to whom my recital of details already familiar to them may prove tedious.

Let me confess that the preparation of this address has tended to dispel the idea which I have loved to indulge, that while others might be growing old, I might still be classed among the middle-aged. This account of what I remember since I entered a store as a clerk, sixty-one years ago, doubtless will induce others to place me among that respectable class called "Old Men," although I shall still try to feel that I have not yet joined its numbers.

I am to speak of my recollections of the New York of fifty to sixty years ago, and of some of the changes which have marked this more than half a century.

Eighteen hundred and eighteen found me a boy in a wholesale drygoods store, No. 304 Pearl Street, near Peck Slip. My employers were two most worthy Quakers. A promise made by my father to the junior partner, that when he went into business I was to be

with him, will account for my leaving school so early.

It was a very different thing, in those days, to be a boy in a store from what it is now. I fear that many young men, anxious to get started, would hesitate long before facing such duties as had then to be performed. My father lived at that time at 98 William Street, now the corner of Platt. William Street was then the fashionable retail drygoods center; at No. 90 stood Peter Morton's large store, the fashionable family store of that day.

I had to go every morning to Vandewater Street for the keys, as my employers must have them in case of fire in the night. There was much ambition among the young men as to who should have his store opened first, and I used to be up soon after light, walk to Vandewater Street and then to the store very early. It was to be sprinkled with water, which I brought the evening before from the old pump at the corner of Peck Slip and Pearl Street, then carefully swept and dusted. Then came sprinkling the sidewalk and street, and sweeping to the center a heap for the dirt-cart to remove. This done, one of the older clerks would come, and I would be permitted to go home for breakfast. In winter the wood was to be carried and piled in the cellar, fires were to be made, and lamps trimmed. I mention these particulars to show that junior clerks in those days did the work now done by the porters. There were comparatively very few carts used by the drygoods dealers, most of the business being done by porters, with hand-carts and large wheelbarrows, who stood at the different corners ready to take or go for a load. Each had a heavy leather strap over the shoulders and a brass plate on

the breast with his license number. Their charges for any distance below or above Chambers Street were $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents and $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents respectively. There were very few carts, and those of the old-fashioned two-wheel kind; such heavy two horse trucks and large express and other wagons as now fill our business portions of the city were unknown in those days.

The drygoods auction-stores were mostly on the corners, and on the blocks from Wall to Pine streets. When our employer would purchase a lot of goods at auction, it was our business to go and compare them with the bill, and if two of us could carry them home we did so, as it would save the shilling portorage. I remember that while in this store I carried bundles of goods up Broadway to Greenwich Village, near what are now Seventh and Eighth avenues and Fourth to Tenth streets, crossing the old Stone Bridge at Canal Street. This had long square timbers on either side in place of railing, to prevent a fall into the sluggish stream—some fifteen feet below—which came from the low lands where Centre Street and the Tombs now are. It was called the Colic (though its true name was Collect, as it took the drainage of a large district), and was the great skating place in winter. Turning in at the left of the bridge I took a path through the meadows, often crossing on two timbers laid over the ditches where the tide ebbed and flowed from the East river. At that time there was no system of sewerage, but the water which fell was carried off by the gutters and by surface draining.

I remember well the old Fly Market, which commenced at Pearl Street where Maiden Lane crosses. There was a very large arched drain, over which the

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, PRESENT SUB-TREASURY, WITH THE ADJACENT BUILDINGS IN 1848. THE OYSTER STAND IS AT THE MORGAN CORNER



From a unique print loaned by Mr. J. P. Morgan



THE SAME. SITE TODAY

market was built, extending from Pearl Street to the dock. It was so high that, in passing along Pearl on the south sidewalk, one had to ascend quite an elevation to get over the arch of the sewer. Maiden Lane then was as narrow at Pearl Street as Liberty is between William and its present junction with Maiden Lane—only about fifteen feet wide. In the winter, when the streets were running with the wash of melting snow and ice, the mouth of the sewer at Pearl Street would often clog up, and then the water would set back as far as Gold Street; the sidewalk being constructed some two feet above the roadway, to provide for the great flow of water that came down from Broadway, Nassau, William and Liberty streets. The boys used to get old boots, and, placing them on a pole, would make in the slush of snow and ice footprints all across Pearl street, as if persons had been passing, and then would run around the corners to see some poor stranger step into the trap and sink above his knees in water and slush.

They tell a story of a young lady who was coming down Pearl Street, just as a heavy rain had filled the street back to Gold, and of a polite young sailor who saw her stand and wondering how she could get over. He took her at once without asking, and, himself wading across, knee-deep, placed her on the other side all safe. She at once demanded what the impudent fellow meant, when he replied, "Hope no harm has been done!" and, catching her up again, placed her back on the other side.

At this time the wholesale drygoods trade was confined almost entirely to Pearl Street, from Coenties to Peck slips, though there were a few firms further up,

and any party intending to commence that business must first be sure that he could obtain a store in Pearl Street. We now talk of what Wall Street is doing; then, if one would speak of the drygoods trade, he would say "things are active" (or "dull") "in Pearl Street."

The retail trade was mostly in William Street and Maiden Lane, except three fashionable houses that were the Stewarts of that day. These were all in Broadway: Vandevoot, near Liberty Street; "the Heights," near Dey Street, and Jotham Smith, who occupied the site of the Astor House. Stewart did not commence until 1824. The cheap retail drygoods stores were in upper Pearl and Chatham streets; the wholesale groceries were in Broad, Water, and Front streets. At this time the trade was mostly divided by sections, some selling almost entirely to the South, others to the North and West, and others doing what was called an Eastern and Long Island trade. The capital and business of one who was then termed a jobber were very different from what are now suggested by that term. A firm with \$15,000 to \$20,000 capital commanded good credit, and its annual sales seldom exceeded a few hundred thousand. I doubt if there were half a dozen persons who sold over a million each. Now we have many who sell that amount every month, and some of them over a million a week. The styles of goods also have changed very much. Then nearly all drygoods were imported; our calicoes or prints came in square hair-trunks, containing fifty pieces each; very few goods came in boxes—they were either in trunks or bales. We had a few domestic cottons, but they were all woven by hand. Power-

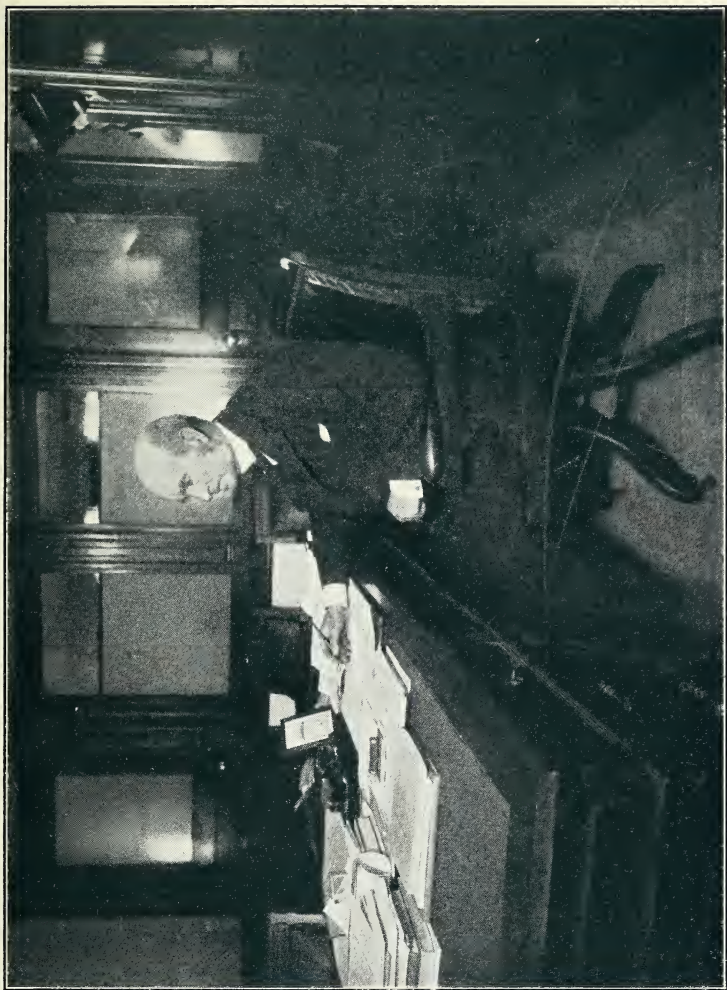
looms were not introduced till a few years after. Our common cottons were all from India, and called India "hum-hums;" they had very strange names, such as "Bafturs," "Gurros," etc. Most of them were thin, sleazy goods, filled with a kind of starch to make them look heavy. At present nearly all cotton goods sold are of American manufacture.

Our cloths and cassimeres were all imported. Large quantities of silks from France and Italy, and beautiful crapes and satins for ladies' wear, were brought from India and China. Business was periodical; we had our spring and fall trade. You will remember there were but few steamboats, and no railroads, and it was quite an event for the country merchants to visit the city. They generally came twice a year—spring and fall; those from the North and East by the Sound or North River, in sloops or schooners, often a week on their passage; those from the South and West by stage-coaches. It is very difficult to realize what it was to come from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri, when the most of the long journey was by stage-riding night and day; and even from our Southern states it was a tedious trip to some point on the coast, where the vessel might make the long journey less trying. There were lines of ships and schooners running between Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, and Mobile, but these trips were often very long and the accommodations poor.

Over the stores in Pearl Street were a large number of boarding-houses expressly for country merchants; here they would remain a week or ten days, picking up a variety of goods, for most of them kept

what were then called country-stores. They had to purchase drygoods, groceries, hardware, medicines, crockery, etc., etc. It was a great object with the jobbers to have one of their salesmen board at a large house for country merchants, so that they could induce them to come to their stores to trade. Most of the goods were shipped by sloops, bound up the North River or the Sound; those for the South, on schooners and brigs to ports from whence they were taken into the interior. There were very few hotels, the principal ones being the City Hotel, which occupied the block in Broadway near Trinity Church; the Pearl Street House, between Old and Coenties slips, and Bunker's, near the Bowling Green. These periodical seasons were active times, the bulk of the business being done in three months of spring and three months of fall. The winter and summer were comparatively idle. There was a limited district from which to draw customers, and as soon as the North River and the rivers and harbors of the Sound were closed by ice, Pearl Street was almost as quiet as Sunday.

You will remember that New York was then a comparatively small city, with a population of less than 120,000. One-fourth the present size of Chicago, it had extended very little above Canal Street. Most of the dwellings were below Chambers, on the North River, but on the East River there were many up as far as Market and Rutgers streets. The most of the merchants and families of wealth lived in the lower part of the town, in Greenwich below Chambers, and on the cross streets west of Broadway from the Park to the Battery. Many merchants in Pearl Street lived over their stores, and John, Fulton, Beekman, Gold, and



OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK

RARE PORTRAIT OF MR. OGDEN MILLS AT HIS DESK IN THE MILLS BLDG., THE FIRST GREAT OFFICE STRUCTURE IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT. IT IS ALREADY MARKED FOR DEMOLITION

Cliff were filled with private residences. I was married fifty years ago in Cliff Street near my present office. Then that good man, Dr. Milnor, preached in St. George's, corner of Beekman and Cliff streets, to crowded audiences. Stores now occupy the ground, but it is consoling to know that from the proceeds of the sale of that church two others have been erected. The most fashionable residences were, perhaps, around the Battery and up Broadway and Greenwich to Cortlandt. It is interesting and instructive to think of the noble merchants who occupied those dwellings, all of whom have passed away—such men as Robert Lenox, Stephen Whitney, James G. King, J. Phillips Phoenix, James Suydam, Cadwalader D. Colden, James De Peyster, Pierre Irving, Gideon Lee, the Howlands, Aspinwalls, and many others who have honored the name of New York merchants.

The churches were then all downtown—the old “Wall Street,” “Garden Street” (now Exchange Place), “Middle” and “North Dutch,” “Trinity” and “St. Paul’s,” “Grace,” “Cedar Street,” the old “Brick” (where now stands the Times Building), “Liberty,” which Thorburn so long occupied as a seedstore, and “Murray” and “Rutgers,”—then far up town. I remember when young Philip Melancthon Whelpley was pastor of the Wall Street Church, of which my father was then an elder. He was settled when only about twenty-one, was a most eloquent man, but suffered from dyspepsia; he lived in Greenwich Street, back of Trinity Church. Some adventurous man had put up four small houses on White Street, then just opened, near Broadway, and as Mr. Whelpley felt the need of exercise, and the rent was very low, he ventured to

hire one of these, but the excitement in the congregation at the idea of their pastor living out of the city was so great that it came nigh losing him his place. Speaking of churches, I often have thought there was more of real worship when, in place of our present quartette, there was in most of the dissenting churches a precentor standing under the pulpit, to give the key with his pitch-pipe, and all the congregation united in the singing. The first Presbyterian church built north of Canal Street was the "Broome Street," standing between Elm and Centre. My father-in-law, Mr. Phelps, who was on the committee of Presbytery appointed to select a location, told me that at that time the entire triangle from Broome to Spring was for sale, and he advised the purchase of the whole, as the price was very low and he felt that the building of the church would add to the value, so that the sale of the other lots would pay the cost of the church. But the rest of the committee felt it was so far uptown that there would be no chance of selling.

Fifty years ago I commenced housekeeping in the upper part of the city, in Bleecker Street, between Broadway and the Bowery; there were eight new two-story attic houses just finished, 23 by 40 feet, and three or four of us, young married people, took houses adjoining, and each paid \$300 a year rent, and when newly furnished we thought them very fine. Young business men could afford to marry in those days. I had the curiosity to call a short time since and ask the present occupant what rent he paid. He said the rent had been reduced, and he was now paying but \$1500. I told him I only inquired from curiosity, as, when the house was new, I paid just one-fifth of that.

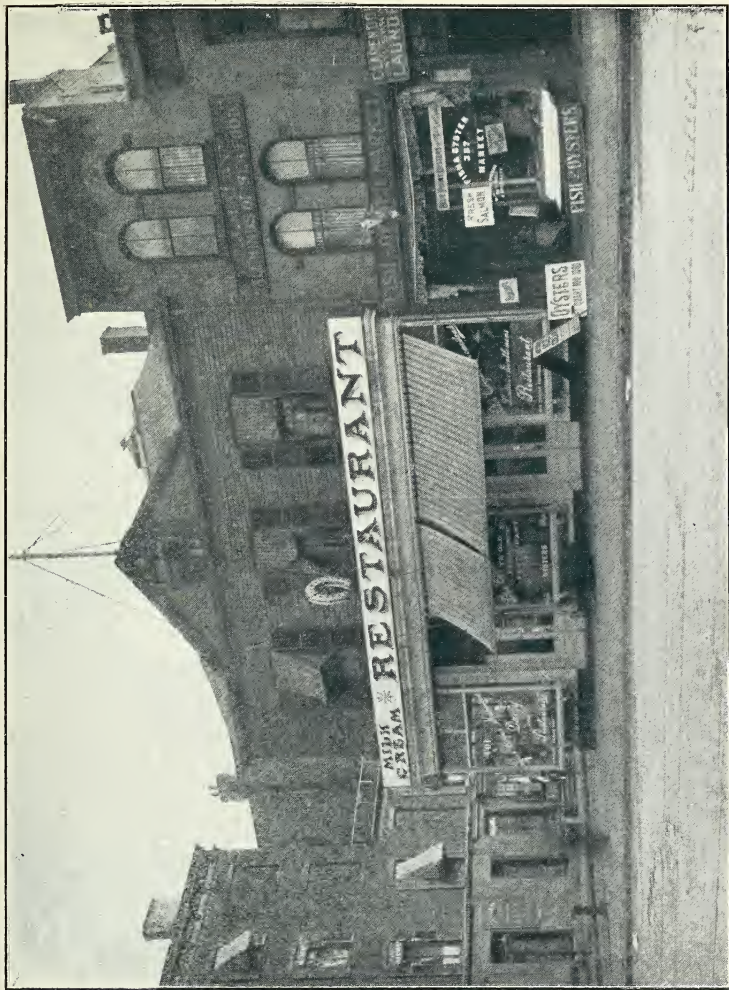
When the Bible House was to be removed from Nassau Street, the Committee, all but one, decided to go no further up than Grand Street; the present site, at Ninth and Tenth streets, owned by Mr. Peter Stuyvesant, was then fenced in and rented as a pasture or for vegetables. Mr. Stuyvesant was at that time paying very heavy assessments for opening streets on his property, and, being himself interested in the Bible Society, offered the entire block for \$100,000 cash, which, by one of the committee, the late Anson G. Phelps, was considered a great bargain. Mr. Phelps could not for a long time induce his associates to agree with him, since they felt it was so far uptown that it would be out of the way; but when informed that he should purchase it himself, if they did not, they yielded, and we can all see the wisdom of the choice. The rents of the portion not required for their work now pay all expenses, salaries, etc., so that every dollar given to the Bible Society goes for furnishing the Bible and for nothing else.

Think of New York without gas! At that time the street lamps were few and far between, often filled with poor oil and badly trimmed. They looked on a dark night like so many lightning bugs, and in winter would often go entirely out before morning. In 1825, the first gas-lights were introduced by the New York Gas Company, which had contracted to light below Canal Street. In 1834, the Manhattan Company obtained the contract to light above Canal Street; we can now hardly conceive how our citizens could get on without gas, and yet it was much safer walking the streets then than now. Crime was not so rife, and

a murder was a rare occurrence. The first murder I remember was committed by a tailor of the name of Johnson, living in William Street near Beaver; he killed his wife, and the excitement of his arrest, trial and hanging—which took place out of the city on a vacant lot east of Broadway, now a portion of White Street—lasted for months. We seldom open our morning paper now without the record of a murder in some one of the drinking saloons.

There were no police in those days, but there were a few watchmen, who came on soon after dark and patrolled the streets till near daylight. Their rounds were so arranged that they made one each hour, and as the clocks struck they pounded with their clubs three times on the curb, calling out, for example, "Twelve o'clock, and all is well," in a very peculiar voice. They wore leathern caps such as the firemen now use.

Our streets were kept cleaner than now, since every one was responsible for a space in front of his building extending to the middle of the street, the public dirt-carts passing on regular days and carting away the dirt. The garbage-men with large carts came around to collect from the tub or half-barrel placed in the area. I remember a very eccentric old man, who was full of fun, and in the season would dress himself up with the husks and tassels of corn and with a fancy paper hat, and who rang his bell, keeping time to a peculiar song, greatly to the amusement of the boys. It was said that on one occasion a man passing cried out, "Why, old man, you take all sorts of trash in your cart." "Oh, yes," said he, "jump in; jump in." There were then a special kind of street-cleaners, in



THIS QUAIN OLD TWO-STORIED HOUSE WAS THE HOME OF PETER COOPER AND HIS FAMILY FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. IT STOOD AT THE S. E. CORNER OF TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE AS EARLY AS 1840

the vast number of swine, owned by the poorer classes, that crowded some portions of the city, making travel dangerous. It was by many claimed that they ate up the garbage thrown into the streets in spite of law, and thus were to be tolerated.

The Sabbaths were for the most part very quiet, and but few vehicles were seen in the city. There were no public cries except those of the milkmen, who were mostly farmers from Long Island, and carried their milk in large tin cans suspended by a yoke from their shoulders. They generally served real milk, but it was sometimes said that they stopped to wash their cans at the corner-pumps. Although the Sabbath was almost free from disturbance by carriages, still, for fear that some one might be passing during worship, the churches had chains drawn across the streets on either side, which were put up as soon as service commenced and taken down at its close. What would our riding, sporting, Sabbath-breaking citizens say to such obstructions if put up on Fifth or Madison avenues now?

The Sabbath-schools were then just introduced into the city, and but two or three at the time to which I refer, and these were designed only for the poor and neglected children. The children of churchgoers were instructed at home in the catechism, and in many churches were expected to recite every Wednesday afternoon in the session-room to the pastor and elders.

Our wonderful system of public schools has all been developed since the time of which I speak.

The Battery was the great point of attraction as a cool and delightful promenade, and in the warm season was crowded every afternoon and evening; the grass

was kept clean and green and the walks in perfect order; there was a building near the south end, of octagonal form, called the "Flag-staff," having an observatory in the top, and above it always waved the "national flag." In the summer and early fall a band of music in the evening enlivened the scene, and the grounds were crowded with the élite of the city; it was as polite and marked a compliment for a young lady to be invited by a gentleman to take a walk on the Battery as now to be invited to a drive in the Park; and on Saturdays the boys were allowed to play ball, etc., on the grass. Castle Garden was then a fort with its garrison; and the guard were always to be seen walking their rounds, on the parapet, and before the gate leading from the Battery, across the draw-bridge, to the Fort.

The city was so compact that there were very few private carriages. I venture to say that there were not then twenty-five families that kept a two-horse carriage. In fact, there was very little use for one; there were no pleasant drives out of the city; the old Bloomingdale Road was mostly used, but in summer it was very dusty, and there were no attractions. The old Boston Road, where are now the Bowery and Third Avenue, and the Albany road, which is now upper Broadway, were the only roads for pleasure travel, and were used by gentlemen who lived in the summer at their country houses. These were along the East River, from what is now Eighth Street up to a point opposite Hell Gate, on the North River, and along what were then Bloomingdale and Greenwich, say from what is now Fourth Street up to Eightieth Street.

The contrasts between the City Postoffice of my

early days and the splendid building of today, and the amount of business then and now, give a vivid idea of the progress of the city and country. The office then was in the dwelling of the Postmaster, General Theodorus Bailey, who, having been appointed in 1804, converted his lower floor into the Postoffice, living above with his family. It was situated at the corner of William and Garden streets, now Exchange Place; the two parlors were converted into the office; on Garden Street there was a window for city delivery and in William Street a vestibule of about 8 by 16 feet with 144 small boxes for letters. Not over half a dozen clerks were employed. This was still its position when I went into a store, and I well remember the fun we boys had while waiting for the office to open, which was not until about eight or nine o'clock a.m. We used to employ the time by crowding up the line, so that the lucky boy who first had got opposite the one small place of delivery could be pushed aside to make room for some other, who would soon have in turn to give way. Postage then was so high that the number of letters sent by mail was comparatively small: 12½ cents to Philadelphia, 18¾ cents to Boston and 25 cents to New Orleans. It was the habit to send as far as possible by private hands, and when it became known that a friend was going by stage or sloop he was sure to be the carrier of many letters—the exchanges between the interior and the banks being mostly effected in the same way.

When Abraham Wakeman, in 1862, was Postmaster, there was living, at an advanced age, a man by the name of Dodd; this person, when General Bailey was Postmaster, made a contract with him to take the mails

from the New York office to the Western and Southern stages that started and arrived at Hoboken and Jersey City. He stated that for three years he carried the mail-bags on his back and ferried them in his own little boat across the river; but they then grew heavy, and for some years afterward he took them in a small wheelbarrow to his boat.

In nothing, perhaps, has there been a more beneficial change than in the item of water. This formerly was supplied by public pumps at the corners of blocks far apart; the water was brackish and very hard and poor; there were some few springs in the upper part of the city, where wells had been sunk and pumps erected by individuals. This water was taken about the city in large casks, similar to those now used for sprinkling the streets, and painted in large letters on the end "Tea Water." It was sold at two cents a pail. Besides this, the Manhattan Company was chartered with banking privileges to supply the city with water by boring and pumping into tanks, from the ground near the upper end of Pearl Street in Centre Street. Thence wooden pipes were laid to many dwellings, but the water proved poor and in limited supply, and the company found the banking department better than the water, so that the logs soon decayed and were never renewed. For washing and all ordinary purposes, the main dependence was upon the cisterns supplied from the rain caught on the roofs, but in long droughts these would entirely fail, and then the street pumps were the only source of supply, and those could not be used with any comfort for the family washing.

I shall never forget one time, when there had been no rain for weeks, and our cistern (we were living

THE FAMOUS OLD ASTOR HOUSE, BROADWAY AND VESEY STREET, OPPOSITE THE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK, AS IT APPEARED WHEN FIRST ERECTED IN 1842. THIS VIEW SHOWS WHAT A CHARMING SPOT WAS OBLITERATED WHEN THE POST OFFICE WAS ERECTED HERE



near the Battery) was dry, as well as those of all our neighbors. My mother, visiting a friend quite uptown, near Fulton Street, was complaining that she had not a drop of soft water to wash fine muslins, and her friend offered to let her fill a demijohn from her cistern. My brother and myself made our mother very happy by bringing her the coveted vessel of water that evening. Well might our citizens hasten to the ballot-box, in 1835, to vote "Water" or "No Water" on the question of introducing the Croton; and now in its profuse enjoyment but few remember the old times when they were glad to get a pail of water for their tea at a cost of two cents. But I have sometimes almost sighed for the old brackish pumps which were used by the passing laborer to quench his thirst, and I remember that for years after their removal there was not a drop of water to be had by any thirsty man unless he went into a corner grocery. Even there he was tempted to drink liquor, because he was ashamed to ask for water without pay. Thanks to the efforts of some good men in New York and Brooklyn, there are now a few places where good water for man and beast can be had without money or price.

On the Fourth of July, 1842, the introduction of the Croton was celebrated by an imposing procession, and many who had doubts were fully satisfied when, at 12 o'clock, as the procession rounded the Park, the fountain was first opened and sent up a stream 50 feet, amid the shouts of the people. The substantial and faithful construction of the aqueduct and the High Bridge by men who did not squander the people's money, has left us not even for a day in want of an

abundance of water, and the work was so well done that it stands as a monument of their honest labor.

Wood was then almost the only fuel, though Liverpool coal was used in offices and parlors. Those who could afford it purchased their sloop-load of hickory and oak in the fall, and had it sawed and piled in the cellar for the winter. Hundreds of sloops from North River towns, and from Connecticut and Long Island, filled the slips on the North and East rivers, and at many of the street corners carmen stood with loads for sale.

I remember a story of this wood-burning. It was the habit of many families to have the servant-man saw and pile up the wood, and as a perquisite to give him the proceeds of the sale of ashes, which was then quite an item. Mr. Stephen B. Munn, living on Pearl near Maiden Lane, whom some present well recollect, had a colored waiter to whom he had promised the ashes from a fine cargo of hickory, on condition that he should saw it up and have it nicely piled in the cellar. This done, Mr. Munn was aroused one night by a fearful roar in the chimney, and, rushing down to the kitchen, found the old negro asleep before a tremendous fire with the wood piled far up the chimney-place. When asked what it meant, the old man replied, "Makee ashes, master! makee ashes." The poor old man, like many others, was anxious to make the most of his advantages without regard to his employer's. It was about this time that the anthracite fields of the Lehigh were discovered, and I shall not forget the time when my employers sent up a barrel of hard coal for trial. We made up a fire in the ordinary open grate, with kindlings, and it did not blaze; we poked it,

but the more we poked the more it would not burn, until the Quaker's patience was exhausted and he condemned the stone-coal as well named but quite unfit for use.

There were no such things as stoves or furnaces for warming a house. It makes one almost shiver now to remember the cold halls and bedrooms of those days, or the attempt to warm a large store in a cold winter by a coal or wood fire, at the extreme end, which left the front as cold as a barn. How my feet and fingers have ached as I have stood at the desk of a bitter morning!

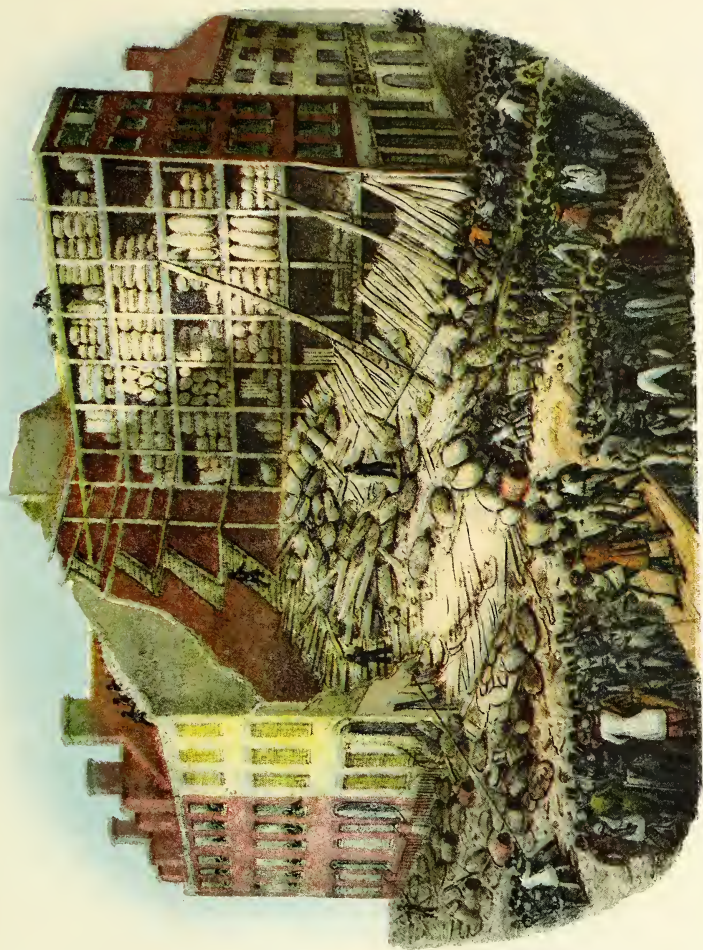
Brooklyn then was an inconsiderable village, containing in 1823 but 7,000 inhabitants, and in 1835 but 24,310. The small rowboats, which till 1811 had been the only ferry across the river, were interfered with by the introduction of the first ferryboats, but until 1822 the latter consisted of one small steamer and one horse-boat. It was not till 1824 that steam ferryboats of any considerable size were introduced, and the accommodations for Brooklyn continued on a small and inconvenient scale till 1836, when public meetings were held, demanding greater facilities, and from that time larger and better boats were used in the transit. There was only one ferry across the East River, but at the foot of Wall Street, Coenties Slip and Whitehall, there were numbers of small rowboats, bearing a variety of fancy names and handsomely painted, and, when a person wanted to go over, a crowd of oarsmen would gather, each offering him the best boat. The fare across was ten cents. The Jersey City ferriage before 1812 was provided simply by rowboats, and by scows which floated horses and carriages across in pleasant

weather. In 1812 and 1813, Fulton constructed for the associate ferries two boats propelled by steam, the beginning of those extensive accommodations by which many thousands now cross in a day. The first boat with steam was put on the Hoboken Ferry in 1812; it was so small that often in a strong tide it had to stop in the river to get up steam enough to make the transit. In 1825 a new lease was given to F. B. Ogden, Cadwalader D. Colden, and Samuel Swartout, who were required to put on two larger boats; before this the farmers from New Jersey had great difficulty in bringing their produce to the New York market, and many refused to come across the meadows, the corduroy road being so bad that they would go no farther than Newark. Many of our marketmen went regularly to that city as buyers; and there was quite an opposition in Newark to the granting of the ferry rights, as they saw it would remove the sale of farm-truck to New York. The new lease was for two good boats; the annual rent was \$595, with the privilege of another ferry at the foot of Spring Street—the rent for the latter to be, the first four years, one cent a year; for the next five years, fifty dollars; and for still another five, at the rate of two hundred dollars per annum. Compare these small beginnings with the value of these ferries at the present time, when more persons and vehicles cross the Fulton and Jersey ferries in an hour, at morning or at evening, than crossed in a whole month in the year 1820.

The monopoly granted to Fulton and Livingston was set aside about 1820 by the Supreme Court, and the use of steam was thrown open to public competition. Then commenced a new era: boats were soon started

BOWLING GREEN AS A BEAUTIFUL PARK, AND SHOWING THE HANDSOME PRIVATE RESIDENCES FRONTING UPON IT ABOUT 1830. FROM A RARE PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE





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RUINS OF THE PHELPS AND PECK WAREHOUSES AT 180 FRONT STREET, AFTER THE ACCIDENT OF MAY 4, 1832.

FROM A LITHOGRAPH ISSUED AT THE TIME
Courtesy N. Y. Historical Society

on the Sound, the first of these being the "Fulton," Captain Bunker, and the "Connecticut," Captain Comstock. I remember a trip to New London which I made soon after they were started. The two formed a daily line; the "Fulton" left New York early in the morning, arriving in New Haven about 4 o'clock; then all the passengers and freight were put aboard the "Connecticut" for New London, the "Fulton" returning in the evening to New York. This gave time for the boilers to cool off and the machinery to rest, as it was not thought safe to run one boat so far as New London without stopping. Compare these with the thousands of steamboats now running along our coasts, on all navigable rivers, and on our lakes. The propeller, more lately introduced, has added vastly to the cheapening of transportation. A new life was infused, and the people began to demand new openings for trade. The Erie canal, which after much opposition, had been commenced in 1817, was gaining favor; the period for its opening was looked for with great interest, and its final completion was celebrated by a grand public demonstration.

A large number of boats had been loaded in Buffalo, and left there on the 25th of October, 1825. On the 4th of November a fleet of steamers, all gayly dressed and filled with citizens, met them on their arrival. They were towed from Albany to the city by the new steamer, "Chancellor Livingston," having on board De Witt Clinton and many distinguished citizens from Albany, Troy and the West. It was a proud day for New York; all the ships were trimmed with flags; the harbor was filled with large and small craft. I was, fortunately, on the steamer which carried those who

were to take part in the exercises down the lower bay. De Witt Clinton, at the close of an address, poured a keg of water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic. Dr. Samuel Mitchell had secured bottles of water from the several lakes and from the Mediterranean, and, after a characteristic speech, he mingled them all with the waters of the ocean, to signify that by this great public improvement the products of the West were to be carried to all parts of the world, and that their products, returned by the same channel, would be scattered throughout our own land.

Such was the commencement of that spirit of public improvements which was destined to change the whole face of trade and commerce.

The first regular line of packet ships, known as the "Black Ball Line," was started in 1817, to sail on the first of each month. It was soon followed by others, which in a few years made a regular weekly line, and gave a new impetus to our commerce, so that our trade with England rapidly increased.

Let me here revert again to the very limited facilities for travel and trade which existed previous to 1825. The sloops and steamers on our lakes, rivers and Sound, the small brigs and ships which ran to our Southern ports, with the stagecoach to all parts of the interior, were the extent of the facilities, and in the winter we were almost entirely shut in. Think of one stage a day, which started from No. 1 Cortlandt Street for Albany, and one for Boston! Who that ever made that trip in winter-time will forget the old agent, Thomas Whitfield, at No. 1 Cortlandt Street? He would book you three days in advance for a seat, and if perchance there were applications for more than

the coach would hold, and yet not enough to warrant an extra, one must wait another day for a seat. Then what a time in packing on the baggage and seating the passengers! Why, it was as exciting as the sailing of a steamer with its one hundred and fifty cabin passengers and its crowd for the steerage.

It was a great undertaking in those days to come from the West to the city at any season, particularly in the winter, and many country merchants came but once a year. Those from the line of the Ohio River took stage at Wheeling, and came over the mountains to Baltimore, thence to the city by schooners or stage. The only wonder is that country merchants came as often and as far as they did, and that their goods could be transported by teams over so long distances and pay a profit above expenses. Passengers for Philadelphia, in winter, would cross to Jersey City the evening before, sleep at a tavern, and start in the morning by stage, reaching the Quaker City in a day and a night. At a later period they went by steamer to Amboy, and thence by stage. Who, that now witnesses the thousands daily crossing Cortlandt Street Ferry to take the cars, can realize that sixty years ago two stages would carry all the passengers that went to Newark or vicinity. The emigrant who went West to settle had to go by wagon. I vividly recall the occasion when two of my uncles came with their families from Connecticut, on their way to the far West, stopping at my father's house. It was arranged that, as they might never see each other again, the relatives, with several ministers, should spend the afternoon previous to their starting as a season of special prayer. The travelers left the next day by sloop for Albany, whence teams

were to take them to their far Western home, which was at Bloomfield, just beyond Utica! Why, last fall I took my tea at my house and my breakfast next morning beyond that distant point.

The opening of the Erie Canal gave a new impulse to travel. The first railroad of the State was from Albany to Schenectady, with an inclined plane at either end; this was built in order that passengers might sooner reach the canal, as from Albany to Schenectady the distance was much greater, and there were numerous locks. It was really pleasant to travel by canal, as from Schenectady to Utica there was hardly a lock (after passing Seneca Falls), and there were but few more on the long reach from Utica to Syracuse. There were rival lines of packet boats, some very handsomely fitted up; their four horses were matched teams of either black, bay, or gray, and the best that could be found; the captains and owners took great pride in their teams, which were beautifully harnessed, and kept up a speed of four to five miles an hour. There was no motion felt, and when in the cabin it was hard to tell if the boat was under way. In pleasant weather most of the passengers sat on the trunks on deck, and had a fine view of the country. Some caution was required, however. When one happened to be standing, and the driver gave a snap of his whip the horses would give a sudden start, which might throw a passenger off. Again, as the bridges, which on almost every farm crossed the canal, were then very low, one must stoop as he passed or be knocked overboard, and the continued cry of the helmsman was, "Low bridge! Heads down!" which kept one on the lookout. The fare was so much a mile "and found," and the boats



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THE FINE COLONIAL RESIDENCE OF HERMANN BOKER AT THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET AND THE BOSTON ROAD
(THIRD AVENUE), IN 1858. ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE MURRAY HILL SETTLERS
From the collection of Mrs. Carl F. Boker

provided a very comfortable table. At night berths were made up on either side, each just wide enough to hold an ordinary person; they were three high, and supported by cords from the ceiling. Lots being drawn for the numbers, it often created much merriment to see a very large man trying to get into an upper berth, while the holder of the number for the under one looked on with fear lest the cords might break and let his companion down. The ladies' cabin was in the front of the boat, separated by long curtains, which were thrown open in the daytime.

I now propose to refer to a period somewhat later and to me more interesting. In May, 1827, I commenced at 213 Pearl Street the wholesale drygoods business. A retired Connecticut merchant, with whom I had done business most of the time while a clerk, had a son graduated from Yale whom he was anxious to place in New York, and, having heard that I was intending to commence for myself, proposed a co-partnership with his son. He offered to furnish an amount of capital which, with the small sum I had (mostly savings from my salary), would make, for those days, a respectable beginning, and furthermore promised to endorse for us to any reasonable amount. There are few events in a man's life more important than that which introduces him into active business on his own account, and as my partner had no experience, I felt the responsibility the more. Here I will venture to relate an incident, as I think it may be of service to some of my young friends who are looking forward to mercantile life. A few weeks after we started, and when our stock of goods was small, three young men stepped into the store, each having two large tin trunks

which he carried in his hands, aided by a large strap over the shoulders. I saw at once they were Connecticut peddlers, for I had often dealt with such when a clerk. They were attracted by some article in the window. After giving them its price, and while they set down their loads to rest and talk, I said pleasantly, "I see you are, like myself, just starting in business. Now, let me make you a proposition: there is plenty of room in our store; each of you take one of these pigeon-holes under the shelves, put your trunks there in place of carrying them around while you are picking up your goods, and just order all you buy to be sent here. We will take charge of your purchases, pack and ship them, and you can come here and examine your bills, write letters, and do as you like, whether you buy a dollar of us or not. I want to make at least a show of doing business, and it will really be an advantage to us as well as a convenience to you." They were pleased with the offer, accepted it at once, and left in search of such things as they wanted. My young partner waited till they got out, and then, with considerable excitement and wounded pride, said, "Well, are those what you call customers?" I said, "Yes, you know that tall oaks from little acorns grow. We shall see by and by what they will make." Suffice it to say, that for the six years I remained in the drygoods business, they were among my most attached customers. They were all respectable young men, not afraid of work, nor ashamed of small beginnings. They are all living. One has been president of a New England bank for more than twenty years; his brother, years after, moved to one of the large towns of Ohio, went into business, and has grown to be the man of the

place, associated with the railroads and public improvements of the State; the other, who was from a manufacturing town in Connecticut, has long been connected with the large mills of the place, a man unusually respected. These are examples of hundreds of our most successful and honored citizens, who have begun with little or nothing, but by industry, economy, and prudence, have risen to the highest positions in our city and country. If the history of our citizens of wealth were written, we should find that full three-fourths had risen from comparatively small beginnings to their present position.

I call to mind an old man from Wheeling, Virginia, who, though wealthy, still dressed as he did when a traveling peddler; he was a very large buyer, and his credit was beyond doubt; he had a number of wagons peddling all over the West, and made Wheeling his headquarters. I had secured the confidence of this man and sold him large quantities of goods, but my partner thought it rather degrading to have so rough a man about the store.

If one would be a good salesman he must be all things to all men; and here permit me to say to my young friends, that open, frank, upright dealing with customers is the way to secure their confidence and trade.

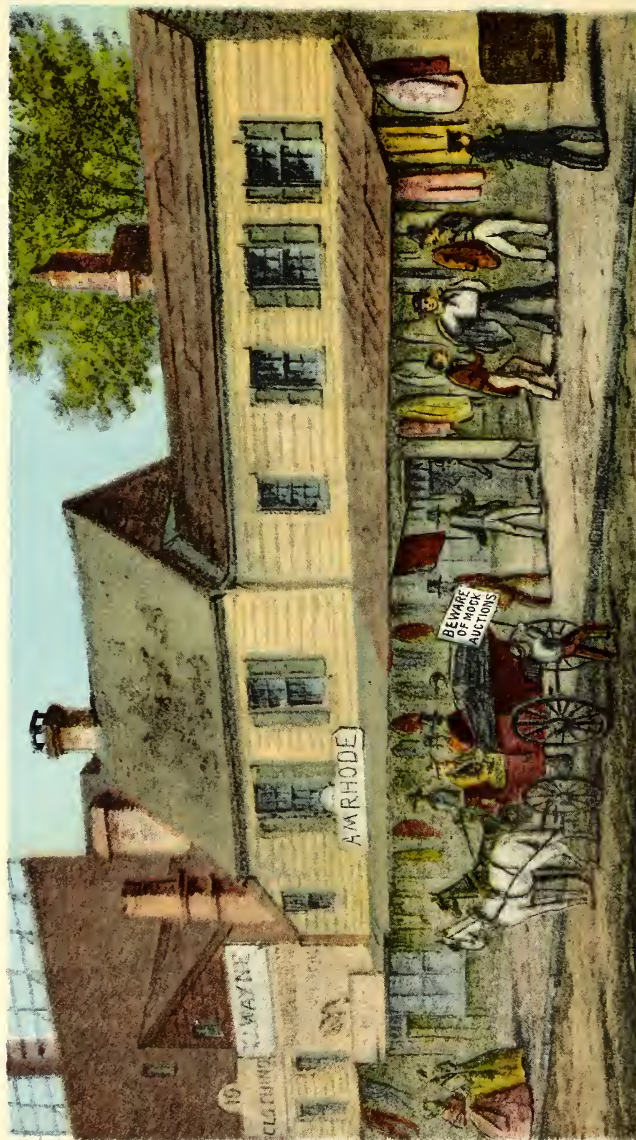
The time came when new channels of communication with the great West began to be discussed and many enterprises were started. The West had been tapped by the Erie Canal; the lakes were thus united to the Atlantic and began to pour their treasures into New York, and business of all kinds rapidly increased. As the canal-boats came in at the foot of Broad Street

and Coenties Slip, and most of the goods for the West were shipped by them, the merchants began to move from upper Pearl Street, and below Wall Street the rents advanced, and from thence to Coenties Slip the largest Western trade was conducted. About this time the lines of tow-boats were established between Albany and New York.

In nothing is the change more marked than between the currency used during my early business life and that now in circulation. General Jackson had put his foot on the United States Bank, and we had nothing but banks chartered by the different states. Many of these were owned and controlled by individuals, the system being different in almost every State. Some had careful restrictions, others hardly any. Banks were chartered with capitals as small as \$50,000, with no limit to their issues; and their great object was to get a location so far from convenient access that their circulation would not easily find its way back. Most of the country banks of respectability had agencies where they redeemed their bills at rates varying, according to location, from one-eighth to three-quarters or one per cent.; but the banks in other distant states had no regular place of redemption, and their issues were purchased by brokers at all rates, from three-quarters to five per cent. The notes of many of the banks far South and West were sold at five to ten per cent discount, and firms doing a large business had to keep one or more clerks busy in turning uncurrent bills into funds that could be here deposited. After the great depression that followed the financial troubles of 1837, many firms doing business South and West were compelled to settle with their customers



OLD HOUSES ON CHATHAM STREET (NOW PARK ROW), OPPOSITE THE PARK, 1859. THE WORLD BUILDING
NOW OCCUPIES THE SITE OF THESE SHANTIES



by taking, as money, the currency that was passing in those sections, issued by banks which had suspended specie payment and yet kept up a large circulation, which could only be converted at a very heavy discount into money current in New York. A person starting from New Orleans for New York would have to change his currency several times in order to get funds that would be taken for fares or hotel bills. The country was flooded with all kinds of bank-bills, good, bad, and indifferent, and they became a perfect nuisance. Now we have the best paper currency the country ever had; we never think of looking at bank-bills, for, as to the National banks, we know they are all secured by United States bonds. No matter if a bank fails, its notes are as good as gold.

In May, 1832, a sad event took place which changed my business life; the new store just finished by my father-in-law, Mr. Phelps, at the corner of Fulton and Cliff streets, suddenly gave way from the foundation, and the immense building fell in an instant, crushing to death seven persons—among them two bookkeepers and a confidential salesman. Thus afflicted and deprived of valued help, Mr. Phelps turned to me, and I sold out my interest to my partner and retired from the drygoods business after a successful and pleasant connection with it for fourteen years; but I have ever felt a deep interest in it as my first love. I have been in my present business forty-five years, during which time I have witnessed remarkable changes and growth in this city and the entire country. A brief reference to them will suffice for the present occasion.

In December, 1835, the great fire occurred, and those who were aiding to stay its progress can never forget

it. The night was intensely cold, the thermometer lower than for many years, the wind high, and the fire—commencing in some old buildings—spread rapidly; the water froze in the hose and the old hand-engines were almost useless; the result was the destruction of 648 buildings, including the Exchange and many banks in Wall street, and the laying prostrate of all that part of the city from Water Street, up Wall, to Broad Street, including South William, Exchange, Pearl, Water, South and Front, and property estimated at \$28,000,000. Every insurance company in the city was supposed to be ruined, except one or two uptown, and all the rest of the city was left without insurance. Business was suspended; none knew where they stood or who could be trusted; but the best of feeling prevailed, and soon the elasticity of our people began to manifest itself, and the old foundations were removed, and new blocks of buildings sprung up like magic. Before the close of 1836 nearly all was rebuilt, and the streets looked better than before the fire. However, from that date the drygoods business left Pearl Street, was driven out of the burnt district never to return, and since has been gradually working uptown, and now has no one street to mark its locality.

A stirring and brave reply was made to me by one of our old drygoods importers, Mr. James Lee, who in a single night had lost much of the hard earnings of years. As I saw him, covered with dirt, the day after the fire, trying with a gang of men to dig out his iron safe, I said, "Well, this is very hard." "Yes," said he, straightening himself up, "but, Dodge, thank God, he has left me my wife and children, and these hands can support them!" and he lived and died one of the time-

honored merchants, and is remembered by many persons present.

Strange as it may seem, 1836 was a year of vast trade and expansion. All kinds of new projects for securing hasty fortunes were introduced, and before the capital of the city had recovered from the losses of the fire, its credit was extended and speculation ran wild; everything was advancing, and the people were intoxicated with their many schemes, but in 1837 the bubble burst and the widespread ruin followed which has made that year one of the long-to-be-remembered epochs of New York.

In the spring of 1837 an event happened which was to inaugurate an entire change in the mode of ocean communication. The little steamer "Sirius" suddenly made its appearance in our harbor from Liverpool, the first which had ever crossed the Atlantic, and thousands of our citizens crowded to see her; she was soon followed by the "Great Western," Captain Mathews, which became so popular and successful. Many still doubted if steamships could be made safe or run profitably, but the almost daily arrival and sailing of the splendid steamers of this day, from and to all the ports of Europe, and the voyages along our entire coast, have long since settled the question. In my early business life, it was a very uncommon thing for persons to cross the ocean, except for business, and it was still less common for those from the other side to visit us. There are more crossing now in a week than then sailed in a year.

The past forty years have witnessed the extension of our railroads in every direction, and the vast sums of money invested in their construction have been

with few exceptions justified by the increase of values all along their lines, and the rapid growth of our great West. Our city has by these facilities become the chief center of trade, commerce, and finance. Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago are now practically nearer than Philadelphia, Albany, or Boston were when I began as a clerk in 1818. There was not a mile of railroad constructed when I commenced business in 1827; the first experiment was the twenty-three miles from Albany to Schenectady, opened in 1830. In 1840, there were 2,800 miles of railway; in 1850, 9,000; in 1860, 30,000; in 1870, 53,000; and by the close of 1880 there will be nearly 100,000 miles.

I was familiar with the difficulties connected with the early construction of the Erie road, having been in its direction for twelve years. The great effort was to secure subscriptions for three millions to the stock, in which case the State would take a second mortgage for the three millions it had advanced. The road then was finished only to Goshen, Orange County. Public meetings were held, committees of merchants went from store to store for subscriptions, for the road at that time was in the hands of the merchants, who felt that a direct connection with the lakes was absolutely necessary to secure to New York the business of the growing West. When at last it was completed to Dunkirk, by the persevering energy of Benjamin Loder and his associate merchants, the opening was celebrated by a large party of citizens and invited guests, among whom were the Vice-President of the United States, and members of the Cabinet, and many distinguished members of the Senate and House of Representatives—statesmen like Daniel Webster and

BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF COLUMBIA, ORIGINALLY KING'S COLLEGE, AT PARK PLACE AND COLLEGE PLACE, IN 1830.
FROM A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING BY A. J. DAVIS



Henry Clay. It was an event of vast interest to the city and the West. The road was completed for a sum which, compared with its present cost, seems to have been impossible.

As I now look back to my connection with Pearl Street, and think of those who then were the wholesale merchants, occupying that street from Coenties Slip almost to Chatham Street, and see that, with the exception of the names of Halsted, Haines & Co., and Jaffray & Co., all have either retired from business or passed away, it seems like a dream. I have confined my references chiefly to Pearl Street; but go back a half century and call to mind the men who then were the merchants of New York, and who gave it the influence of their high and noble example—such men as the Griswolds, Howlands, Grinnells, Aspinwalls, Sturgis, Amars, Gideon Lee, Sheppard Knapp, the Hones, Stephen Whitney, James G. King, Phoenix, and hundreds of others. These now are mostly gone from us; they occupy the narrow places of that city of the dead which had its foundation in 1838, and whose silent tenantry is now more numerous than was the whole population of New York when I commenced business.

The omnibuses were first introduced by Asa Hall for the accommodation of the residents of what was then Greenwich village. His stages ran each hour. The Broadway line of A. Brower started from the corner of Houston Street, then quite uptown. Then came the street railways, now running to all parts of this city and Brooklyn; and now we have the Elevated Road, which is destined to make greater changes than the most sanguine imagination can anticipate.

The growth of New York and Brooklyn meanwhile

has been remarkable. When I commenced as a clerk, New York had a population of less than 120,000, and Brooklyn was a mere town; now they are virtually one and contain not less than 1,700,000 souls, while the surrounding country finds homes for many thousands more who do business in the city. The wonderful changes in the value of real estate have recently been made apparent by a notice of the death of Mr. James Lenox. His large estate resulted principally from a purchase made by his father in 1818, the year I entered a store. He bought for some \$6,000 thirty acres of land where now stand the Library and Hospital, near Seventy-seventh street. The same thirty acres would now be worth ten millions.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, as I think of my early business life, I am impressed with the fact that those young men who were then known as industrious, high-minded youth, conscientious in the discharge of their duties, were those who succeeded in business on their own account; while many, who had better opportunities, failed because they would indulge in pleasures which not only impaired confidence, but wasted what might have aided them in commencing for themselves.

All young men should aim to save something each year, even at the expense of a limited wardrobe and many little things which they think necessities. If there were none but young men here, I would say that from the first year when I entered a store, with a salary of \$50, to my last year—when as a salesman I received for those days very large pay—I never failed to save a portion; and when I started in business that sum and my experience were all my capital.



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BROADWAY AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET IN 1862. THE
STAGES FROM NEW YORK TO KINGSBRIDGE AND A



WAY HOUSE, THE FAVORITE HALTING PLACE FOR THE
Y. FROM AN OLD PRINT; REDRAWN BY E. J. KING

EARLY DAYS OF THE TELEPHONE

We are indebted to Mr. James D. Ellsworth, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for the following brief history of that wonderful epoch-making invention, the telephone.

In 1879 there were only 17 residence telephones in New York and 5 in Brooklyn. The names of the owners were:

Barney, A. H.	-----101 E. 38th Street.
Barricklo, A.	----- 52 Sedgwick St., Bklyn.
Borden, Wm.	-----411 W. 23rd Street.
Bonicault, D.	----- 6 E. 15th Street.
Brown, Robert	-----280 Carlton Ave., Bklyn.
Buss, Geo.	----- 54 W. 39th Street.
Byrne, C. A.	-----829 Seventh Ave.
Cheseborough, R. A.	--- 17 E. 45th Street.
Dean, John H.	----- 53 W. 54th Street.
Dickenson, E. N.	----- 64 E. 34th Street.
Duryea, Miss A. A.	-----188 Washington St., Bklyn.
Duryea, S. B.	----- 46 Remsen St., Bklyn.
Earle, F. P.	----- 48 E. 53rd Street.
Elkins, S. B.	----- 46 W. 58th Street.
Gorden, A. D.	-----210 E. 41st Street.
Hallgarten, Mrs.	----- 5 W. 49th Street.
Hart, J.	----- 71 Lexington Avenue.
Hays, A. N.	-----144 W. 47th Street.
How, R. W.	-----134 Columbia Heights, Bklyn.
Parke, T. W.	-----Buckingham Hotel.
Post, L. W.	-----247 W. 25th Street.
Sargent, H. J.	-----665 Bway (Tremont House).

The company was known as Bell Telephone Company of New York, Theodore Vail, President; Henry W. Pope, General Superintendent; George L. Wylie,

Asst. General Superintendent. The executive offices of the company were at 923 Broadway, cor. 21st Street. The company afterwards was absorbed by the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company.

1877.—New York's first telephone company was organized. Hilborne L. Roosevelt was President and Charles A. Cheever General Manager.

Boys operated the first switchboards. They were succeeded by girls in the eighties.

1877.—The first telephone subscriber in New York City was Mr. J. H. Haigh, 81 John Street.

His line, five miles in length, was laid across the then half-finished Brooklyn Bridge to his steel plant in South Brooklyn. Mr. Haigh had the distinction of being the first paid line in New York City.

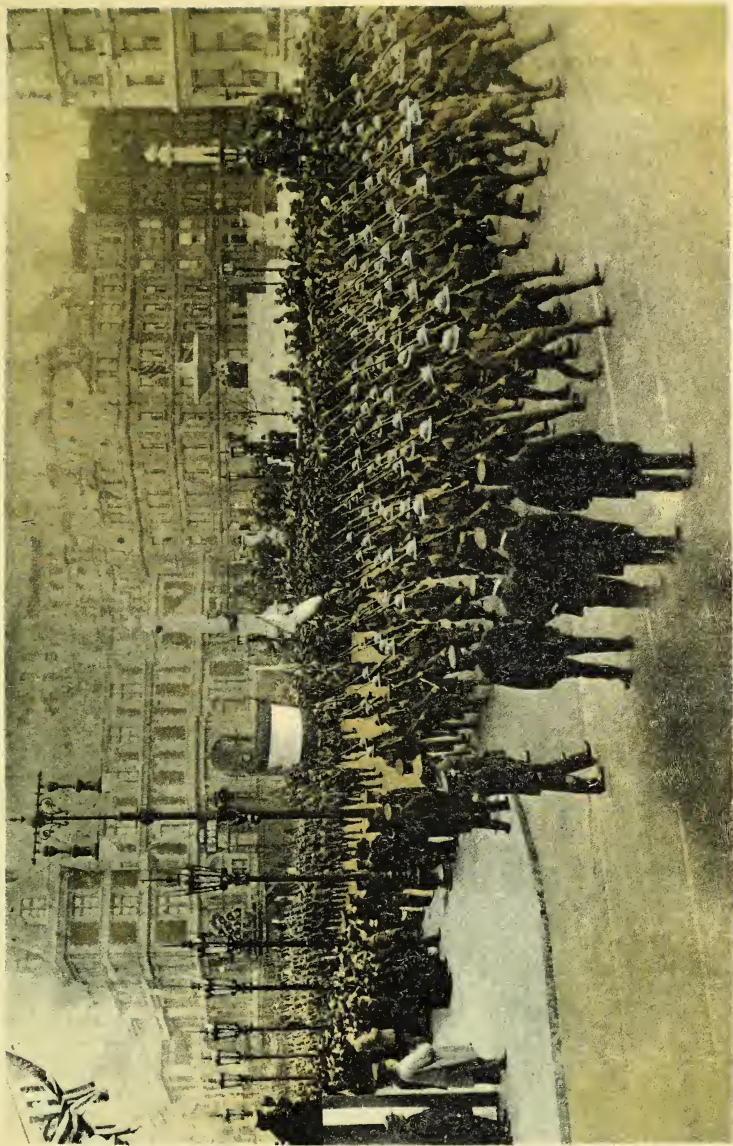
1877.—Four other telephones were in working order:

1. From Cheever's Office to the Champion Burglar Alarm Co., 704 Broadway.
2. From Cheever's Office to the Law Telegraph Office, 140 Fulton Street.
3. From Cheever's Office to the shop of S. J. Burrell on Broad Street, maker of telegraph supplies.
4. From Cheever's Office to the office of Dickerson and Beaman, Lawyers, "Staats Zeitung" Building.

1878.—The first New York City Telephone Directory was published. It contained 252 names. It was nothing more than a piece of cardboard that would fit in a vest pocket. There were only 17 resident 'phones in Manhattan and five in Brooklyn.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN MOTT STREET





RETURN OF THE SAME REGIMENT FROM THE GREAT WAR—IN PARADE
AT THE PLAZA, APRIL 29, 1919

OF OLD NEW YORK

The first switchboard was at 198 Broadway, twelfth floor.

The method of calling was by tapping the diaphragm with a pencil.

1885.—The first pay station booth was opened; it was made by Thomas B. Doolittle in Fulton Exchange.

1887.—Brooklyn Central Office was at 397 Fulton Street. The company was known at this time as the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, and there were five central offices in Brooklyn, as follows: Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Greenpoint, Bedford and East New York (Agency operated).

The longest line in 1884 was New York to Boston, 235 miles.

The longest line in 1895 was New York to Chicago, 900 miles.

The longest line in 1911 was New York to Denver, 2,100 miles.

The longest line in 1915 was New York to San Francisco, 3,400 miles.

JOHN BIGELOW, GENTLEMAN

Mrs. J. F. A. Clarke

At Highland Falls, a mile or two below West Point, the traveller along the Hudson may see the charming old house of that distinguished American statesman, the late Hon. John Bigelow, set high on the cliffs above the river amidst the foliage and blossom of its beautiful old-fashioned gardens. It is a low white house of Colonial style, with green shutters and ample porches, sweet in Spring and Summer with wisteria and honeysuckle vines. The white, cool rooms furnished with old mahogany and chintz and many rare engravings and books have a charm which is equaled by the garden and orchard outside where prim rows of daffodils and tulips bloom beneath the peach and apple blossoms, giving way later to the rose and stock and heliotrope of the old-fashioned garden.

The wonderful spirit that was the life of the place is gone, and yet the old house still evokes undying memories of a beautiful life, a noble mind and distinguished achievements such as few Americans have surpassed and seldom equaled. The world everywhere knows of John Bigelow as statesman, diplomatist, scholar, thinker, writer and publicist; and his distinguished public career, notably as American Ambassador to France under Lincoln, when during the Civil War he discovered and frustrated the plot of the French Government to supply ships to the Confederate Navy; and also his many useful achievements

in other public offices. But what the world at large cannot know is that the beauty of his private life and character was more notable and valuable to the community in which he lived and to his family and host of friends than any public work performed by him. His extraordinary charm of manner was well known in society and public life, but only his intimates knew that he carried this same chivalry and kindness into his private life. His family, his servants, every one who came into close contact with him found that same kindly courtesy, and gentleness of manner, and an unfailing sympathy and geniality which made everyone love him. This gift of making himself loved was perhaps the foremost characteristic of John Bigelow's life, and the secret of it was that his charm and his exquisite manners sprang from the heart and were the result of his beneficent attitude to his fellow-men. He was a perfect exponent of the motto "*noblesse oblige*" in that he combined the highest breeding and aristocracy with a truly democratic consideration for everyone alike, high or low, great or humble. He once said to the writer: "A gentleman has but one manner of speaking to a king or a peasant, that of courtesy. A man cannot be more than polite and he owes politeness to everyone." He had a kindly tolerance for the faults and weaknesses of others and, while severe with himself, he was slow to judge others and full of understanding for all human problems. He never condemned others on hearsay or allowed himself to be prejudiced against any one in advance. He would meet them and judge for himself, and his attitude of friendliness toward all who sought him out was apt

to make charming people expand into their best moods, and even the most crusty and unprepossessing appeared at their best and melted at once at his kindly smiles and friendly voice and words. Of a noble and singularly upright mind himself, he instinctively looked for good in others, and it was extraordinary how often he found it, and how seldom people showed the baser side of their nature to him. He created an atmosphere of active, positive good about him wherever he went. A well-known business man who used to go often to visit John Bigelow and talk with him in his charming old home on Gramercy Park, used to say: "When I am in the presence of Mr. Bigelow, I feel that there is nothing but goodness in the world;" and indeed his marvelous personality wove a spell of peace and tranquility over all those who were with him and gave them a sense of happiness for the time being. Many great and distinguished men sought his company, for he was a man of rare wisdom, a brilliant scholar and conversationalist, and of wide experience. Sooner or later everyone of importance in the world of diplomacy, statecraft, law, finance, philosophy and the arts, as well as in society, found their way to the house in Gramercy Park or to the charming old country place "The Squirrels" at Highland Falls. On a single afternoon in Mr. Bigelow's drawing room one used to encounter such different personalities as the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the Hon. Joseph Choate, and Cardinal Farley, as well as some distinguished writer of the day and the latest visiting celebrity from Europe. Lovely and charming women and young girls always abounded at Mr. Bigelow's receptions



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THE PALISADES AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT 1825. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE HUDSON RIVER PORTFOLIO, A REMARKABLE SERIES OF FINE AQUATINTS IN COLOR, PAINTED BY HILL AND ENGRAVED BY WALL.
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE A. ZABRISKIE

and soirees, which he and his eldest daughter, Miss Grace Bigelow, frequently gave at the town house. He was always a chivalrous and ardent admirer of the fair sex and had respect for the intellect and judgment of women and belief in their goodness. He was one of the earliest advocates of woman suffrage in America when that cause was still most unpopular. His attitude towards women endeared him to them, and in his extreme old age it was beautiful to see the attention and devotion shown him by the ladies he had known when they were tiny girls, and who now brought their young daughters to be presented to him on his days at home. Mr. Bigelow, however, was equally charming and complimentary to the feminine members of his own family circle: "My dear, how charming you look," he would say to a daughter or granddaughter. "What a becoming hat, what a pretty gown. I shall feel very proud to be seen driving with such a sweet young lady." Again he would encourage and enjoy any talents displayed by his family, often saving little poems and drawings and letters sent him by his grandchildren for years and years and interesting himself without stint in their efforts and achievements. In the days when his wife was yet alive, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow conducted the most distinguished salon in New York—perhaps the last of those gatherings of society interspersed with artistic, musical and literary celebrities, which were so charming a feature of a bygone era. These salons were replaced in Mr. Bigelow's later life by the remarkable and delightful annual receptions which he gave each winter on his birthday and continued till the year of his death. On that day he kept open house

and all were welcome. Here the most fashionable and distinguished people mingled with some of the most simple and humble folks who passed through the reception rooms to say many happy returns to the Grand Old Man of America, as he was so often called. He would stand for two hours or more, tall and erect, with his white hair and a radiant smile on his handsome and noble face, giving to each one who passed a warm handclasp and the appropriate welcoming words that gladden the heart of a guest. A very distinguished man once said to the writer on one of these occasions, "There stands John Bigelow, the first gentleman of America. He is the essence of distinction;" and indeed his perfect manners were a form of greatness in themselves. The writer remembers Mr. Bigelow at Highland Falls one hot summer day just before his ninetieth birthday when in spite of his great age he was still vigorous in mind, though somewhat weary in body. An elderly man dressed in dusty black was seen walking towards the house, up the driveway, evidently a simple man of the people. We urged Mr. Bigelow to go indoors and avoid his visitor as he was tired after the long hot day, but he refused to do so, saying, "If he has taken the trouble to come and see me, I can take the trouble to see him," and he advanced to meet the unknown guest, removing his hat and holding out his hand, which was grasped by the somewhat grimy one of the delighted stranger, who remarked, "Well, Mr. Bigelow, I heard a lot about you and I thought I would come and see you for myself. I've come all the way from B—— and I'm glad to find you home." I can see Mr. Bigelow now with his winning smile, leading his guest

into the house and sending for refreshments and I remember that he talked for several hours and listened to the political opinions and hopes and fears and life history of his visitor, who departed happily at twilight. Mr. Bigelow always had time for those who sought him and was generous to a fault, forgiving and warm-hearted. His friends were countless in all countries and all classes and those who knew him best loved him most.

He was an intensely spiritual man, almost a mystic in his exalted religious life and belief, although he never thrust his convictions before others, nor preached nor offered advice unless it were asked for. He was unusually tolerant and sympathetic towards the convictions of others. For this very reason many came to him for advice and council and spiritual guidance. Many a man of great affairs has found rest and spiritual refreshment in that quiet library beside the wise and big-hearted man who sat there among his books and was ready to give of the peace and light in his own soul to those who needed it. Many found inspiration from him and were better because he lived among them. He stood for health of body as well as health of soul, and the almost austere habits of life he practised himself helped to maintain to keep him strong during a vigorous old age. But here again he did not insist on the same regime for his family. He had not even a grain of the tyrant in his nature; love and tenderness were uppermost in his nature, mingled with courage and vigor. He wished to persuade and lead others, not to dominate or force; there lay his power. As founder and president of the Century Club he displayed his powers of leadership and the compel-

ling charm of high breeding and remarkable and winning personality. His fellow-members called him "The First Gentleman of America"—New York called him her "First Citizen." America knew him as one of her most ardently patriotic sons. To society he was the very cream of aristocracy—to the people he was ideally democratic in his work and care for the public good. When he died at the age of ninety-four, Hamilton Wright Mabie wrote for the "Outlook" the wonderful editorial headed simply, "John Bigelow: Gentleman"; but for those who knew him, he is simply John Bigelow, the beloved friend, the tender father whose memory is kept alive in human hearts, whose traditions will live for a long time to come because he was so greatly loved.

City Hall Park, 1849

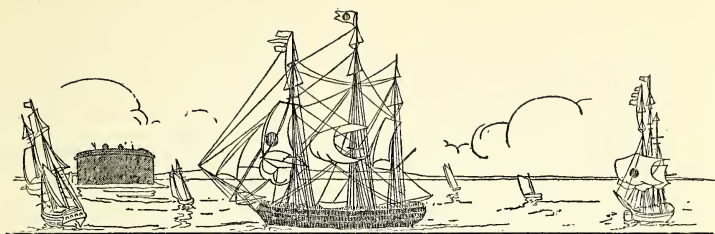
The park is pretty, but too small for such a city as New York. It has a beautiful fountain and is splendidly illuminated at night with thousands of lamps. There are numerous superior shops in Broadway, but the most preëminently magnificent is "Stewart's." It is one of the finest structures I ever saw, its front being composed entirely of white marble. Mr. Stewart is going to add immensely to this splendid store, and it will occupy almost as much space as the Pallazzo Doria at Rome. Crowds of carriages, private and public, are to be seen in Broadway, passing and repassing every moment, filled with ladies beautifully dressed in the most elaborate Parisian toilets.

Lady Emmeline Wortley.



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HARLEM LANE, AT 110TH STREET, IN 1865. THIS IS NOW
ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE



OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK, 1830

The literary history of our city presents few examples of a book that can compare in human interest with Walter Barrett's "Old Merchants of New York." In 1863 Mr. Barrett contributed several articles on this subject to the columns of the "New York Leader," going back to the old merchants of the 1830s, and these articles so stirred the interest of the public that he decided to put them into book form. Of course he enlarged and amplified the subject, so that we have a very complete and certainly a most informative account of these old traders and founders of our commercial greatness. What gives those narratives such an intense interest is that we are shown the many sidedness of these old merchants, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic, sometimes downright selfish, but always true to human nature, and the story is told in such a bright and breezy fashion as to make the book more than usually interesting. We have selected parts here and there and hope that these excerpts will give our readers a good idea of the mercantile life of New York in the 30s. *Editor.*

The Rise of Homer Ramsdell

THOSE who meet "Old Man Tardy" in these later years of his decadence little dream what a gay, gallant, popular man and merchant he was in his palmy days. Oh, how sadly that changeful damsel Miss Fortune used Tardy! He married a beautiful girl. She was Miss Eustaphieve, daughter of the Russian consul, and a great belle. She died long ago. The part-

ner of Mr. Tardy was a fine French boy. His mother, a widow, supported herself and him for many years by working at millinery at the shop of Miss Miller, No. 128 William Street, where ex-mayor Tieman's paint store now (1863) stands. That same Kate Miller was great in her way. She made men of all her young brothers. One, Andrew Miller, was and is the largest leather dealer in the Swamp. Her forewoman was a Mrs. Ives. She had one son, who clerked it in old John Greacen's cloth store, until he got ahead and married the daughter of Ralph Olmstead, a rich drygoods merchant. George R. Ives had a friend. He was a little brainless counter-jumper at a small drygoods store, and used to get his sixpenny dinners at Seely Brown's eating-house, No. 51 Nassau Street (Brown keeps it yet, and has for thirty-one years), and had a cot bed in a room at No. 60 Dey Street for \$2.00 a week, including breakfast and tea. This friend of George Ives was named Homer Ramsdell. He lacked everything but the impudence of Satan. He was pious in order to prosper; taught in the Sunday school of the Rev. Dr. Potts in order to have a good shy at girls of fortune. This Ramsdell combed his hair beautifully. He dressed to kill, but a man would have been deemed the veriest maniac outside of a lunatic asylum had he whispered that the nice young man in the drygoods store in Maiden Lane—so harmless, so pleasant and kitten-like in his way of acting, so soft did he speak, and say, "Miss, what shall I show you today?"—that that half simpleton would be at the head of a mighty corporation and wield property worth tens of millions! Merchants, listen! Bankers of Wall Street, hearken! This poor devil in intellect, in experience—who could just

count two and two makes four, could fix a silly girl—he was good looking, he was pious, and he cast his eyes around to make a match for money. He found a partner in Miss Powell of Newburgh, a daughter of that rich Thomas Powell who placed the son-in-law, Homer Ramsdell, ex-drygoods clerk, as President of the Erie railroad and its vast interests! Great heavens! is it a wonder that under such a trifling chap that superb road should have gone to ruin, and carried with it thousands and tens of thousands of innocent people? No. Now, brokers, why was it done? Because a little chit of a girl fell in love with a brainless counter-jumper, and then persuaded her father to impose the son-in-law upon the directors of a mighty corporation. Nobody knew this Homer Ramsdell but a few fellow drygoods clerks and members of Potts' church, until Powell made him president of the Erie road; and the silly president set road and stockbrokers on the road to general ruin.

There were about ten of the young counter-jumpers that formed a society to marry rich girls. They swore to protect and aid each other. They all succeeded. Ramsdell was one, Ives was another, and the rest I will not now mention. One of the set, named ———, made a dead set at the only daughter of Frank Olmstead, who was rich (owned then the American Museum buildings, and daughter does now). It was not to be. Miss Olmstead was destined for a higher class man. She mitted Mr. ———, and married Henry W. Sargent, of the firm of Gracie & Sargent, the agents of Welles & Co., bankers in Paris. The society of young clerks boarded generally at twenty-shilling boarding houses, curled each other's hair on Saturday

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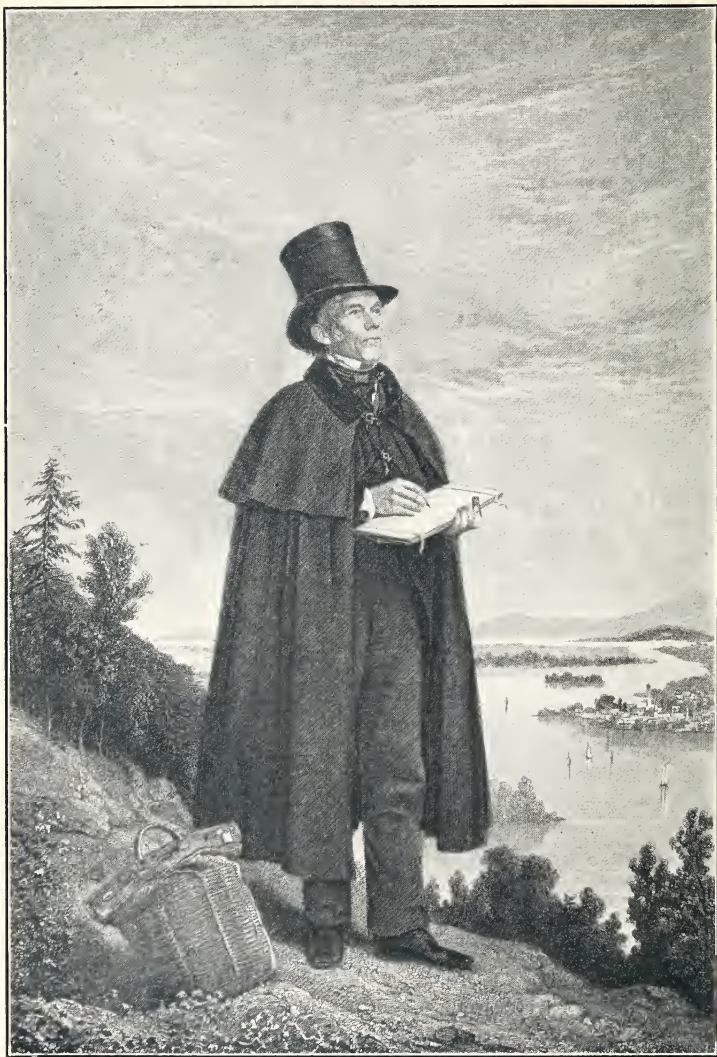
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night, went to Sunday school as teachers, and became members of the Presbyterian church that had the richest members and prettiest daughters. Their piety game was the card that won in every instance.

An Incident of the Great Fire of 1835

Rogers & Co. had their counting room at 42 Exchange Place, directly opposite the Garden Street church of Dr. Mathews, and all were burned out together in the great fire of 1835. At the time that fire occurred there were few notes to be paid. Money was easy. It was in December. Business had been for years magnificent. Everybody engaged in commerce was making a fortune. Insurance stocks were deemed as good as gold. But that fiery night taught merchants a fearful lesson. At least thirty millions of property went off in smoke and ashes in a few hours. It was a bitter cold night. The counting house of Rogers & Co. had not been closed that night, when the alarm was given. The chief clerk was writing in the cash book. When the alarm sounded he went to the vault and deposited the books. In that vault was what is called a "portfolio." It contained nearly one million dollars, or what represented that sum. There were bills of exchange, notes or bills receivable of merchants for a vast sum. In another pigeon hole in the vault were policies of insurance for a quarter of a million, for at that time Rogers & Co. had large quantities of foreign merchandise stored in different warehouses.

The clerk smiled, for he thought how little a fire could injure Rogers & Co. in a pecuniary point of view. The bells were ringing, and the clerk stepped out into the keen cold to see where the fire was. It had then



A VERY INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF JOHN W. BARBER, AUTHOR OF THE WELL-KNOWN HISTORIES OF NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT, ETC. REPRESENTED IN THE ACT OF MAKING SKETCHES TO ILLUSTRATE HIS WORKS. SEE VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM STATEN ISLAND FROM HIS ORIGINAL DRAWING

reached the west end of Exchange Street, a little crooked corner that elbowed around into Pearl Street. He watched the fire as it burned fiercer and fiercer. It spread so rapidly, that he began to think the Merchants' Exchange (then deemed fireproof) might catch. Bells ceased to ring, and were rung no more that night. Bell ringers were paralyzed—firemen were aghast—the water froze. About midnight, when the fire was most grand, there was comparative stillness, except its roar. It was an awful silence. The clerk determined to go uptown and find Mr. Sagory. As he passed along the silent streets he was surprised at the apparent indifference of people uptown to the burning city. The fact was that few people in the upper wards had the least idea that there was a fire downtown. The clerk did not find his employer, and hurried back just in time to enter the store of Rogers & Co. and secure the portfolio with its valuable contents. Then came the fiery deluge down Exchange Street, sweeping stores, churches and dwellings like chaff. It was near Broad Street. The church of Dr. Mathews, though surrounded by a graveyard, caught in twenty places, and was a mass of ruins inside of thirty minutes. Then more stores, and the sea of fire would move on, all ready to cross Broad Street, and then—God have mercy on the devoted city!—the fire would have swept up to Broadway and down to the North River. A building in Exchange Street, near Broad, and opposite to the Reformed church, was blown up, and the fire was stayed. Had it not been stopped, it would have in less than ten minutes more reached the stores of Stebbins, Brouwer & Co., 41 Broad Street. In these cellars were nearly 1,000 pipes and half-pipes of brandy

belonging to Charles Squires. That brandy would have scattered the fire, or sent it across Broad Street.

It was a horrid sight next morning to witness the arrival of old merchants downtown at about their usual hour. Their faces were pictures of consternation. But little did these merchants, when they witnessed their warehouses a pile of ruins, dream of the extent of the damage. As prudent merchants generally act, so had they. "I am fully insured," were words of each. Insured! Bah! Every fire insurance company was broken ten times over, and their capitals could not pay ten cents on the dollar. Mr. Sagory came downtown among others. He had not heard of the fire until he reached Wall Street, and soon after he found himself in front of the ruins where the store of Rogers & Co. had stood, when he had left it the night previous. The books of the house had been saved, and, what was of more consequence than all, that "portfolio" with its great value. He, too, relied upon fire insurance policies to make good his losses, and like hundreds of other merchants was doomed to grievous disappointment.

It was some days before merchants realized the extent of the fire calamity in 1835. It was not felt at once, nor for some months, but finally it came, and such a panic as followed, such failures, were never known before nor since. But bravely and manfully that house of Rogers & Co. stood up, engineered as it was by Mr. Sagory. Drafts for tobacco poured in from the South. They were accepted and paid at maturity. By and by the news came that the London tobacco house of Warwick & Claggett had failed, and, if so, Rogers & Co. had reason to expect at least half a million of dollars of bills to be returned, and on which

they would have to pay 10 per cent. damage. But, no; this did not happen. Mr. Rogers himself crossed from France to London and paid the drafts of his New York house as they became due. All this while Rogers & Co. had to sustain not only their own Southern house, but their Philadelphia connections.

The Aristocracy of Old New York

There is an old aristocracy in this city, which is not generally understood. There is no strata of society so difficult to approach or reach. This class makes no noise, no fuss, nor is at all pretentious. If one has qualities and attributes that will place him at the fire-sides of the old set, he will there find all solid and substantial, but no gingerbread or mushroom work. The sideboard is deep shaded, because it is old solid mahogany. On it are real cut glasses, decanters, and solid silver salvers. The wines are old and pure. There are apples, cakes, cider and hickory nuts. The habits of the olden time are kept up. The young man in this set courts the fair girl of the same level, as in the olden time. Origin causes no mark of distinction in this old society. It comprises all countries—old Knickerbocker families or those descended from the original Netherlands settlers; from the old English families, who took part in the Revolution as Whigs; those who rose to distinction and political power under the American constitution or during the war, as generals, or before and during the war as signers of the Declaration of Independence; members of the Continental Congress, or framers of the Constitution.

Among the Dutch names that claim rights among the old clique are found the Van Rensselaers, Le Roys,

Schuylers, Stuyvesants, Beeckmans, Bleeckers, Strykers, Anthonys, Van Waggenens, Van Vleicks, Creigiers, Van Horns, Laurenses, Wyckoffs, Van Cliffs, Gouverneurs, Stenwycks, Janceys, De Peysters, Nevins, Ruyters, Van Wycks, Hoffmans, Van Cortlandts, Provosts, Kipps, Verplancks, De Kays, Dyckmans, Vermilyeas, Bensons, Van Schaicks, De Forrests, Van Zandts, Brevoorts, Marvins, Vances, etc.

The English descendants and Puritan stock are mixed up with the old Dutch breed in forming the highest class of society, though not the most showy. Originally the set went to New England, and came straggling into New York City in the course of years. They pioneered in the excitement that led to the American Revolution, and took an active part in the seven years' war. There were such names as Kent, Jay, Alsop, Lawrence, Laight, Hicks, Phoenix, Post, Perit, Thurston, Jones, Wetmore, Hays, Woodward, Bard, Walton, Fleming, Delancy, Cruger, Marshall, Gibbs, Deming, Clarkson, Newbold, Fuller, Scott, Beach, Aspinwall, Curtiss, Waddington, Brooks, Gracie, Savage, Barclay, Goodhue, Grinnell, Ogden, Howland, Davis, Macy, Morton, Ray Whitlock, Ward, King, Sands and others.

Another class of the old set are descendants of Huguenots who came here prior to the revolution—Lorrillard, Seguine, Masier, Delaplaine, Latourette, Law, De la Montagne, Jumel, Depau, De Rham, Pintard, Delevan and Purdy.

It was from these names the managers of the "Bachelor Balls," were taken in 1830. Then the City Hotel, located on the block in Broadway above Trinity

UNION SQUARE IN 1849. THE EARLIEST VIEW OBTAINABLE, BEFORE THE WELL-KNOWN EVERETT HOUSE WAS BUILT.
SHOWING THE FINE RESIDENCES OF DANIEL DREW, OGDEN GOELET, THE SPINGLER INSTITUTE, ETC.





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A VIEW OF THE PRESENT DAY; SHOWING THE REMARKABLE CHANGES TO THE NORTHWARD, ALL OF WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE WITHIN A FEW RECENT YEARS. THE WARSHIP RECRUIT, IN THE FOREGROUND WAS A SPECIAL FEATURE DURING THE GREAT WAR

Yard, was the only headquarters of the pure, genuine aristocracy of which we speak.

Old Grocery Houses

The great grocers and heavy wholesale tea purchasers resided mainly in Front Street. Among them all I do not know of more than three houses, or any members of grocery houses, who are still in business.

The largest grocers thirty years ago (1833) in Front Street or in the city were Reed & Sturgis, and Lee, Dater & Miller. The first firm changed to Reed, Hemstead & Sturgis, and is today Sturgis, Bennet & Co.

Luman Reed was a game old grocer; he built a palace (for his day) in Greenwich Street, No. 13, close to the Atlantic Garden. The large pavement stones in front of his door were the wonder of his age. His first house was filled with paintings, and he never dreamed that the lower part of Greenwich Street would be desecrated by Dutch emigrant houses and rum shops!

Of the great grocers, Lee, Dater & Miller, that kept in a (then) mammoth store in Front Street, between Maiden Lane and Burling Slip, on the corner of Fletcher Street, only one, Philip Dater, is alive or in business. Next door to Lee, Dater & Miller was the firm of Jackson & McJimsey. They failed. Jackson lived in Liberty Street, and had a large family of daughters. One of them married George W. Tyson. Another daughter married Henry H. Leeds, formerly of the house of Amory Leeds & Co., but now Henry H. Leeds & Co., the auctioneers of note on Nassau Street.

To return to grocers. Harper & Sons are still left, and doing as large a business now as in 1838.

The three partners are the only ones in business now that were doing business in Front Street thirty years ago when that street was lined with such firms as Pomeroy & Bull, Wisner & Gale, S. Whitney, Smith Mills & Co., Isaac Van Cleff, A. V. Winans and others.

The Leggett family is very old. Samuel was the son of the late Thomas Leggett of West Farms, Westchester County, who among our most ancient merchants left an honored name.

During the Revolution, or about 1780, Thomas Leggett commenced business in a dry grocery (he did not sell rum) at the corner of Peck Slip and Pearl Street. There he was successful in a small way. At that time there was a market in Peck Slip. The Bank of New York was six doors above Thomas Leggett's store on the same side. That was the old location (the bank was afterwards built on the corner of William and Wall). It has been since rebuilt.

Mrs. Phillip Hone, formerly Miss Dunscombe, was born and married in the next house to No. 307 Pearl (Queen). Mr. Leggett moved into his house, No. 307 in 1782, where he conducted a successful drygoods business, and lived until he retired. The firm was at first Thomas Leggett. Then he took into the firm in 1793 his brother Joseph, who left in 1803. Then, in 1803, Joseph retired. He took in his son Samuel, and the firm was Thomas Leggett & Son. He had several sons—Samuel, William H., Joseph, and Thomas, Jr. In 1807, the elder Leggett retired from business, and the firm was changed to Leggett, Fox & Co., consisting of Samuel, a brother, and his own brother William. In 1832 or 1833 the concern gave up business and

closed up, although doing a large and prosperous business, continued for over forty years. The partners retired well off.

Beginning of Water Supply

Samuel Leggett was the first in this city who attempted to furnish the city with water from the neighboring river. He proposed the Bronx. From some cause unknown, the plan failed. The money subscribed for this object was returned to the subscribers. The idea thus suggested was not lost, however. It culminated in other hands, and the Croton was substituted for the Bronx.

Samuel Leggett was a man of enlarged ideas. He possessed great energy and determination, but combined with the most mild and amiable disposition, which sometimes led him into difficulty, as in the case of the unfortunate Franklin Bank. To save the reputation of others, with whose evil doings circumstances had made him acquainted, he permitted scandal to go unrebuked, thinking that time and the full acquittance from every charge of wrong by Chancellor Kent (who gave the entire matter an official examination) would be a sufficient vindication.

In 1831, the Chancellor wrote the following letter :

New York, March 4, 1831.

Dear Sir: I thank you for your pamphlet in vindication of your character and conduct as late President of the Franklin Bank. I was acquainted with the principal facts from the perusal of your journal in the summer of 1828, and your efforts to redeem its credit and promote its stability in a strong and interesting point of view.

I was never able to discover from my investigation any ground for the suspicion and calumny against you, in your conduct as President or Director of the institution and I re-

joice that you have been able so completely to vindicate your character, and soothe the lacerated feelings of your family and friends. With my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am, your friend and obedient servant,

JAMES KENT,

Receiver for Franklin Bank.

Beginning of Gas Supply

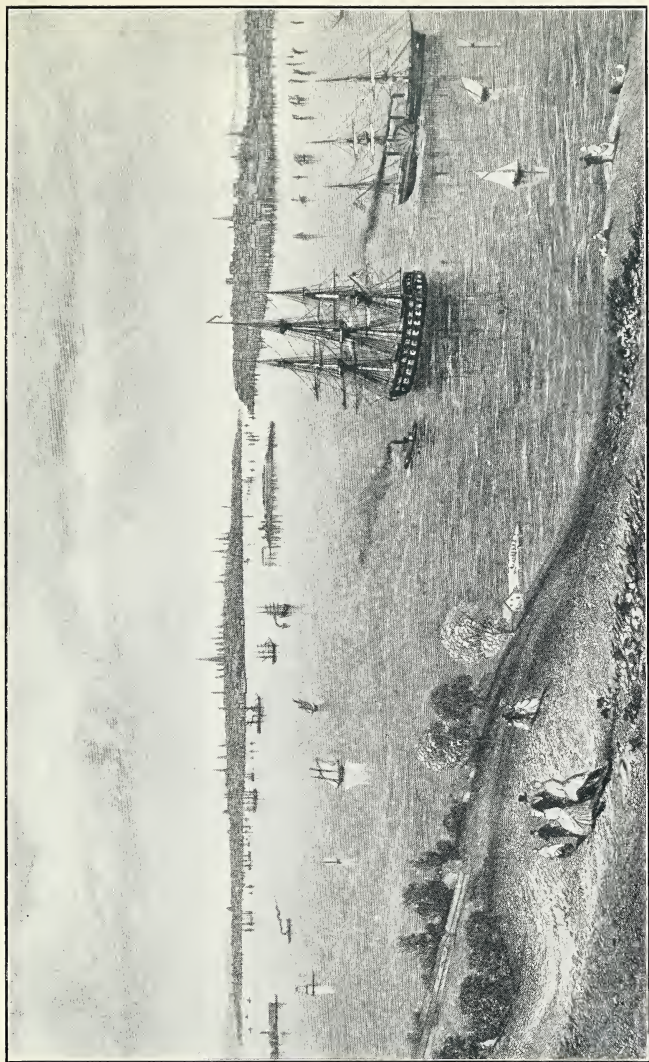
That same Samuel Leggett was the first originator of a gas company in this city in 1822. He was the first President of the New York Gas Light Company. His brother-in-law, W. W. Fox, succeeded him, and has continued president to this day. He is a man over 70 years of age. This company went into operation on the 26th of March, 1823. Its charter is unlimited. The original capital was \$1,000,000.

Samuel Leggett was one of the best men of his time. Like other benevolent men of every age he was persecuted for not exposing the defects of the false and pretentious with whom he had become acquainted. Mr. Leggett had two sons; one of them is Secretary of the Brooklyn Insurance Company. A daughter married Barney Corse.

There are other descendants of the old Gabriel Leggett, the grandfather of Thomas.

Old Merchants of the Swamp

Poor Charles Leupp, who died suddenly not long ago, belonged to the hide and leather merchants, whose sphere of action is called "The Swamp." Alluding upon one occasion to the great men from that locality—such as Jacob Lorillard, Abraham Bloodgood, Israel Corse, David Bryson, Gideon Lee, Peter McCartee, William Kumbel, Abraham Polhemus, Richard Cunningham,



NEW YORK HARBOR AS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF STATEN ISLAND. FROM A DRAWING MADE FOR BARBER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK. SEE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR MAKING THE SKETCH

Hugh McCormick, Shepherd Knapp, Thomas Everett, Jonathan Thorne, the Brookses, James, George and Thomas, Peter Bonnett, Henry Orttery, Daniel Tooker, and other lights—the lamented Charles (who was also a great leather merchant, and had been at one time a partner and son-in-law, of Gideon Lee and Shepherd Knapp) said:

“The Roman mother, Cornelia, when asked to display her jewels, pointed to her sons. So can we, to these (leather and hide) fathers, and claim them as ours. Let us cherish their example, and emulate their noble qualities, so that hereafter our successors may, in like manner, be not ashamed of any of us, but exclaim:

“He, too, was a Swamper!”

That Swamp is a wonderful place. I can remember it well, when it was all a lot of tan vats. I have seen some of those great names above alluded to. They were great in their day and generation. But long before their time tanneries existed in the “Swamp.”

A couple of hundred years ago, when people talked Dutch in the small town, they called that part of the town “Greppel Bosch,” which means in English a “swamp or marsh covered with wood.” The trees were cut down long ago, but the name “Swamp” is retained to this day.

The land adjoining the Swamp, extending to Pearl and Rose, including what is now called Vandewater Street, belonged in 1683 to Balthazar Bayard. A part of it afterwards in 1783—a hundred years later—was sold to the widow of Hendrick Vandewater, after whom that street was named.

I cannot tell how early the tan-yards were commenced there, but in 1744, Van Hook, Anthony & Stevens, and Becine & Rips, all had tan-yards in the “Swamp.”

Jacob Street and Skinner Street existed at the time, and the other boundaries of the "Swamp" were Gold, Frankfort, Ferry, and Queen (Pearl). Frankfort only came to Skinner Street (one part changed to Cliff and the other part to Hague Street). Flack Street ran from Skinner to Queen (now Pearl). Flack is now changed to Frankfort Street.

Jacob Street was named after Gov. Jacob Leisler, whose farm or estate adjoined the "Swamp," and extended as far as Chatham Street, half way from Frankfort to Pearl, on that line. It was confiscated in 1691, upon conviction of his attainder, and afterwards restored to him by the act of parliament, reversing his attainder. Poor Jacob was hung and buried in his own garden. The grave was about fifty feet from Chatham, near the spot where French's Hotel now stands. No houses stood nearer than Beekman Street to the spot as late as 1732. About that time his body was dug up and removed to the Dutch Reformed church burying ground in Garden (Exchange Street), where Dr. Mathews, who still lives, preached so many years (1863).

These streets were all in the "Montgomerie Ward" in 1744.

Within the recollection of many of our readers, the space bounded by Jacob, Gold, Ferry and Frankfort streets was nothing but tan-yards or vats. There were no houses. The houses on the opposite sides to the vat square were small buildings. There was not a three-story house in that vicinity. How changed now!

Among other great men of the Swamp, was Jacob Lorillard, tanner, currier and hide dealer. He died

about twenty-two years ago, a man about sixty-eight or seventy years old. He had brothers who were in the tobacco business in Chatham Street, and their sons are still so. I believe there were three brothers in the tobacco business—George, Peter, and another whose name I forget. I have a faint recollection that Peter was wounded in Chatham Street, near the Hall of Records. The old debtor's jail stood there, and one night the prisoners tried to make their escape. Peter Lorillard came over from the tobacco store to assist in securing them, and was shot.

Mineral Spring in the Swamp

The Swamp was once the scene of a great deal of fun, in consequence of the discovery of a well in Jacob Street that contained "mineral water." I think it was in 1826 or thereabouts. The citizens all ran wild. Saratoga was forgotten. A mineral spring was found in Jacob Street! "Sixpence" a drink was charged.

Old Jacob Hays, high constable of the city, was a great believer in that new-found mineral water. He drank it himself, and carried it to his home in bottles, and believed that he derived great benefits from its use. At last it was blown; the excitement was subdued by the fact that the well was supplied from the old tan vats that had been covered over.

James & Isaac Roosevelt—J. & J. Harper—
Mercantile Library

Within my recollection, James Roosevelt kept at No. 8 Jacob Street. It was before Cliff Street was opened through. It was in previous years the alleyway to the old Roosevelt sugar house.

That property ran back from Jacob Street to Franklin Square, and was thirty or forty feet wide. In the middle was a large sugar house, which stood where Cliff Street now runs. The old sugar house was removed about 1826 or 1827, when Cliff Street was cut through from Ferry to Frankfort streets.

Immediately where the street (Cliff) was opened, the Harper Brothers (then J. & J. Harper) occupied a double building at No. 82 Cliff, and also 327 Pearl. Hundreds of young clerks in those days, if they belonged to the "Mercantile Library Association," will recollect the spot, for the library was for some years kept in the store of J. & J. Harper in Cliff Street; and up to the time it was removed to the Clinton Hall, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets.

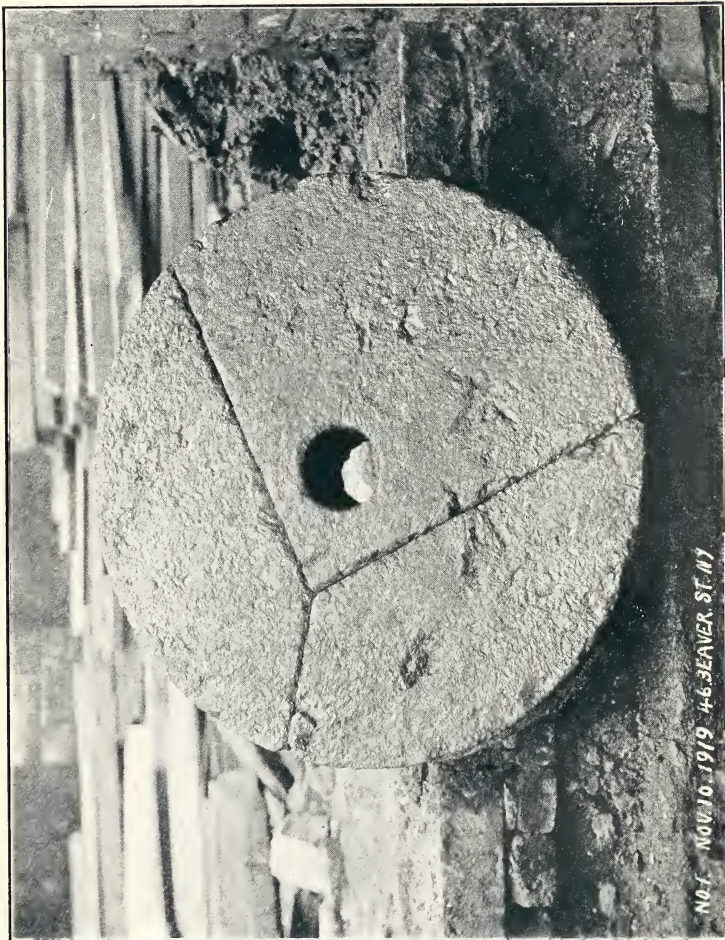
The locality between Pearl and Jacob was where that old sugar-house stood. Many of our readers have frolicked about the old stone pile.

It was famed for a well of the purest spring water. The alleyway that led up from Jacob Street was very wide, and generally contained two or three hundred sugar hogsheads.

That old sugar-house was the first erected before the Revolution, and worked during the war and for forty years afterward.

The proprietor who built it, and who manufactured sugar in it, was a great man in his day and generation.

His name was Isaac Roosevelt. His house faced on Queen Street, now Pearl, in Franklin Square. Harper & Brothers now own that property, and it is No. 333 Pearl Street. On the rear of his house and in the centre of the block was the sugar-house. A large



EXTREMELY INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE ORIGINAL MILLSTONES RECENTLY FOUND IN
AN EXCAVATION FOR A NEW BUILDING IN BEAVER STREET WITHIN 100 FEET OF THE SITE OF
THE FIRST MILL ERECTED IN NEW YORK, AND WHICH APPEARS IN THE FIRST KNOWN
VIEW OF NEW YORK (SEE FOLDING VIEWS OF CUSTOM HOUSE SITE)

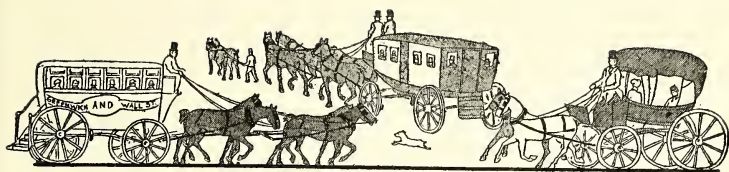
Courtesy of Mr. E. A. Prentiss, Jr.

alleyway ran up to it from what is now No. 8 Jacob Street. The Isaac Roosevelt mansion was originally 159 Queen Street. To understand the matter, Queen Street in those days of 1786, when the sugar-house and the old mansion were in their glory, commenced at Wall Street and extended to Chatham, ending there, within a few rods of the great fresh water pond. From Wall Street to Smith Street (William) was Hanover Square; from the last to Broad, it was called Dock Street. From Broad to the Battery was called Pearl Street. Now it is called Pearl from the Battery to Chatham, and even on to Broadway. That part was formerly Magazine Street. Almost opposite to Isaac Roosevelt's residence (No. 159 Queen Street, now 333 Pearl and part of 331) stood an old building, and it yet stands (1863) as 324 and 326 Pearl, and is called now, and has been for sixty years, part of the Walton House. In 1786 it was occupied by the Bank of New York, of which Isaac Roosevelt was president.

LYDIA F. WADLEIGH

Lydia F. Wadleigh holds the unique position of being the pioneer of the higher education of women in New York. The women lawyers, doctors, preachers, legislators and college graduates of the present day make it possible for us to realize the greatness and the inestimable value of the modest work commenced by this devoted woman. Miss Wadleigh was a teacher in one of our public schools—No. 47 in Twelfth Street—and it was in this school she put her project into operation. When the school came under her direction, she established a department for the higher education of girls; and as the city did not at that time furnish the necessary supplies for such a venture, Miss Wadleigh undertook the expense herself, and thus the first step in this great and important work was taken. This was in the late 50s, and if people could have seen then what the results of this modest beginning would be, no doubt Miss Wadleigh would have drawn around her a host of supporters and helpers. As it was, she had a few of the best citizens of the neighborhood and some members of the local board connected with the school. Miss Wadleigh's enthusiasm and determination were so great that they spread to others and in time to the Board of Education, where the question of the higher education of girls was taken up and eventually resulted in the establishing of the Normal College.

The name of Lydia F. Wadleigh and her great work are perpetuated in one of New York's finest high schools—the Wadleigh High School on 114th Street—and our citizens love to remember her as one of old New York's illustrious and noble women.



REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD ELEVENTH WARD

Justice L. A. Giegerich

MY recollections of the old Eleventh Ward date back to the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, when I moved into it with my parents from Woodstock, Connecticut.

Neat brick dwelling houses containing at most two families occupied the greater portion of the area lying between Third and Ninth streets and Avenue C and the East River and there were also many such houses in other parts of the ward. A few houses of that kind are still standing in Seventh Street, between Avenues C and D, where I lived for many years; in Fourth Street, between the same avenues, where I lived just after my marriage and where my children were born; in Third Street, between Avenues C and D, and in Seventh Street, between Avenue D and Lewis Street.

It would take up too much time to state in detail the great changes which have taken place in the old neighborhood and the various causes which led to them. They have been the subject of newspaper articles from time to time in connection with the so-called Political Row.

A reading of a few excerpts from some of them will, I am sure, interest all of you:

"The Sun" of September 1, 1895, referring to Political Row, said: "The resistless pressure of population from the teeming region to the southwest of it is pressing in hard, and soon it will be buried and forgotten, with its hideous seven-story monstrosities of brick and iron for its monuments. Already the old inhabitants have begun to move away. * * * East Seventh Street, the Fifth Avenue of the Eleventh Ward, as it was called, still shows catholicity of architecture in its rows of sturdy, roomy brick houses, decorated with vines, and here and there shaded by a surviving ailantus. 'Political Row' is little known in politics now, though once it was a name to conjure with, but the old names of municipal prestige have given way to new."

An article which appeared in the "New York Times" of May 11, 1902, is of especial interest because it, among other things, mentions our departed friend and neighbor, City Chamberlain Patrick Keenan. Although nearly thirteen years have elapsed since his death, his memory is still treasured in the hearts of his old neighbors and friends.

Speaking of Political Row, the article in question states: "None of the old residents of the present day remembers just when the street received that name. Patrick Keenan says that fifty years ago he often heard discussions among the old residents of the district as to the date when the name was applied to the block, but cannot remember that any of the old-timers knew themselves." The article then proceeds as follows:

THE HELL GATE FERRY (NOW ASTORIA), FOOT OF EAST EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, IN 1860. THIS WAS A
FAVORITE ROUTE TO THE LONG ISLAND SHORE OF THE SOUND



"Two score years ago the old Eleventh Ward, which had the centre of its circle in Political Row, was distinctly an American district, and any foreigners who found their way into the ward were promptly made to feel so uncomfortable that they moved out. At that time East Seventh Street was well uptown, and there was hardly a house in the ward that contained more than one family. The streets were then lined with trees covered with luxuriant foliage, and each house had its green patch of yard. Then Avenue D, which now runs between two towering walls of tenements, teeming with men, women and children of foreign birth, was a thoroughfare that was made brilliant every Sunday by a promenade of all the youth and fashion of the neighborhood. Then there were eight churches in the ward: one Episcopal, three Baptist, two Methodist and two Roman Catholic. Now there is but one Methodist church left, which is to be soon given up, as all members of the old congregation have moved away. There is one Catholic church left, St. Brigid's at Eighth Street and Avenue B, but even this church cannot boast of anything like its old attendance.

"The Eleventh Ward was long known as the Drydock district. It got its name from the number of drydocks along the river front. At one time there was nothing but shipyards along the East River, including the yards of William H. Webb and John Roach. When these yards were in full blast, according to Mr. Keenan, it was almost impossible to pass through the streets at noon, as an army of from 6,000 to 7,000 men would leave the yards in regiments to go home to their dinners."

The article, again reverting to Political Row, statēs that it was almost twenty years ago that the residents thereof moved away and that among the first to go was William H. Webb, the shipbuilder, who lived in the ward with his family for many years.

The writer of that article is in error as to the number of Catholic churches which he says had then survived the change. There were then, as at present, two of such churches, viz.: the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, at the corner of Pitt and Stanton streets, which was erected in 1866, and St. Brigid's church, which was dedicated in December, 1849.

He also forgot to make any mention whatever of synagogues, notably the one in Clinton Street, which is still standing. I may be permitted to say in passing that my wife and I attended many a hassena in that famous house of worship.

The writer also overlooked the German Lutheran church at the corner of Avenue B and Ninth Street, which is one of the few remaining Protestant houses of worship in the ward.

The Jefferson Club house is still an architectural ornament to Political Row.

The old Eleventh Ward Savings Bank building still stands as a monument to the business acumen of the Loew brothers.

The old Eleventh Ward Bank building in Tenth Street is still standing, the bank having in recent years been taken over by the Corn Exchange Bank.

The old Dry Dock Savings Bank building in East Fourth Street near Avenue D has survived the change, but its use for banking purposes ceased many years

ago when the bank moved to its new building at the corner of the Bowery and Third Street.

The old Union Market building still stands, but its doors are closed. The old station house adjoining it still continues to be, as it has for many years past, an efficient protection to the inhabitants of the old ward.

The doom of Political Row which the writers of newspaper articles have predicted has not come to pass.

Political Row is still there and it occupies at present a most conspicuous place on the political map!

The leaders of the two great political parties in the district reside there.

Former New York Secretary of State Samuel S. Koenig, the astute Republican leader of not only the assembly district but of New York County as well, lives in the same house occupied by the late Senator Lewis S. Goebel for many years. Commissioner David Lazarus, the alert Tammany Hall district leader, lived in the same house where Coroner Henry Woltman, also a district leader of that party, lived for some years.

Our esteemed friend Judge Benjamin Hoffman continues to dwell in the same house he has lived in for the past quarter of a century. His wife has the honor and distinction of being the women's Tammany leader for the district, while the wife of Mr. Samuel S. Koenig leads the Republican women.

No history of the old ward would be complete without mention of the Old Mechanics' Bell. That famous bell, says Mr. A. W. Moynihan in his book entitled, "The Old Fifth Street School," was first rung in 1831,

to celebrate the triumph of the workingmen of this city in a struggle for an abridgement in the hours of labor. * * * The bell continued to ring at the usual periods until October, 1880, when it one day suddenly cracked and ceased to ring. Right here it may be well to state that, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Moynihan, the old bell was taken down and recast and hung once more in the old tower, amid the greatest enthusiasm ever witnessed in the old ward.

The book in question, which was published in 1887, further states, "Though the Old Mechanics' Bell still rings its notes of warning to the sons of toil, the shipyards which gave employment to thousands are things of the past."

In those earlier days, and in fact for some years afterwards, no attempt was made by the public authorities to remove the snow from the streets and, during the winter months, while the snow was there, sleighs were used to transport passengers on the stage lines and for the delivery of goods.

For some years street cars were heated by coal stoves, which commonly emitted strong fumes of gas. When windows were opened to let the gas out, the heat went with it. In cold weather this method of heating was wholly inadequate and straw was placed on the floor of the cars to mitigate the discomfort of the passengers.

Travel at all times and even in the most favorable weather was very slow in those days. Blockades arising from various causes were frequent and the cars often ran off the track by accident or were intentionally forced off by the drivers. Then it became neces-

LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY FROM THE PARK IN 1849, SHOWING THE AMERICAN—AFTERWARDS BARNUM'S—
MUSEUM, THE NEW ASTOR HOUSE, ST. PAUL'S, ETC. FROM A RARE LITHOGRAPH





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THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME IDENTICAL VIEW TODAY, SHOWING THE NEW ASTOR AND THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.'S BUILDINGS WHICH SUPPLANTED THE OLD WESTERN UNION, WITH ITS FAMOUS TIME BALL THAT DROPPED AT NOON. ALL NEW YORK SET THEIR WATCHES BY THIS TIME BALL.

sary for the passengers to alight in order to help push the car over the rough cobblestone pavement around the obstruction or to get it back on the track. Then there was a scramble to get back upon the car, which often resumed its journey without its full complement of passengers. I remember one indignant citizen who denounced the driver for leaving him behind when he had, as he said, "some geese on his arm."

Speaking of cobblestones, it should be borne in mind that in the good old days no applicant for citizenship was deemed worthy of admission unless he had previously taken part in a political parade over the rough cobblestones, with which the streets on the east side were then paved, and carried aloft a flaming torch composed of a material which discolored the face and hands to such an extent that it took days of diligent and violent application of soap and water to remove the stains. Needless to add that, when final naturalization papers were subsequently applied for, the applicant was prepared to prove full compliance with this essential prerequisite.

No portrayal of old times is complete without including the volunteer fire department, which was disbanded fifty-five years ago. Most of the brave men who composed it have passed away and the few remaining members are now old and feeble. The cry "Old Times Rocks" is no longer heard, and yet those of us who are old enough to have seen them at work recall them with admiration and respect.

The old ward had its full quota of volunteer companies, scattered in different parts of it. Most conspicuous among them were Live Oaks No. 44, in the

lower end of the ward, and Forest Trees No. 3, in the upper end.

The boys of that time were ardent champions of the companies located in the neighborhood where they resided and frequently fought street battles with boy sympathizers of rival companies in which stones and "Irish confetti" were frequently used.

The casualty lists of those battles are incomplete, but I venture to say that many of the more elderly gentlemen present are entitled to wear wound stripes as a result of their participation in the volunteer firemen's wars.

Bells in signal towers located in various parts of the city summoned the firemen to duty. At the first sound of the bell, all business would cease and every one counted the number of strokes of the bell in order to determine whether the fire was within their fire zone and, if it was, there was a wild rush by the firemen for their respective engine houses. After putting on their uniforms, the firemen would take hold of the rope attached to the fire engine and drag it rapidly to the scene of the fire. Bystanders would follow in the wake of the engine and the neighborhood where the fire occurred was in an uproar until the fire was extinguished. Conflicts for the possession of a fire hydrant often occurred but, notwithstanding all this, the department as a whole was as efficient as it was brave.

The old-timers no doubt remember the target companies that flourished in the seventies and early eighties. On a fair average, there was at least one of such companies for every square block in the ward. The congenial spirits who composed most of them

neither hurried nor worried. They had all kinds of names.

I recall particularly the Ham Guard Warriors, the Gentlemen's Sons and the Eighth Street Guard. All these organizations are now only memories.

In conclusion, let me say that I shall never forget the old ward and the old friends and old associates. There is not a day that my mind does not revert back to the old neighborhood and the pleasant memories that cluster around it.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

Now that St. John's Chapel has been demolished, the last vestige of a once aristocratic neighborhood has vanished. Only about eighty years ago this old church was the center of one of the most select and delightful residential sections of the city and many old New York families had their homes here. The park itself was a most beautiful and attractive spot and afforded the neighboring residents a reposeful place to spend their leisure hours.

The old chapel served to bring back pleasant memories to old New Yorkers, and the bell, which rang out every Sunday from the beginning, was like the voice of an old friend. It was intended to preserve this ancient appanage of the chapel, but it was so badly damaged as to be unfit for use and was consequently sold to a dealer in metals.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

HUNTER COLLEGE

1870-1920

HUNTER COLLEGE celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding February 14th, 1920, and continued the celebration for four days. It was founded as a school for the higher education of girls, and when opened as Normal College in 1870 was the only public high school for girls in the city. Nothing illustrates the wonderfully rapid progress of women toward equality with, or perhaps we should say superiority to, men than the history of this college. Commencing on the third floor of the building at Broadway and Fourth Street with only a few classrooms separated by sliding doors, the institution has grown to its present commanding position as one of the most important and necessary public institutions in the city. It was just about this time, too, that women's clubs began to take root. Sorosis, which included the female talent of our old city at that time, was becoming famous, and was sharply challenging the intellectual prowess of men; and there were others, some weak and some strong, but all giving evidence of that new force coming into the life of the world which has already brought about such unexpected and amazing changes.

So that the men who conceived the idea of a school for the higher education of women had long-sighted vision and sensed the need of their time with perfect accuracy; but like all men of vision they were beset by a host of obstructionists who could see no good in such a movement. After all it is the young men who dream dreams and see visions that lead the



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AN OLD VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF MARION AND ELM STREETS, 1861. SHOWING THE OLD VOLUNTEERS ANSWERING A FIRE ALARM. THE PRESENT LAFAYETTE STREET TAKES IN THE TRIANGULAR SPACE IN FOREGROUND

rest of us up to the heights. And such a young man evidently was Thomas Hunter, a teacher in one of the public schools. He recognized the need of the higher education, particularly for those young women who aspired to become teachers, and it was for this purpose primarily that Normal College was established. He agitated the subject in season and out of season, until ultimately the Board of Education authorized the establishment of a school for girls in 1869, and on February 14, 1870, it became an accomplished fact. It was no sooner opened than its success became apparent even to the most obstinate objectors; and the enthusiasm of Mr. Hunter, who became President of the college, and the devotion of Miss Lydia F. Wadleigh, his assistant, really the first woman worker in the movement, carried the work along with such gratifying results that within a year a new building adequate to the needs of the school was decided upon. The site obtained was that of the present Hunter College, and the brick building which stands there now was erected. The opening of the college took place September, 1873.

The name of Normal College was changed to that of Hunter College in 1914 in honor of the man who founded it and was its president from the beginning until he retired in 1905. His successor, Dr. George Samler Davis, is a man of erudition and well qualified to direct the greater and broader work of a college of the twentieth century. He was a superintendent of education under Dr. William H. Maxwell, and acquitted himself in that position with distinction. He continued the work of his predecessor and carried it to its logical conclusion by giving the col-

lege the full four-year collegiate course leading to an A. B. degree. This important work President Davis accomplished in 1909, and the college under his direction has become the chief source of teacher supply and, consequently, a great influence in our public school system.

A feature of the four-day celebration was the exhibit of a photograph of the graduating class of each year from 1870 to 1920, showing the styles of wearing apparel of women, from the hoopskirts and wide sleeves of the early days to the distinguishing cap and gown of our own time. Hunter College has made a fine record and New Yorkers are justly proud of the institution.

The Schools of 1850

The following items from E. Porter Belden's "New York: Past, Present and Future," regarding the schools of 1850, their number, organization, cost and the yearly enrollment and average attendance of pupils, are extremely interesting for comparison with the same facts of today.

There are three classes of schools supported at the public expense in the city of New York:

1. Schools of the Public School Society, an incorporated body founded in 1805, which has under its management one hundred and fifteen schools.
2. Ward Schools, organized under an act of the legislature passed May, 1842, and managed by Trustees, Inspectors and Commissioners elected in the several wards. The number of these schools is fifty-four.
3. Corporate Schools, consisting principally of those of the Orphan Asylum and other charitable institutions.

All these schools participate equally in the apportionment of the school moneys, made by the Board of Education, composed of the Commissioners of all the wards, to whom they are required to render annual reports. The amount appor-

OF OLD NEW YORK

tioned for the current year was \$199,743.81, of which \$39,183.58 was received from the State and the remainder raised by taxation on real and personal property.

The whole number of scholars taught in all these schools during the year ending January 31, 1848, was 83,595. The actual average attendance was 32,122.

The number of Public Schools under the Board of Education in 1919 was 540, including all kinds, most of these schools being much larger than the old ones, a few of the elementary ones accommodating from 4,000 to 5,000 pupils each. The total enrollment of pupils was 837,306. The teaching force consisted of 18,964 women and 2,455 men. The Board of Education consists of seven members appointed by the Mayor.

The Free Academy—College of the City of New York

On the 7th of May, 1847, an act was passed by the Legislature authorizing the Board of Education of the city of New York to establish a Free Academy. It gave authority to erect a building at an expense of \$50,000 and authorized the annual expenditure of \$20,000 for its support. The act provided, as a condition of its becoming law, that the question whether such an academy should be established be submitted to the people. The question was so submitted and 19,404 were in favor of and 3,409 against the measure. The building, an imposing structure, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is now completed, and the institution commenced its operations in February, 1849. Previous connection with the Ward or the Public Schools is necessary to render a student eligible for admission into the Academy.

THE QUEEREST HOUSE IN THIS COUNTRY

A. G. Van der Weyde

New York for a period of thirty-two years boasted the queerest house in this country, if not in the entire world. This was the famous Richardson "Spite House," at Lexington Avenue and 83rd Street. The house extended north 104 feet on the avenue, but was only five feet wide. In general appearance it was not unlike a bicycle case set on end. The house attracted much attention during its brief existence, which terminated a little less than five years ago.

The house was erected to satisfy a personal grudge and the owner lived fifteen years to enjoy the discomfort that it caused the man he wished to spite. The story of the "Spite House," as a result of much litigation in the courts, is voluminously told in the court records. Briefly this is the story:

In the year 1882 one Hyman Sarner, a clothier, who owned several lots on East 82nd Street, wished to build apartment houses on his property, which extended to within a few feet of Lexington Avenue. On the Lexington Avenue side was a very long and very narrow strip of land, absolutely valueless, he thought, for any building purpose, unless taken in conjunction with adjoining land.

Sarner ascertained that one Joseph Richardson was the owner of the narrow strip along the Avenue. He offered Richardson \$1,000 for the land, but Richardson demurred, saying he considered the property worth very much more. He wanted \$5,000. Sarner refused to pay this price and Richardson called his



RICHARDSON'S FAMOUS "SPITE HOUSE," 5 FEET WIDE, 100 FEET LONG, AT EIGHTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE. ERECTED IN 1882 TO "SPITE," THE OWNER OF ADJOINING FLAT-HOUSES ON EIGHTY-SECOND STREET WHO REFUSED TO PAY RICHARDSON HIS PRICE FOR THE NARROW STRIP OF LAND ON THE CORNER. (SEE ARTICLE)

visitor a "tight-wad" and slammed the door on him.

Sarner then proceeded with the construction of his apartment house and arranged with the architect who drew the plans that there should be windows overlooking Lexington Avenue. When the houses were finished Richardson noted the windows and then and there determined upon his curious revenge.

"I shall build me," he said to his daughter, "a couple of tall houses on the little strip which will bar the light from Sarner's windows overlooking my land, and he'll find he would have profited had he paid me the \$5,000."

The daughter, Della by name, unavailingly protested, as did also Richardson's wife, that a house only five feet wide would be uninhabitable.

The old man, who had acquired a reputation as a miser, was obdurate. "Not only will I build the houses," he insisted, "but I will live in one of them and I shall rent to other tenants as well. Everybody is not fat and there will be room enough for people who are not circus or museum folk."

So, within a year, the house was built. It effectively blocked out the light from all the side windows on Sarner's property, and old Mr. Richardson was happy. The Richardson "Spite House" was four stories in height and was divided into eight suites, two on each floor. Each suite consisted of three rooms and bath, running along the Lexington Avenue side of the structure.

Only the very smallest furniture could be fitted into the rooms. The stairways were so narrow that only one person could use a stair at a time. If a tenant wished to descend or ascend, from one floor

to another, he would, of necessity, have to ascertain that no one else was using the stair. The halls throughout the house were so narrow that one person could pass another only by dodging into one of the rooms until the other had passed by. The largest dining table in any of the suites was 18 inches in width. The chairs were proportionately small. The kitchen stoves were the very smallest that are made.

Richardson, with his wife, Emma—she was the old man's second wife—occupied a suite on the ground floor. "Miss Della," as she was known, the daughter, who followed the example of her penurious father in her mode of life, declined to live in the "Spite House," declaring that it was "too swell" a structure for her. She was now far along in years and preferred to remain where she had long lived in a dwelling called "the Prison House" on East Houston Street. She was seen by the neighbors only in the early morning, when she swept the steps, visited the grocery store for some bare necessities and returned to immolate herself in her "prison house," where she refused to see any visitors.

"Miss Della" was almost as wealthy as her father. She was as avaricious and parsimonious as the old man and owned much property in New York City.

Joseph Richardson died in 1897 at the age of eighty-four. He left his property—including, of course, the famous "Spite House"—to his widow and the two children, one of whom was the "Miss Della" of "Prison House" fame. The builder of the "Spite House" was buried in a coffin which he had had made thirty-two years earlier and which he had always stored in a room of the house where he lived.

Soon after the old man's death "Miss Della" brought suit against her stepmother to dispossess her from her quarters in the "Spite House," "Miss Della" claiming that the aged miser's wife was merely a tenant and could be evicted upon due notice. Mrs. Richardson fought the case in the courts for many months.

In the year 1902 the "Spite House" was sold by the heirs to James V. Graham and Charles Reckling. Later it passed into the possession of C. A. Stein, a real estate dealer of East 75th Street, and in 1909 it again changed hands.

On August 20, 1915, the career of the strange house came to a sudden end when Bing & Bing, real estate operators of 119 West 40th Street, abruptly bought the old building, and in short order tore it down, as well as two adjoining houses, and erected in their place the big eleven-story apartment house that now stands on the location made historic by the "Spite House."

New York newspaper men who visited the "Spite House" wrote interesting stories about the queer building, and it was the subject a generation ago of many jokes and humorous drawings.

Deacon Terry, of "The American," who is now dead, and who was of rotund figure, was sent by his paper one day in the 90s to interview Richardson at the "Spite House." He was told at the entrance that Richardson was not in his own apartment on the ground floor and that probably he had gone up to the roof to see some workmen who were making repairs.

Terry started up, but got stuck in the narrow stairway and found that the more he struggled to extri-

cate himself the faster he seemed to become wedged. A tenant from the ground floor tried to help by pushing from below and a tenant from above who wanted to reach the street pushed in the opposite direction. It was a hot midsummer day and the corpulent reporter, perspiring profusely, was getting a pretty good mauling between the two tenants when the happy thought occurred to him of slipping out of his clothes. He found the expedient difficult enough of accomplishment but not impossible. After ten minutes of hard work he had rid himself of his outer garments. Forcing the upstairs tenant before him he proceeded to the roof, and to the interview, in his underclothes. In telling about his adventure later, Terry said that as he struggled on the stairway, he constantly thought of the loss of weight that attends profuse perspiration and could not but wonder how much or how long he would have to perspire to reduce his avoirdupois to such a point that he could disengage himself from the grasp of the stairway.



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ALBERT BERTEL THORVALDSEN, FROM THE BEAUTIFUL STATUE BY HIMSELF IN
CENTRAL PARK. ERECTED BY DANES IN THIS COUNTRY
Photo by the Municipal Art Commission

OLD MANSIONS OF THE BRONX

Randall Comfort

Second Paper

This article, which is a continuation of the same subject in the 1920 Manual, completes the history of these interesting old homesteads so far as the eastern half of the Bronx is concerned.

The Child Homestead

A QUIET and unobtrusive residence rears its three stories just west of busy McKinley Square, enclosing within its walls and surrounding garden one of the finest private collections of curios and antiques in the borough. Entering through the fancy doors once adorning the Comfort Mansion, two stately grandfather's clocks face the incoming guest, while swords, halberds, curious shields and Revolutionary muskets recall the God of War. Within the drawing-rooms are found a piano and a large organ; an angelus and a fine double-melodeon; a Cecilian piano-player and an elaborate "Cavioli"—a wonderfully charming device resembling an upright piano in appearance and a miniature orchestrion in depth and extent of tone. A second piano on an upper floor was used for duets.

The picturesque garden is alive with surprises. Tall Ionic columns have been blended into a charming pergola, with a delightful rustic bridge as a setting. A large, elaborate cupola of dazzling white forms a most attractive summer-house, while a picturesque log cabin fairly exudes the aroma of the distant Adirondacks. Decoy ducks, a metal chanticleer and iron dogs are close to a well-stocked greenhouse,

while a white statue of heroic size rises gracefully from the lawn, a tiny fountain playing over it.

And the atelier. Fancy a Grecian temple, with columns from the old Cauldwell Mansion, and you have some idea of its beauty. The interior is as a well-regulated studio should be—sky-lights, round window, dark room and cameras of all sizes and styles. A Canadian goat's head, of intense blackness and large proportions and crowned with immense horns, looks down as if recalling the day when it roamed at will through the wilds and woods of Lake Memphremagog.

Gracefully waving Mexican pampas grasses adorn the eastern wall, and when drawn aside reveal the prize of the collection—a fierce tiger in a jungle. Never fear, he is behind the bars. And a curious iron box with crated sides was declared to be, not a lobster cage nor an old-fashioned foot-warmer, but a veritable trap to catch old bachelors. Massive six-story apartments tower high above this secluded nook, which is the retreat of Mr. E. B. Child, and he delights to roam through its mysterious mazes when not engaged in active duties. This splendid estate, with its five miles of shaded driveways, fully justified the romantic name bestowed on it, that of "Rocklands."

The De Lancey Mansion

Among the delightful glades at the southern end of Bronx Park, east of the falls and near the lower end of Bronx Lake, may still be traced the grassy terraces that led up to the smooth plateau where once the old De Lancey Mansion looked down on the

peaceful stream below. Close to the water's edge I can distinctly remember the rustic boathouse that was the pride of this famous estate. In Colonial days, a most familiar sight was the great De Lancey coach-and-four, with impressive outriders, on its regular trips to the distant St. Peter's Church in the village of Westchester.

Towering high above all surrounding foliage, the tall De Lancey Pine is still a most familiar landmark for all the region, vividly recalling those strenuous days when American sharpshooters, stationed across its dense branches, took delight in picking off British officers across the Bronx. In the days of the Revolution the majority of the De Lanceys were loyal to the Crown. James, son of "Peter of the Mills," and commander of the Westchester Light Horse, lost all his vast estate by forfeiture as a result. Before Bronx Park was, the mills opposite the old De Lancey Mansion still formed a familiar object. Their foundation walls with their picturesque arches are still preserved as part of the park itself.

De Lancey's Mills was the former name of the present West Farms, and old Johnson's Tavern, opposite the De Lancey Pine, was once the noted hostelry where the mail stages between Boston and New York changed horses for the last time.

On the site of the present Peabody Home, in Revolutionary days stood the formidable De Lancey Block House, so thoroughly destroyed by Aaron Burr on that celebrated night attack in January, 1779, in which hand grenades played so important a part. This sharp encounter is known by the name of the "Battle of West Farms."

The Lorillard Mansion

Queen of them all and situated in the most charming location of the borough's most beautiful park stands, north of Pelham Parkway, the old Lorillard Mansion, a mass of solid stone. Nowhere do the glades of Bronx Park look lovelier than from its commanding upper windows. With its sixty-eight rooms it is the chief attraction of this delightful natural playground.

It was erected about 1850 by Pierre Lorillard, and stands today as the home of the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences, the large parlors being well filled with all sorts of objects, quaint and curious.

That portion of the extensive Lorillard domain west of the river boasts a splendid hemlock forest, declared to be without an equal anywhere. How fortunate that this family preserved so well the natural glories of their immense estate, so that in our day its magnificent trees and velvety lawns have been appropriately utilized as a Botanical Garden of 250 acres.

Below the mansion, winding driveways lead to the graceful old Lorillard stables, stone-built and solid, which resemble in their strikingly picturesque setting a chapel rather than a stable. To the southwest, across Pierre Lorillard's famous "Acre of Roses," now the beautiful "Old-fashioned Flower Garden," still rises high above the river's brim the substantial old Lorillard Snuff Mill, whose ancient wheels proved so wonderfully efficacious in producing the immense fortune of their owner. In mansion, mills and wonderfully glorious estate surely old Pierre Lorillard "builded better than he knew"!



A VERY EARLY VIEW OF MADISON SQUARE, 1857. DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE MONUMENT TO
MAJOR GEN. WORTH, A HERO OF THE MEXICAN WAR. THE FAMOUS OLD SEVENTH
REGIMENT FORMS THE GUARD OF HONOR. FROM A RARE LITHOGRAPH



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A VIEW OF THE SAME LOCALITY
AS IT APPEARS TODAY

The Dominick Lynch Mansion

Clason Point, once a woodland and remote from city habitations, but now known as "The Coney Island of the Bronx," can lay claim to one of the very best preserved old houses in the borough—the Dominick Lynch Mansion. From its immense, lofty piazza can be obtained a waterscape worthy of the brush of the most skillful artist. The commodious structure stands in an extensive estate purchased by Mr. Lynch in 1793. Of its builder it has been aptly said: "He was the only Irishman I ever heard of that brought money to America."

In the immense hall a handsome fireplace of white-grained carved Carrara marble is still almost as perfect as on the day it passed from the hands of the artisans. Not many feet from this elaborate mantel was celebrated the first service of the Roman Catholic Church ever held in Westchester County, Mr. Lynch being a most devout member of that faith. How many are there who realize that in this very mansion the committee for choosing the American flag held an important session before finally proceeding to distant Philadelphia?

Other buildings have sprung up around the Lynch home as a nucleus, and the whole estate is now the Clason Point Military Academy. The broad Clason Point Avenue has usurped the place of the narrow and shaded country road. Countless trolleys and legions of automobile dash past in never-ending procession, carrying hundreds and thousands past the doors of the old mansion.

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The Willett Residence

Clason Point was formerly well known to history as Cornell's Neck, from the name of the original owner and settler. Sarah Cornell married Thomas Willett, and from them was named that ancient abode once standing at the extremity of the point. A structure of quaintness and antiquity, this old Willett residence dated from 1693 and was noted as having been shelled by the men-of-war of Lord Howe's fleet, as they sailed past on their way to Throggs Neck in October, 1776.

This old relic of Colonial days is gone, with its wonderful fireplace of curiously shaped flat bricks. A portion is saved by being built into the more modern Clason Point Inn, a familiar landmark to passing craft. Beneath the roof of the inn's porch will be found this interesting inscription:

"In the year 1643, Thomas Cornell Bought This Point of the Indians. His Title Was Confirmed by the Dutch Governor "Kieft" and He Settled Here. Part of This Building Is the House Constructed by Cornell. It Was Burned by the Indians the First Year He Came."

The Old Wilkins Mansion

Looking eastward from the extreme end of Clason Point the Wilkins Mansion on Screven's Point stands out in bold relief. John Screven, after whom the point was named, was a great-nephew by marriage of Gouverneur Morris and a son-in-law of Gouverneur Morris Wilkins, son of the Rev. Isaac Wilkins, once rector of St. Peter's Church, Westchester. Screven was the owner of this beautiful neck of land.

A short distance above the old Wilkins Mansion, and situated as far from the madding crowd as possible, stands an ancient wooden building, the old Wilkins farmhouse, dating from about 1765, in whose kitchen is an immense fireplace with an antique Dutch oven in all its glory.

This abode is noted as possessing a mysterious secret chamber whose recesses gave shelter to three loyalist clergymen, the Rev. Messrs. Chandler, Cooper and Samuel Seabury, another early rector of St. Peter's Church, when they were being sought far and wide by the Americans during the early days of the Revolutionary War. They had their food and drink lowered to them through a hidden trapdoor, and in time they successfully escaped under cover of darkness across the Sound to the shores of Long Island. Go up to the second story of the old building and search behind the chimney. You will find the mysterious hole in the floor. Remove the trapdoor and you will be gazing into Egyptian darkness below, the very spot where the three clergymen were so successfully hidden.

Although repeatedly surrounded and searched, this house with the secret chamber succeeded in guarding its secret. Over a century elapsed and some workmen, vigorously plying shovel and pick, came unexpectedly upon an underground passage which must have been the very one through which these three clergymen made their escape.

The Old Ferris Mansion, Zerega Point

To the east of Castle Hill Neck the wooded glades of Zerega's Point extend far into the waters of the

Sound. Not far from St. Joseph's Asylum and close to Westchester Creek stands what is known as the oldest house in Bronx Borough, the ancient Ferris Mansion. Built in two sections, the wing is the older portion and dates from 1687.

In October, 1776, a shot from the direction of the water startled Mr. James Ferris and family one morning so that they could not finish their breakfast, and acquainted them with the fact that Sir William Howe's fleet was in the immediate vicinity of his residence.

The early name of this lovely region was "Grove Siah's" so styled from its Colonial owner, Josiah Hunt, whose father, Thomas Hunt, had received it in patent from Governor Nicholls.

The Zerega Residence and Lorillard Chalet

Further along towards the end of this point rises the stone-built "Island Hall," the beautiful residence of Augustus Zerega di Zerega, and strongly resembling the stately Zborowski Mansion in Claremont Park.

At the extreme tip of this neck stands a mansion owned by one of the branches of the Lorillard family which in summer is swept by delightful, refreshing breezes all the day long. Appropriately styled "All Breeze," it resembles a true Swiss chalet in architecture. The location is where once the old Hell Gate pilots dwelt.

Hammond Mansion

Two wonderful things Throggs Neck can well boast of—possessing that important fortification known as Fort Schuyler, dating from about 1835; and having been the landing place for the British army on Oc-



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GIOVANNI DA VERRAZANO STATUE, BY ETTORE XIMENES, IN BATTERY PARK.
ERECTED BY ITALIANS OF THE CITY
Photo by the Municipal Art Commission

tober 12, 1776, when they debarked at the shallow bay at the end of the point, and marched northward, only to be disastrously driven back at the Westchester causeway in the sharp but decisive conflict known as the "Lexington of Westchester."

One of the finest of this borough's residences may be seen this side of the fort, the old 'Bijah Hammond Mansion, styled by Walter Rutherford "That Palace at Westchester." Erected in 1800 this splendid old structure still stands as in days of yore, commanding a magnificent prospect of land and sea.

Robert Mansion

To the west, the solid Robert Mansion faces the setting sun, once owned by the celebrated founder of Robert College in the historic city of Constantinople.

Still further along, a graceful cedar of Lebanon, planted by Philip Livingston about 1790 and declared to be the finest of its kind in North America, adorns the lawn; it is the chief attraction of the handsome Van Schaick estate, whose mansion with its tall, stately columns can hardly be surpassed.

Huntington Mansion

The adjoining estate contains the handsome mansion, built of stone, formerly owned by the late Collis P. Huntington, an enlarged and beautified edition of the old Havemeyer residence of earlier days. The glorious marine views from this house and grounds cannot be excelled.

The Ferris Mansion, Westchester Country Club

One of the most picturesque residences of the charming grounds of the Westchester Country Club

is the handsome Ferris Mansion, with its cheery and inviting sun-parlor. In the midst of attractive winding driveways it is apparently all unconscious of that October day in 1776 when the British fleet left its anchorage at Throggs Neck and sailed up the Sound to Pelham Bay. Training their guns on this conspicuous house, the red-coated man-of-war's men were about to begin their work of destruction when the lady of the house came suddenly out, and by walking bravely up and down the piazza saved the old abode from annihilation.

Through a strange coincidence General Howe selected for his headquarters this very house that his gunners had all but attempted to destroy. The interesting incident of his visit has been succinctly told in these words: "While the family was at breakfast on that October day the British troops disembarked and General Howe and his officers rode up to the house. Into the building rode the company, some of the men even attempting to ride up the stairs. The hoofmarks are still to be seen in the hall and on the staircase, although in places a hardwood floor has been laid over the old one."

The Pell Manor House

Pelham Bay Park's 1,700 acres never showed to such advantage as they did when the United States Naval Training Camp was in their very midst near the City Island Road. Just north of this popular spot an almost obliterated depression close to the Shore Road is pointed out as the very spot where once stood the ancient Pell Manor House, dating back to the time when Lord Pell purchased his 9,000-acre

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estate, which to this day bears his name. Within a short distance to the east an iron railing marks the spot where the great Pell Treaty Oak once dominated the scene and marked the place where Lord Pell bought his vast estate from the Indian sagamores in the year 1654.

Hard by is the tiny Pell burying ground, the ancient headstones being enclosed by an iron railing bearing the noted emblem of the family, a "pelican gorged." A white marble slab proclaims to the world that this is to "mark the spot where lie buried the mortal remains of several of the descendants of JOHN PELL, the son of the REV. JOHN PELL, D. D., and nephew of THOMAS PELL, the first proprietor of the Lordship and Manor of Pelham."

Marshall Mansion

The old Marshall Mansion, "Hawkswood" by name, a truly glorious residence with immense round columns, looks calmly down on the ever passing procession of automobiles and the stream of fishermen on their way to City Island, the "Pearl of the Sound." Ensconced among its beautifully shaded lawns, it can almost rival in appearance the old Lee Mansion in far away Arlington-on-the-Potomac.

Bartow Mansion

Further north and still close to the edge of the Sound, the old Bartow Mansion still presents its massive Grecian front to the rising sun. It was erected about 1850, and has long been the summer home of the Crippled Children's Association. To the south just

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across City Island Road stands Glover's Rock, proclaiming this message to the world:

In Memory of the 550 Patriots, who, Led by
Colonel John Glover, Held General Howe's
Army in Check at the
BATTLE OF PELL'S POINT
October 18, 1776,
Thus Aiding General Washington in His
Retreat to White Plains.
"Fame Is the Perfume of Heroic Deeds."

Iselin Mansion

The elaborate Iselin Mansion is a familiar landmark on the lofty crest of beautiful Hunter's Island, and is one of the sights of the surrounding country. Standing on what has been declared to be the finest location on the whole length of Long Island Sound, it was erected as early as the year 1800. Small wonder then that Joseph Bonaparte came so near purchasing it for a residence before finally settling at Bordentown, New Jersey.

Long known as Henderson's Island from one of its early owners, Dr. Henderson, a surgeon in the British navy, its great rooms formerly contained one of the finest collections of oil paintings in the United States. During the summer months this mansion has been used by the Little Mothers' Association.

Ogden Mansion

A winding roadway leads across Hunter's Island to the Twin Islands, on the easterly one of which stands the splendid Ogden Mansion, from which may be secured another view of waves and water scarcely equalled in the whole region. As a seat of one of Jacob A. Riis's many charities, no more beautiful location could possibly be selected.

BWAY AND CANAL STREET IN 1836. FROM THE RARE AQUATINT BY J. W. HILL.
ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT AND TYPICAL EARLY VIEWS
OF BROADWAY UPTOWN
Crimmins Collection



OF OLD NEW YORK

Hunter's Island Inn

Almost opposite the two white marble gate-posts inscribed "Hunter's Island," and near the northern boundary of New York City, may be seen the old stone De Lancey Mansion, now known as the Hunter's Island Inn. On its wall once hung a splendid portrait of Caleb Heathcote, in Colonial days Lord of the Manor of Scarsdale. Its location is particularly well known to all motorists owing to the exceedingly sharp curve of the roadway at this point.

The tale is told of some early navigators who, while sailing through the neighboring waters, ran full head on a large flat rock. "Why, captain," burst out the indignant passengers, "you told us you knew every rock in the Sound." "So I do," was the ready reply, "and this here is one of the very worst!"

The Vincent-Halsey Mansion

Once a distinctively rural and remote community, and now one of the fastest growing sections of the borough, the old village of Eastchester is truly being resurrected. Indian arrow-heads, wolf-pits and rattlesnakes have at last given way to the bundle-bearing commuter and the suburban rows of houses.

Just below the old and historic St. Paul's Church—erected in 1765, and variously utilized as church, hospital, court of justice and now as church again—might have been seen until quite recently a truly Colonial gateway leading to the truly Colonial mansion of the Vincent-Halsey family.

On this beautiful estate were burned during the troubled days of the Revolutionary War the old bell,

the old prayer-book and the revered bible belonging to St. Paul's Church.

In 1797 President John Adams left Philadelphia, then the capital of the nation, owing to the sudden outbreak of yellow fever, and made the Vincent-Halsey house his home. The old library became the seat of government of the United States. The following letter tells of some of that early President's troubles :

East Chester, 12th of October, 1797.

To T. Pickering, Sec. of State.

Dear Sir : I arrived here last night with my family and I shall make this house my home until we can go to Philadelphia with safety. If you address your letters to me at East Chester and recommend them to the care of my son, Charles Adams, Esq., at New York, I shall get them without much loss of time, but if a mail could be made up for East Chester, they might come sooner.

With great regards, etc, John Adams.

Some Associations of Old Ann Street

Aaron Mendoza

Second Paper

While Ann Street was famous for its printeries, yet it should also have a niche in the annals of fame for the many restaurants, or "Eating-Houses" as they were called then, which flourished in the period dating back seventy to eighty years. Of course, there were probably a number of them which had made the street a mecca before this.

The majority of these places were located between Park Row and Nassau Street. One of the earliest was Windust's. Edward Windust, formerly at 149 Water Street, finding business not to his liking at that address, opened a restaurant in 1824 at 5 to 11 Chatham Street (now Park Row), with a side-door entrance at 5 Ann Street. His establishment being in close proximity to the celebrated Park Theatre, was much frequented by actors and actresses, and the prominent members of society who enjoyed the play at this theatre. The walls of the restaurant were richly adorned with dramatic prints. Many of the prominent authors of the period made Windust's their habitat, and it is also said that Robt. E. Lee, Miles O'Reilly and Horace Greeley occasionally stopped here to enjoy Windust's famous dinners. The Ann Street side-door was the very bane of the cabman's existence. Many a cab would drive to the Chatham Street entrance, deposit its occupant, who would enter the restaurant and immediately depart by the Ann Street door, leaving the cabman without payment. Windust's motto was "Nunquam Non Paratus." He lived for a time at 11 Ann Street. In 1865 he withdrew, subsequently opening the Athenaeum Hotel at 347 Broadway.

In the early 30s Hugh Pattinson started a restaurant at the northwest corner of Ann and Nassau streets, succeeded by Green and Mercer. They had a sign at the entrance which read "Entrance to Ladies' Dining Rooms at the Private Door, 21 Ann Street."

Harry B. Venn, who was an old volunteer fireman and somewhat of a poet, had a "Porterhouse Saloon"

at 13 Ann Street in the 30s, which was a favorite gathering place for the firemen.

Alexander Welsh, or as he was familiarly called, "Sandy" Welsh, in 1832 had a restaurant under the Scudder Museum, which was called "The Terrapin Lunch," so named because of the famous turtle soup served there. He was extremely popular, his dinners attracting people from all quarters of the city, especially politicians, who generally discussed the recent events of the city government over the neatly-laid tables. His motto was "Dun Vivimus Vivamus." He was a worthy competitor of Windust.

David Sweeney was a restaurant keeper at 11 Ann Street in the early 50s, and a reproduction of one of his menus is given herewith. How times have changed since then!

D. Sweeney's

HOUSE OF REFRESHMENT

No. 11 Ann Street, New York

Dinner :		s.	d.
Roast Beef, Veal and Pork			6
" Poultry, Sirloin Steak	1		6
" Pig, Chicken Pie, Chicken Soup	1		
Boiled Mutton, Corned Beef, Pork and Beans			6
Meat Pie, Soup, Fish and Other Dishes			6
Rice and Mush and Milk			9
Dessert, Puddings and Pies			9
Breakfast and Tea :			
Common Dishes of Meat or Fish			6
Cakes, Toast, Rolls, Eggs, etc.			6
Fried or Boiled Ham	1		
Ham and Eggs	1		6
Fried Potatoes			3
Extra Bread, Brown Bread			3
Tea and Coffee			3

He afterwards removed to 66 Chatham Street.

This article would not be complete without mentioning Mouquin's at No. 20 Ann Street, famous the

A WELL-KNOWN EARLY COUNTRY ESTATE OF A NEW YORKER, ISAAC DYCKMAN, AT KINGSBRIDGE, HAS RECENTLY BEEN PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY THE SURVIVING HEIRS AS A PARK. IT IS LOCATED AT THE FAMOUS DYCKMAN FARM, DATING FROM 1787, WHICH COVERED SEVERAL HUNDRED ACRES, ON WHICH THE BRITISH ENCAMPED FOR SEVERAL YEARS DURING THE REVOLUTION. THE OLD FARMHOUSE AND ONE OF THE BRITISH HUTS NOW FORM DYCKMAN PARK, AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND 204TH STREET



world over for the splendor of its French cooking and its sparkling foreign wines of rare vintage. Originally the establishment was started in May, 1857, on Fulton Street by Mr. and Mrs. Mouquin, Sr., who found the downtown section of the city devoid of high-class restaurants where the cosmopolitan could enjoy foreign cookery, cheeses and sparkling liquors at what was considered a nominal cost in those days. These quarters were outgrown, however, and on May 1, 1870, the premises at No. 20 Ann Street were occupied, the building running through to Fulton Street. They have prospered at this address ever since, the old couple having now retired to let their sons superintend the establishment. Many modern improvements have been made to the old buildings since the original Ann Street opening fifty years ago. Their motto is "In Vino Veritas." Many of the most prominent people high in public and society life have made this famous institution their habitat, for the word Mouquin is synonymous with the words "excellent wining and dining." This old and famous establishment was discontinued when prohibition went into effect.

In 1859 Herr Gehben, who had landed in this country a poor immigrant a short time previous, opened a small grocery store at 24 Ann Street. By thrifty methods the business expanded and eventually became exclusively a restaurant where the most tempting of lunches was served for the business man who had but a few moments at the most to gulp down a few mouthfuls of coffee and take a bite or two at a sandwich. This establishment was a great resort for many of the most noted downtown business men, who de-

lighted to joke with the kind-hearted proprietor. He was quite an authority on poetry, and many were the quips and jests passed between customer and owner on this particular subject, each endeavoring to outdo the other in criticizing or praising some favorite verse. He was also astute and far-seeing in real estate ventures, holding leases on 24 and 26 Ann Street for a great many years, on which a substantial profit was made. Business was so successful that he eventually retired, worth a half-million dollars, going back to the country of his birth, where he died a few years ago. The building in which he originally started the little grocery store at No. 24 Ann Street, and also that at No. 26 Ann Street, were both demolished in 1914 for Whyte's restaurant.

There were other resorts on the street of not so commendable a nature, such as "The Rest," patronized by journeyman printers, and "On Deck," a sporting place kept by Conklin Titus at No. 8 Ann Street. He was a town celebrity. There was also a place called the "Tapio Franc," occasionally devoted to dog and cock-fighting.

In the more modern times, that is to say within twenty years, cheap restaurants where the office-boy could enjoy his "frankfurter and a roll" for a few cents, and a delicious (?) waffle with ice-cream sandwiched in between, flourished for a number of years. There were such places at Nos. 7 and 15 Ann Street, and the motley crowds who frequented these emporiums crowded the sidewalks, making passage through the block between Park Row and Nassau Street a difficult matter. Rivalry between opposing proprietors seeking to entice the hungry office-boy caused many

a commotion, and the police were called in frequently to settle these encounters. One of these establishments still remains, however, but with the activity and bustle of bygone years missing. Many a lawyer now prominent at the bar, or business man of high standing, still remembers the days when he had but a few cents for the noonday repast which was spent in the cheap lunch rooms in Ann Street, and even in our time they will frequently pass and repass the doors of establishments similar to those mentioned, the savory odors being reminiscent of bygone days, bringing back memories long since forgotten.

To say that Ann Street of today is a busy thoroughfare is putting it mildly. It is decidedly busy, thousands of pedestrians using it, more so because of its close proximity to the Post Office and Park Row.

It is only a few years ago that the novelty fakers made the street their headquarters, displaying their wares on pushcarts and endeavoring to entice the noonday crowds to purchase their goods; but with the advent of reform administrations these motley individuals are gone forever.

Strangely, too, horse cars until about eight years ago ran through Ann Street, turning east from Park Row to William Street, thence turning south and continuing east on Fulton Street. It certainly was a humorous sight; one car a day operating, it was said, to keep up the franchise of the company. The Public Service Commission compelled the traction company to discontinue the service and remove the tracks. The street was then paved with asphalt from Broadway to Nassau Street, but the remaining two blocks are still paved with the old-fashioned cobblestones.

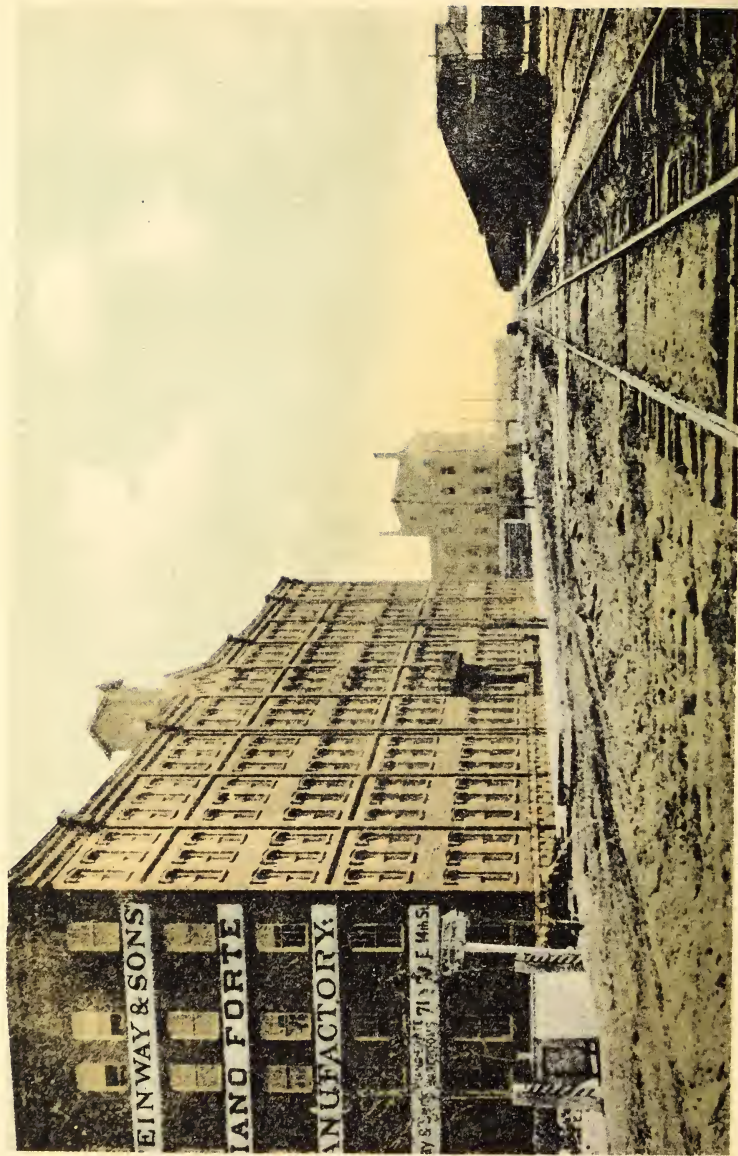
The National Park Bank has erected on Ann Street, on Dick & Fitzgerald's old site at No. 18, a beautiful addition to its Broadway edifice, and together with the St. Paul Building this has obliterated all the numbers from 2 to 18. The Park Row Building also has a small frontage on the north side of Ann Street between Park Row and Nassau Street. In fact, this block has been modernized to a great extent, but further down between Nassau and Gold streets there still remains old brick buildings, housing junk-shops, carpenter shops, etc., which remind one of many years ago. Between William and Gold streets are manufacturing interests, the tall buildings looking as if they had been suddenly chopped off in the centre.

In 1913 the block between Broadway and Nassau Street was again widened by the removing of the building encroachments, and this has added a little architectural beauty to the street which at first was not apparent. The street has now settled down into an era of prosperity; it is in the heyday of success pursuing the sober "even tenor of its way."

THE CASE OF WILLIAM HAMLIN CHILDS

This case which interests so many readers of the Manual, is a very striking illustration of the animus which pervades our civic politics and which is directed in this instance against a man whose only sin was his ardent efforts for the election of John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor. It seems quite apparent from the investigation by the Grand Jury that Mr. Childs is perfectly innocent of any intent to do anything unlawful and that the case savors of a petty and bitter spirit of animosity on the part of those who instigated it.

RARE VIEW OF PARK AVENUE, LOOKING SOUTH FROM FIFTY-FIRST STREET, ABOUT 1865. THE TRACKS OF THE HARLEM RAILROAD APPEAR ON THE SURFACE OF THE STREET. BEFORE THE ERECTION OF GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT





VICTORY WAY, 1919. THE SAME SITE AS ABOVE

Mr. Childs summarizes the results of the investigation as follows :

1st: The clear establishment of the fact that the accounts of the Fusion Committee were kept and returned in more accurate and lawful form than such necessarily large expenditures have ever been kept before in this city.

2nd: That no receipts had been received from corporations or from any unlawful source.

3rd: That every penny of the \$1,100,000 had been lawfully expended and accounted for.

4th: The political animus of this investigation was clearly established, for the Democratic reports were taken from Albany and segregated in the District Attorney's office without any action, although they showed illegal contributions from corporations and were incomplete and unlawful in innumerable cases.

5th: In the Fusion Committee and City Publicity Committee reports, all payments for speakers and meetings were lumped under that head instead of itemizing the names of the speakers. The report in this form was submitted to the attorney of the Committee and approved by him. Among the speakers were Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Applebaum. The fact that their names did not appear was cited by the District Attorney as illegal and as evidence of conspiracy to receive and corrupt the electorate, although the report was not filed until thirty days after election.

This attack would be of no political use unless connected somehow with some man accused of the crime of wealth, so I, as chairman of the Executive Committee am accused of having conspired with Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Newcombe to corrupt the readers of the Hearst papers and the followers of the local administration in my attempt to forward the election of John Purroy Mitchel. Mr. Newcombe and Mr. Sulzer had absolutely nothing to do with the reports. Personally I was not a member of the City Publicity Committee which made the report. *I have never seen the report.* I gave no information as to the form of the report except that it must be in every respect lawful and receive before filing the approval of our counsel.

The man who actually made out the report testifies that I gave no instruction as to putting in or leaving out the names of any speakers and our counsel testifies that he approved the report as filed and contends it is perfectly lawful. In this matter no crime or even indiscretion or error was committed by anyone.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL

OLD TIME MARRIAGE AND DEATH NOTICES

Compiled by A. J. Wall

Ass't. Librarian, The New York Historical Society

A continuation of the marriage and death notices (from Volume 4, page 434 of the Manual) which appear in the New York "Weekly Museum" January 5th to June 29th, 1799, inclusive, is here printed from the file of that paper in The New York Historical Society. The arrangement is alphabetical, with both names of each marriage appearing in the list.

- ANDRUSS, ISAAC, and Miss MARY COOK HALSTED, mar. May 1st at Connecticut Farms. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- AUCHINVOLLE, DAVID, merchant, and Miss ANNA STEVENSON, married Thursday last. Saturday, February 16, 1799.
- AIRS, JOHN, and Miss RATH NICHOLS, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, February 9, 1799.
- BACHE, MRS. HELENA, wife of Mr. Paul R. Bache of this city, merchant, died February 14th, in the 32nd year of her age. Interred in Trinity Church. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- BAKER, GEORGE, and MRS. STEWART, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 24th. Saturday, February 2, 1799.
- BAKER, WILLIAM, and Miss ELIZABETH SPERRY, daughter of Jacob Sperry, all of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- BARD, DR. JOHN, aged 84 years, died at Hyde Park, near Poughkeepsie, a few days since. Saturday, April 13, 1799.
- BARKULOO, JOHN, and Miss CATHARINE LOT, both of the Narrows, L. I., mar. the 3rd inst., at Jamaica. Saturday, February 16, 1799.
- BATHGATE, JAMES, and Miss ELIZABETH KEY, late of Manchester, Eng., mar. Saturday last. Saturday, January 19, 1799.
- BELHARY, JAMES, and MRS. ANN M'WILLIAMS, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, June 22, 1799.
- BICKER, VICTOR, of this city, died Wednesday, aged 83 years, 3 months. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- BOGERT, RUDOLPH, and Miss CATHERINE MONTANYE, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, May 25, 1799.
- BORDEN, MRS. ANN, died Tuesday last, at Flushing, L. I., aged 95 years, 6 months and 25 days. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- BOSTWICK, JAMES O., and Miss SUSAN WATKINS, both of this city, mar. the 19th. Saturday, June 29, 1799.
- BRADFORD, SAMUEL F., editor of *The True American*, and Miss ABBY INSKEEP, daughter of John Inskeep, all of Philadelphia, mar. the 7th. Saturday, March 16, 1799.
- BRADLEY, JAMES, of this city, died Tuesday last, aged 49 years, 6 months. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- BRIGGS, JOHN, of North Castle, and Miss ANNA SMITH, of Stanwich, mar. Tuesday the 25th, at Stanwich. Saturday, January 5, 1799.
- BRINKERHOFF, ABRAHAM, JR., and Miss MARIA PLATT, daughter of Judge Platt, of that place, mar. at Poughkeepsie, Saturday last. Saturday, March 23, 1799.
- BRINCKERHOFF, CORNELIUS, of this city, and Miss CHAPMAN, of Norwalk, Conn., mar. there, April 14th. Saturday, April 27, 1799.

OF OLD NEW YORK

- BROWN, HON. JOHN, Senator of the U. S. for Kentucky, and Miss MARGARET MASON, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason, of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- CHAUNCEY, CAPT. ISAAC, and Miss CATHARINE SICKLES, second daughter of Mr. John H. Sickles, merchant, mar. Thursday of last week. Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- COCK, ISAAC, and Miss ANN UNDERHILL, daughter of Mr. Daniel Underhill, all of Matenacock, L. I., mar. there the 28th. Saturday, March 9, 1799.
- COCKRAN, FRANCIS, and Miss JANE GIFFORD, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Saturday, January 5, 1799.
- COCKRAN, FRANCIS, and Miss JANE GIFFORD, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Saturday, January 5, 1799.
- COE, DANIEL, and Miss JANE BEAUMAN ASH, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- COE, ROBERT, and Miss MARY MAYS, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- COLES, WRIGHT, and Miss ELIZABETH YOUNGS, both of Oyster Bay, L. I., mar. May 18th, at Huntington, Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- COLLINS, EDWARD, and Miss ANN NOBLES, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, January 12, 1799.
- COLTER, JOHN, and Miss MARY HATFIELD, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Saturday, January 19, 1799.
- CONDIT, SILAS, late of this city, merchant, and Miss ELIZA SMITH, daughter of Hiram Smith, mar. at Troy, N. J., May 9th. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- COZINE, JOHN R., son of Hon. John Cozine, deceased, and Miss REBECCA BUSH, daughter of Dr. William Bush, of West Greenwich, Conn., mar. Monday last. Saturday, June 29, 1799.
- COZINE, OLIVER L., and Miss ELIZA BOSTWICK, both of this city, mar. at Woodbridge, N. J., Tuesday last. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- CRAIG, WILLIAM, merchant, and Miss EMMA BAYLEY, mar. Wednesday the 19th. Saturday, June 29, 1799.
- DELANEY, MRS. LANA, daughter of Benjamin Stout and wife of John W. Delaney, late of this city, merchant, died on her passage from St. Croix. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- DE TILLY, JAMES ALEXANDER COUNT, and Miss MARIA MATILDA BINGHAM, mar. Wednesday 10th inst., at Philadelphia. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- DEWITT, SIMEON, Surveyor General of N. Y., and Mrs. JANE HARDENBERG, mar. Wednesday last at the Mayor's. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- DODGE, WILLIAM, mate of the sloop *Hunter*, and Miss SUSAN WOOLY, of Great Neck, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, June 22, 1799.
- DUER, COL. WILLIAM, died on Thursday last. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- FAIRBAIRN, FRANCIS, of Aberdeen, and Miss ELIZA TEN EYCK, of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, February 9, 1799.
- FAIRLIE, HUGH, and Miss SALLY DE FOREST, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, June 15, 1799.
- FEKSS [Feeks], DANIEL, and Miss ANN COCK, daughter of William Cock, merchant, all of Matenacock, L. I., mar. there January 24th. Saturday, February 9, 1799.
- FULLER, THOMAS, of Hanover, N. H., and Miss LOIS HOLDEN, daughter of Capt. Abel Holden, mar. the 10th inst., at Bergen, N. J. Saturday, January 19, 1799.
- GASTON, THOMAS T., and Miss ELIZABETH LUDLOW, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, March 16, 1799.
- GOELET, PETER P., and Miss ALMY BUCHANAN, daughter of Thomas Buchanan, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- GRAYSON, ANTHONY, and Miss CATHARINE SIRTUTES, mar. May 28th. Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- HACKET, E. G., and Miss KETELKAS, of Jamaica, L. I., daughter of the late Rev. Abraham Keteltas, deceased, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, May 25, 1799.
- HOLMES, ADRIAN B., and Miss CATHARINE MORRIS, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, January 19, 1799.

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- HOUSEAL, CAPT. M., son of the late Rev. Dr. Houseal, of Halifax, N. S., and Miss ANNA MARIA BOOTE, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Boote, of Marylebone, London, mar. Monday last. Saturday, May 25, 1799.
- HULBERT, DAVID, and Miss MEHATABLE DUICKMAN, of this city, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- HUNTER, JOHN, and Miss ELIZABETH DESBROSSES, mar. Monday the 29th. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- JUSTICE, JOHN, of this city, and Miss HANNAH ANDRESS, of Newark, mar. there, May 8th. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- KELLY, THOMAS, merchant, and Miss REBECCA E. M'LEAN, both of this city, mar. Dec. 29, 1798, at Philadelphia. Saturday, January 12, 1799.
- LATON, JACOB, and Miss BETSEY HAROLD, daughter of Mr. Samuel Harold, mar. November 29th. Saturday, January 5, 1799.
- LEAYCRAFT, JAMES, and Miss ELIZA WESTERVELT, both of this city, mar. Monday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- LEE, JOSEPH, and Miss O'SULLIVAN, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- LEGGETT, JOHN, and Miss GERTRUDE QUACKENBOSS, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, May 25, 1799.
- LEWIS, BEAL N., and Miss ELIZA CROSSFIELD both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, April 13, 1799.
- LEWIS, ELKANA, of Huntington, and Miss RUTH SMITH, of Oyster Bay, mar. February 14th. Saturday, March 2, 1799.
- LEWIS, ISRAEL, of Staten Island, and Mrs. SARAH WELLS, of this city, mar. the 26th. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
- LEWIS, JOSIAH, and Miss MARGARET DELANY, both of Philadelphia, mar. Thursday the 28th, at Philadelphia. Saturday, April 6, 1799.
- LINN, JAMES BLAIR, of this city, and Miss HETTY BAILEY, daughter of Col. Bailey, of Poughkeepsie, mar. Saturday last. Saturday May 25, 1799.
- LITTLE, CAPT. SAMUEL, and Miss LUCRETIA HUGHES, both of this city, mar. some time since. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- LIQUIER, NICHOLAS, and Miss SALLY MIDDAGH, daughter of John Middagh, all of Brooklyn, mar. there, Thursday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- LUDLAM, STEPHEN, of this city, and Miss REBECCA LATTING, of that place, mar. Sunday last, at Oyster Bay, L. I. Saturday, June 15, 1799.
- LYDE, EDWARD, JR., and Miss GRACE WALTON, daughter of the late Abraham Walton, all of this city, mar. Monday last. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- M'COMB, WILLIAM, and Miss GITTY LAWRENCE, both of this city, mar. Thursday the 4th. Saturday, April 13, 1799.
- MERRILL, ABRAM, of this city, and Miss ELIZABETH FERRIS, of Stanwich, Conn., mar. Monday last. Saturday, February 2, 1799.
- MILLEN, JOHN, and Miss JANE HOSACK, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- MILLER, WILLIAM G., and Miss MARGARET DAY, both of this city, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, June 29, 1799.
- MITCHELL, SAMUEL L., professor of Botany, Chemistry, etc., and Mrs. CATHARINE COCKS, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, June 29, 1799.
- MORRIS, THOMAS, of Canandaigua, and Miss SALLY KANE, daughter of John Kane, of Schenectady, mar. May 28th, at Albany. June 8, 1799.
- MOTT, JOSEPH, and Miss ABIGAIL THORNE, both of this city, mar. some time since. Saturday, April 13, 1799.
- MURGATROYD, SAMUEL, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Miss GOUVERNEUR, daughter of Isaac Gouverneur, Esq., mar. Thursday last. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- NEWBOLD, CALEB, of New Jersey, and SARAH GREEN of this city, mar. at the Friends' Meeting, Wednesday the 13th. Saturday, March 23, 1799.
- OGDEN, CHARLES LUDLOW, merchant of this city, and Miss ELIZABETH MEREDITH, daughter of Jonathan Meredith. mar. at Philadelphia. Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- PEARSALL, THOMAS C., and Miss FRANCIS BUCHANAN, youngest daughter of Thomas Buchanan, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- PROVOOST, ROBERT, and Miss CATHARINE WILSE, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, April 6, 1799.



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THE FAMOUS FIVE POINTS IN 1855. THIS WAS ONCE THE MOST DISREPUTABLE LOCALITY IN THE CITY. A BREWERY WAS CONSIDERED TO BE THE PRIME CAUSE OF THIS; IT WAS ACQUIRED BY THE LADIES OF THE CITY MISSION, AFTER WHICH A CONTINUED REFORMATION TOOK PLACE. TODAY, WITH COLUMBUS PARK ADJOINING, THE CONTRAST IN CONDITIONS IS REMARKABLE

OF OLD NEW YORK

- ROGERS, ASA, 5th son of Wine Rogers, and MARY ROGERS, 7th daughter of Timothy Rogers, mar. January 17th, at the Friends Meeting, in Ferresburgh, Vermont. They were each of them nearly seventeen years old. Saturday, Feb. 16, 1799.
- RUCKLE, JOHN, of this city, and Miss SALLY CRANS, of Norwalk, mar. Wednesday last. Saturday, March 2, 1799.
- SCOTT, HECTOR, and Miss JULIET MARTIN, daughter of Luther Martin, of Baltimore, Attorney General for the State, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, May 11, 1799.
- SEAMAN, ISRAEL, merchant, and Miss JANE SIEMON, both of this city, mar. Tuesday last. Saturday, June 1, 1799.
- SHAW, WILLIAM, merchant, and Miss JANE B. ROBINSON, daughter of Robert Robinson, mar. Thursday of last week. Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- SHERWOOD, ISAAC, and Miss MARY ACKERMAN, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, January 26, 1799.
- SLEIGHT, MAJOR JACOBUS, and Miss ELSSE DERIEMER, daughter of Peter Deriemer, formerly of this city, now residing at Poughkeepsie, mar. at Fishkill, February 28th. Saturday, March 9, 1799.
- SPEAGHTS, MRS. MARY, widow of the late Dr. Speaghts. Died Tuesday last in the 42nd year of her age. Saturday, March 9, 1799.
- SPEYER, JOHN, merchant, and Miss CATHARINE E. PROVOST, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- STANFORD, PETER, and Miss ANN WILEY, youngest daughter of the late Alderman Wiley, deceased, mar. May 28th. Saturday, June 8, 1799.
- STANSBURY, ABRAHAM O., merchant of this city, and Miss MARTHA VERWOOD, of Bile's Hill, Pennsylvania, mar. there, Friday the 18th. Saturday, January 26, 1799.
- STOUT, JOHN, and Miss MARY MESS, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, March 23, 1799.
- SUMNER, INCREASE, Governor of the State of Massachusetts, died Friday of last week, at Boston, in his 53rd year. Saturday, June 15, 1799.
- SUYDAM, CORNELIUS, of East Woods, and Miss IDA RAPELJIE, of Cow Neck, married June 11th, at East Woods. Saturday, June 15, 1799.
- TAYLOR, CAPT. PETER, of this city, and Miss MARY GREEN, late of Philadelphia, mar. Thursday evening. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
- TIEBOUT, CORNELIUS, and Miss ESTHER YOUNG, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
- THORNE, STEPHEN, and Miss SUSAN ANN SHERRY, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, April 20, 1799.
- THORNE, WILLIAM, merchant of this city, and Miss ANN KNAPP, daughter of widow Knapp, of Horse-Neck, mar. Sunday last. Saturday April 13, 1799.
- TOMPKINS, GEORGE WASHINGTON, and Miss CHARITY PURDY, mar. Sunday last, at White Plains. Saturday, June 15, 1799.
- THOMPSON, THOMAS, and Miss DEBORAH MITCHELL, both of Fishkill Landing, N. Y., mar. there, Sunday the 10th. Saturday, March 23, 1799.
- TRAPAL, JACOB, and Miss APFLEBY, both of this city, mar. Saturday last. Saturday, April 13, 1799.
- VANDERPOOL, JAMES, died at Newark, N. J., March 30th, a worthy citizen. Saturday, April 6, 1799.
- VANDERVOORT, WILLIAM L., merchant, and Miss MARGARET BRUCE, mar. May 21st. Saturday, June 1, 1799.
- VINCENT, CAPT. NICHOLAS, and Miss ANN SHEDDIN, both of this city, mar. Jan. 31st. Saturday, Feb. 9, 1799.
- WALTON, ABRAHAM M., counsellor-at-law, and Miss MARGARET GRAHAM, mar. Tuesday last. Saturday, June 1, 1799.
- WARNER, JOHN VAN WYCK, and Miss SALLY RIKER, both of this city, mar. the 7th inst. Saturday, February 16, 1799.
- WEBSTER, GEORGE, printer of Albany, and Miss RACHEL RUSH, of Sheffield, Conn., married at Albany, N. Y. Saturday, March 16, 1799.
- WEBSTER, CAPT. JOHN, of St. Kitts, and Miss REBECCA HUNT, of that city, married Wednesday last. Saturday, February 9, 1799.
- WIGHT, WILLIAM and MRS. ELEANOR SOUL, both natives of Ireland, mar. Tuesday last. Saturday, March 16, 1799.

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WINES, PAUL, and Miss SARAH COLLINS, both of this city, mar. Sunday last. Saturday, April 27, 1799.
 WOODS, JAMES, and Miss SUSAN KIPPIN, both of this city, mar. Thursday last. Saturday, May 18, 1799.
 WORTMAN, COLONEL, and Miss ELIZABETH LATTING, daughter of Joseph Latting, all of Oyster Bay, mar. Sunday last, at Oyster Bay, L. I. Saturday, February 23, 1799.
 WRIGHT, SAMUEL TOWNSEND, and Miss ANNA WEEKES, both of this city, married, Monday last, Saturday, January 5, 1799.
 YEAMANS, MRS. ANN, a native of this city, aged 69 years, died Thursday the 21st ult. Saturday, March 9, 1799.

ACKERMAN, MARY, see Sherwood, Isaac.
 ANDRESS, HANNAH, see Justice, John.
 APPLEBY, MISS, see Trapal Jacob.
 ASH, JANE B., see Coe, Daniel.
 BAILEY, HETTY, see Linn, James B.
 BAYLEY, EMMA, see Craig, William.
 BINGHAM, MARIA M., see DeTilly, James A. C.
 BOOTE, ANNA M., see Houseal, Capt. M.
 BOSTWICK, ELIZA, see Cozine, Oliver L.
 BRUCE, MARGARET, see Vandervoort, William L.
 BUCHANAN, ALMY, see Goelet, Peter P.
 BUCHANAN, FRANCES, see Pearsall, Thomas C.
 BUSH, REBECCA, see Cozine, John R.
 CHAPMAN, MISS, see Brinckerhoff, Correlius.
 COCK, ANN, see Fekss [Feecks], Daniel.
 COCKS, MRS. CATHARINE, see Mitchell, Samuel L.
 COLLINS, SARAH, see Wines, Paul.
 CRANS, SALLY, see Ruckle, John.
 CROSSFIELD, ELIZA, see Lewis, Beal N.
 DAY, MARGARET, see Miller, William G.
 DE FOREST, SALLY, see Fairlie, Hugh.
 DELANY, MARGARET, see Lewis, Josiah.
 DERIEMER, ELSSE, see Sleight, Jacobus.
 DESBROSSES, ELIZABETH, see Hunter, John.
 DUYCKMAN, MEHATABLE, see Hulbert, David.
 FERRIS, ELIZABETH, see Merrill, Abram.
 GIFFORD, JANE, see Cockran, Francis.
 GOUVERNEUR, MISS, see Murgatroyd, Samuel.
 GRAHAM, MARGARET, see Walton, Abraham M.
 GREEN, MARY, see Taylor, Capt. Peter.
 GREEN, SARAH, see Newbold, Caleb.
 HALSTED, MARY COOK, see Andruss, Isaac.
 HARDENBERG, MRS. JANE, see DeWitt, Simeon.
 HAROLD, BETSEY, see Laton, Jacob.
 HATFIELD, MARY, see Colter, John.
 HOLDEN, LOIS, see Fuller, Thomas.
 HOSACK, JANE, see Millen, John.
 HUGHES, LUCRETIA, see Little, Capt Samuel.
 HUNT, REBECCA, see Webster, Capt. John.
 INSKEEP, ABBY, see Bradford, Samuel F.
 KANE, SALLY, see Morris, Thomas.
 KERWOOD, MARTHA, see Stansbury, Abraham O.
 KETELTAS, MISS, see Hacket, E. G.
 KEY, ELIZABETH, see Bathgate, James.
 KIPPIN, SUSAN, see Woods, James.
 KNAPP, ANN, see Thorne, William.
 LATTING, ELIZABETH, see Wortman, Col.
 LATTING, REBECCA, see Ludlam, Stephen.
 LAWRENCE, GITTY, see M'Comb, William.
 LOT, CATHARINE, see Barkuloo, John.
 LUDLOW, ELIZABETH, see Gaston, Thomas T.

OF OLD NEW YORK

MACON, MARGARET, see Brown, John.
 M'LEAN, REBECCA E., see Kelly, Thomas.
 M'WILLIAMS, MRS. ANN, see Belhary, James.
 MARTIN, JULIET, see Scott, Hector.
 MAYS, MARY, see Coe, Robert.
 MEREDITH, ELIZABETH, see Ogden, Charles L.
 MESS, MARY, see Stout, John.
 MIDDAGH, SALLY, see Liquier, Nicholas.
 MITCHELL, DEBORAH, see Thompson, Thomas.
 MONTANYE, CATHARINE, see Bogert, Rudolph.
 MORRIS, CATHARINE, see Holmes, Adrian B.
 NICHOLS, RATH, see Avis, John.
 NOBLES, ANN, see Collins, Edward.
 O'SULLIVAN, Miss, see Lee, Joseph.
 PLATT, MARIA, see Brinkerhoff, Abraham, Jr.
 PROVOST, CATHARINE E., see Speyer, John.
 PURDY, CHARITY, see Tompkins, George W.
 QUACKENBOSS, GERTRUDE, see Leggett, John.
 RAPELJIE, IDA, see Suydam, Cornelius.
 RIKER, SALLY, see Warner, John V.
 ROBINSON, JANE B., see Shaw, William.
 ROGERS, MARY, see Rogers, Asa.
 RUSH, RACHEL, see Webster, George.
 SHEDDIN, ANN, see Vincent, Capt. Nicholas.
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QUAINT AND CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS
IN OLD NEW YORK

To be sold, a young Negro Woman about 20 Years old; she does all sortes of Household Worke, she can Brew, Bake, Boil Sope, Wash, Iron and Starch, and is a good dairy Woman, she can Card and Spin at the great Wheat, Cotton, Tow and Wooll, and she has another good Property she neither drinks Rum, nor smokes Tobacco, nor no strong Liquor, and she is a strong hale healthy well fett Wench, she can Cook pretty well for Roast and boil'd. She is very mild and quiet, I believe she has had the small pox when a Child, she is pretty well cloath'd both with Linnen and Woollen. Enquire of John M. Lennan at the upper End of Beaver Street, near the Royal Bowling Green, and know farther.—“N. Y. Weekly Journal,” Aug. 5, 1745.

Choice good Oyle, Oatmeal, Capers, and Lime-juice to be sold at the Rose and Crown, near the old Slip Market in New York.—“N. Y. Weekly Journal,” Aug. 5, 1745.

To be sold, Two likely Negro Women, one about 18 and the other about 25 Years of Age, both fit for any House Service, and good Slaves. Enquire of the Printer hereof.—“N. Y. Weekly Journal,” Aug. 5, 1745.

To be sold, the House and Ground next Door to Mr. Joseph Robison, it contains in Front 28 Feet, Wood Measure, and in Rear 35 Feet, it extends it self from Hanover Square to the Alley behind called the Float. Enquire of Jeremiah Tothill concerning the conditions of Sale and Title, which is indisputable.—“N. Y. Weekly Journal,” Aug. 5, 1745.



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THE EARLY DAYS OF AMERICAN SHIPPING. A SCENE ON SOUTH STREET, FROM MAIDEN LANE, WHEN THE BOWSPRITS OF THE SHIPS REACHED CLEAR ACROSS TO THE OFFICES OF THE GREAT SHIPPING FIRMS OF THE DAY. FROM A RARE AQUATINT BY W. J. BENNETT, 1834



Run away from the Ship James and Joseph, John Butler Commander on the 29th Instant, a Servant Man named Joseph Woodward, about 19 or 20 Years of Age, fresh Complection, and a round Face, and about 5 Foot 5 Inches high and well-set, having on a dark colour'd Wig, and a light colour'd thick Cloth Coat, little fac'd, and a green Wastcoat, and a white pair of Breeches.

Whoever will secure the said servant, or bring him to Cadwalider Williams, Merchant in New York, or to John Butler Commander, of the above said Ship, shall have Thirty Shillings Reward, and all reasonable Charges.—“N. Y. Gazette,” June 30, 1735.

On Wednesday the 9th of July there will be exposed to sale a Parcel of Dutch Gun Powder lately condemned in the Mayors Court the conditions of sale to be seen at the Custom House.—“N. Y. Gazette,” June 30, 1735.

Run away about the beginning of May, a Servant Man named Samuel Hunter, about fifty years of Age, and talks broad Scotch, was born at Dumfriesie in Scotland; by Trade a Taylor, he wears his own Hair, and had on when he went away, a blue Camblet Coat. Whoever secures the said Samuel Hunter, and gives Notice to the Printer hereof shall have two Pistoles Reward and all reasonable Charges.—“N. Y. Gazette,” June 30, 1735.

Whoever have any Demands upon the Estate of Francis Eldrington, late the County of Somerset in New Jersey deceased, they are desired forthwith to

bring in their Accompts to Robert Lettis Hooper, jun. at his Plantation at Rocky Hill in said County, who will pay off all just Dues and Demands. And all persons indebted to said Estate are desired to come and pay or settle the same, and thereby prevent further Trouble.—“N. Y. Gazette,” June 30, 1735.

At the Sign of the Ship in Elizabeth-Town lives Benjamin Hill, who keeps Horses to Let, and where all Travellers and others, may be accommodated with good Entertainment for Man and Horse at all Times, in the White House which Mr. Schuyler bought of Mr. Townley.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

Captain Robert Long, of his Majesty's Ship the Seaford, having received Orders from the Right Honourable the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, to Return to Great Britan, any Merchant Ships or Vessels that will be ready to sail in Ten Days from the Date hereof, may have the benefit of his Convoy. Dated March 31, 1735.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

Whereas, Jeremiah Lattouch and Friend Lucas, have broke up Partnership upwards of Twelve Months ago, these care therefore to give Notice to all Persons who are indebted to the said Jeremiah Lattouch and Friend Lucas, to pay the ballance of their Accounts by the first day May next, otherwise may expect to be sued without any further Notice.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

There is now Published a new Map of the Harbour of New York, from a late Survey, containing the Soundings and setting of the Tydes, and the bear-

ings of the most remarkable Places, with the Proper Places for Anchoring. To be Sold by the Printer hereof.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

Curious fine flat purple Stones brought from Hide Park, for Tombs-Stones, Head-stones, Hearth-stones, Step-stones, Paving-stones, &c. Whoever has occasion for any of the aforesaid Stones, may apply to John Norris, at the house of Mr. Edward Hicks, Merchant in New York.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

A Very good dwelling House with a Kitchen and store House a good Stable, a pleasant Garden with an Orchard and about Twenty Acres of Clay ground fit for making Tobacco Pipes, with Two Negro slaves, Utensils and other Conveniencis to carry on that business. It lyes opposite to Froggs Point at White Stone in the Township of Flushing, in Queens-County. Whoever has an inclination to Purchase the same, may apply to the Widdow of Thomas Parmyter, living at the said House near White Stone.—“N. Y. Gazette,” April 7, 1735.

The Vernacular of the Day

In “Pepys’ Diary” we have a perfect record of English “as she was spoke” in cultured circles in the seventeenth century. We think, however, we should have preferred a specimen of the language of the lower classes—the colloquial tongue, so to speak.

In our own city there has grown up a distinct tongue wholly different from anything in Lindley Murray or elsewhere. We should like to have heard the corresponding vernacular of, say, 1870 or 1840 or

1800. Doubtless, the Colonial patois would be even more interesting. For the benefit of posterity we reprint from the "World" a short excerpt which illustrates our point and which, no doubt, will be perfectly incomprehensible to future generations. It is the manner in which one telephone girl, while chewing gum vigorously, expressed herself:

"Soivice is poifect—poifect.

"Course we girls have our troubles, what with fresh guys and cranky dames thinkin' all you hafta do is listen to them tryin' to explain why they thought of the wrong number.

"Me give a wrong number? Wheredy get that stuff? The trouble we've gotta lotta people in this burg who speak the English langwidge like they was drinkin' soup. Columbus 8200 sounds like they was callin' for a cop. They never say 'Rector,' like us, but 'Wreck-brr.' Can you blame us?

"Sometimes we hafta handle another p'sition and take another girl's place, makin' it double work. You can't see all the lights pop all the time, can you, right away? Why not? You can't! And when you get to the call some guy is yellin' that he's been waitin'. You'd think I was enjoyin' myself at a picnic to hear him talk. Ladies is woise."

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